

Vol. I.

A  
COLLECTION  
OF  
NOVELS,  
SELECTED AND REVISED BY  
MRS. GRIFFITH.

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VOL. I.

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SPARSA COEGL.

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*J. Taylor del et sculp.*

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## P R E F A C E.

**T**HE extraordinary revolution which this nation happily experienced, both in its religious and political principles, by the restoration of Charles the Second, naturally produced a change as striking and as sudden, in the minds and manners of the people.

Extremes of all kinds tend to promote their opposites.—Hence, the bigotry of Fanaticism became the source of Irreligion ; and the disgust arising from a surfeit of puritanic zeal, drove weak minds into that chaos of licentiousness, miscalled free-thinking. Mirth

## EDITOR'S PREFACE.

and wit, both which had been anathematized during the gloomy interregnum of Cromwell's usurpation, broke forth, like light, with the returning sun of royalty. Exiled with the Monarch, they accompanied him home again; but, like him also, unreformed by chastisement, and untutored by adversity. Sermons and homilies gave place to Shaftesbury's Characteristics; mystic hymns were exchanged for wanton sonnets; and the stately romance resigned its station in the female library, to the gross effusions of amorous nonsense; which was, at that era, first introduced into these kingdoms, under the more modern title of *Novels*.

Decency and good sense, the natural characteristics of the English, though for a time inebriated with joy on the restoration of Religion, Liberty and Law, at length shook off the fascinating slumber;

“Then Shame regained the post that Wit betray'd,  
“And Virtue called Oblivion to her aid.”

Accord-

## EDITOR'S PREFACE.

Accordingly, most of the literary productions of those days, are now forgotten, with their authors; and the few that remain, particularly of the Novel kind, have long been proscribed to the Youth of Great-Britain, by every sensible Parent and Preceptor.

Yet all young minds require a certain supply of entertainment, as well as the body of nutriment; both which, if not properly provided, will anxiously be sought after; and writings of the most dangerous tendency, conveyed through the vehicle of an amusing or interesting story, like the most unwholesome viands, if rendered palatable, will be swallowed with avidity, by the unformed taste and unexperienced judgment of our youth of both sexes.

Prejudices, as well as diseases, contracted in our early age, are always most difficult to be eradicated. They become our second nature,

“Grow with our growth, and strengthen with our strength.”

## EDITOR'S PREFACE.

An attention, therefore, to the amusements, as well as to the studies necessary to the forming of young minds to virtue, is doubtless an indispensable duty, in those who are intrusted with the important province of education.

To such, then, the Editor of the following Work more particularly addresses herself, whether distinguished as Parents, Guardians, or Preceptors; and as the sole purpose of this Compilation is to unite the *utile dulci*, by selecting some of the best Novels now extant, and framing them into a Collection, in which no writing tending towards immorality or indecency shall obtain a place, she flatters herself that the publication of these Pieces will be favourably received by the Public.

Upon this subject may be fairly quoted the learned bishop Huet; who, in a letter addressed to M. de Segrais, author of *Zayde*, and other works of the same kind, speaking of Romances in general (the term *Novel* not having been then adopted into the  
French

## EDITOR'S PREFACE.

French language), says, " To which let me  
" add, that nothing quickens the mind so  
" much, or conduces more to the forming  
" and finishing it, than good Romances.  
" They are a sort of silent instructors, that  
" take us up just where the Schools leave us,  
" teaching us to think, speak, and live,  
" after a method more edifying and per-  
" suasive, than what is taught or practised  
" there ; and to which Horace's compliment  
" upon the Iliad may be justly applied, *That*  
" *morality is more effectually recommended by*  
" *them, than by all the precepts of the most able*  
" *Philosophers.*"

It is the intention of the Editor to carry  
this Work as far back as the origin of this  
species of writing in England ; which has  
already been remarked to have taken its rise  
in the reign of Charles the Second ; and the  
progress which our language has made to-  
wards its present elegance, since that era, will  
afford an amusing speculation to the critical



## EDITOR'S PREFACE.

Reader. This must be her apology for the deficiency of stile, in some of the following Novels; as all she thought incumbent on her to interfere in, being to correct or cancel improper passages, or to clear up obscurities in the text or language, by giving a different turn to the thought or expression. To have done any thing more, would have been to *re-write*, or to *translate*, not to *revise*; which latter is all that the Title-Page engages for.

From these united reasons, the Editor hopes that these volumes may be thought worthy of a place in the most select libraries; and that, while they contribute equally to the amusement of the adult, and the improvement of the young, they may also serve to rescue the Authors of this species of writing, as well as their works, both from reproof and contempt.

E. GRIFFITH.

To



Z A Y D E:

A

SPANISH HISTORY:

WRITTEN ORIGINALLY IN FRENCH BY

MONSIEUR DE SEGRAIS.

THE HISTORY OF

THE HISTORY OF

THE HISTORY OF

THE HISTORY OF

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CHARACTER OF ZAYDE,  
AND  
ANECDOTES OF ITS AUTHOR,  
BY THE EDITOR.

**T**HE following celebrated Novel of Zayde, was written originally in French, by the ingenious Monsieur de Segrais \*, about the year 1684, which is much about the era when this

\* Monsieur de Segrais was born at Caen in Normandy, in the year 1624. He became an orphan very young, without patrimony, or other means of subsistence, and encumbered with four brothers and two sisters, left like-wise in the same helpless situation. He happily possessed a natural turn for Poetry, which he exercised in several pieces with such success, that with the help of other writings, it enabled him not only to support, but provide for, this numerous family, before his death, without any manner of assistance from themselves.

The best of his poetical compositions were, a collection, intitled *Diverses Poësies*; *Athis*, a Pastoral; and a Translation of Virgil's *Bucolics*, *Georgics*, and *Æneid*. He published several prose writings also, on different subjects, but principally *Romances* and *Novels*; which are allowed to have such merit, that they have been deemed a standard by the Critics, ever since.

I have mentioned these particulars of the Author's private life, because I know that Readers always peruse a work with more pleasure and indulgence, when prepossessed in favour of the moral character of the Writer.

kind

## CHARACTER OF ZAYDE, &c.

kind of Composition was first introduced into England. At that period the ancient romances began to decline, all over Europe ; but the pompous stile of writing peculiar to those prose Epics, was not so immediately laid aside, by the authors of other nations, as by those of our own, from the sudden change, both of the minds and manners of the English, alluded to in the general Preface prefixed to this volume.

Hence the following Piece retains, in some degree, both the refinement of manners, and dignity of sentiment, of that species of writing, which was then descending in France by slow gradations, to the more easy and natural stile of our late and present Novelists. The scene is laid at the court of Leon, and the Dramatis Personæ are all of the highest rank : their adventures, though extraordinary, are probable ; and their sentiments elevated, without being extravagant.

I shall conclude the account of this Piece, with a passage from the learned M. Huet, already mentioned in the general Preface, in his letter to the Author, upon the subject now before us : “ As  
“ for you, sir, since it is true, as I have made it  
“ appear, and as Plutarch assures us, that there is  
“ no charm can captivate the soul of man, so  
“ effectually, as the contexture of a Fable well  
“ invented and related, what success may you not  
“ promise yourself from Zayde, wherein the ad-  
“ ventures are so new and moving, and the narra-  
“ tion so just and polite ? ”

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# Z A Y D E.

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## P A R T I.

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**T**HE natives of Spain, who, upon the irruption of the Moors, fled into the Asturias, having founded the kingdom of Leon, and those who retired to the Pyrenees that of Navarre, the earldoms of Barcelona and Arragon being also erected, the dominion of the Infidels began at length to be shaken off; and in a hundred and fifty years after their entrance, the greater part of Spain was delivered from their tyranny.

Among all the Christian princes then reigning, none was so considerable as Alphonso, king of Leon, surnamed the Great, whose predecessors had added Castile to their crown. This province was at first commanded by governors, who in length of time had rendered their government hereditary; and it was apprehended



they designed to erect themselves into sovereign princes. They were stiled counts of Castile; the most powerful of them were Diego Porcellos, and Nugnez Fernando; of whom the last was formidable for his large estate, and the greatness of his spirit. His children also contributed to establish his interest, and to increase it. He had one son, and an only daughter, of extraordinary beauty: his son, who was called Gonsalvo, had none who could in the least be compared with him in the whole kingdom; and there was something so admirable in his wit and person, that he seemed to be formed in a manner different from the rest of his sex.

Being obliged by important reasons to withdraw from the court of Leon, the inexpressible ill usage he had sustained there, made him resolve also to leave his country, and hide himself in some obscure retreat. With this intention he went to the coast of Catalonia, in order to embark in the first vessel which sailed to one of the islands of Greece. The little notice he took of any thing as he passed, made him frequently fall into other roads than what had been directed him; and instead of crossing the Eber at Tortosa, as he had been instructed to do, he kept on by the side of it as far as the mouth of the river. He perceived then he had gone out of his way very much, and enquiring after a boat, was answered, there were no boats to be had at that place; but there was a small harbour just by, where he might find some to carry him to Tarragona. He rode on to the harbour, and alighting, asked some fishermen if there were any sloops ready to put off.

As he spoke to them, a man who was walking pensively on the shore, surprised at his beauty and graceful air, stopped to observe him; and having understood what it was he enquired of the fishermen, called out and told him the boats were all sailed, and would not return till to-morrow, and that he could not embark till the day after. Gonsalvo, who had not discerned him before,



before, turned his head to see whence the voice came, which he thought was very unlike that of a fisherman's, and was astonished at the fine mien of this unknown, as the other had been at his. He perceived a certain greatness, and even beauty in his aspect, though he had evidently passed his prime. Gonfhalvo was scarcely in a condition to listen to any thing but his own thoughts; yet the meeting this stranger in so solitary a place, drew from him some attention; he thanked him for informing him in what he desired to know, and then asked the fishermen where he might get lodging for the night. Here are only these hutts which you see, replied the stranger, and you can have no conveniencies there.---I shall go thither, however, answered Gonfhalvo, and try to get some repose; I have travelled several days without taking rest, and am very sensible my body stands in need of more than my mind is willing to allow it. The other was touched with the sorrowful manner in which he uttered these few words; and made no question but he who spoke them was some unfortunate person. The conformity which seemed to be between both their conditions, gave him that sort of inclination to Gonfhalvo, which we have towards those whose dispositions and circumstances we believe are the same as our own.

You will find no entertainment fit for you there, said the stranger again; but if you will accept the lodging I can supply you with, behind that wood, you will be better accommodated than in these hutts.---Gonfhalvo had such an aversion for the society of men, that at first he refused the offer; but the pressing intreaties of the other, and his want of repose, constrained him at last to comply.

He followed his unknown host, and had not gone far before he discovered a very low house, built after a plain model, yet handsome and regular. The courtyard was fenced only with pales, as well as the garden, which was parted from the wood by a small rivulet. If it had been possible for Gonfhalvo to take comfort in any

thing, the agreeable situation of this dwelling would have given him pleasure. He asked the stranger if this was his common habitation, and whether he was led to it by accident or choice.---It is now, answered he, four or five years that I have lived here. I never go out, unless to take a walk by the sea-side; and in all this time, I can assure you, I have not found one whom I could converse with beside yourself. The storms indeed often split vessels upon this coast, which is very dangerous; and I have saved the lives of several, whom I have carried home to my dwelling; but all whom fortune has hitherto brought in my way have been foreigners, with whom I could have no conversation, if I had desired it. For though by the place of my abode you may think I am very far from affecting company, yet I protest the sight of such a person as yourself gives me a wonderful delight.

For my part, said Gonsalvo, I shun all mankind; and have so much reason to shun them, that if you knew it, you would not wonder it was with such difficulty I accepted your invitation; on the contrary, you will think, after the injuries I have received from them, I ought to renounce all society for ever.---If you can complain only of other men, answered the stranger, and have no reason to reproach yourself, there are some who are more unhappy than you, and you are less miserable than you imagine. The perfection of misfortune, continued he passionately, is for a man to have cause to complain of himself; to have been unreasonable and unjust; and in a word, to have been himself the author of those calamities under which he suffers.---I am sensible, replied Gonsalvo, you feel the evils of which you speak; but how different are they which a man feels when, without having deserved it, he is deceived, betrayed, and forsaken by all he most dearly loved?---As far as I can judge, said the stranger, you have left your country, to fly from some who have betrayed you, and who are the cause of your miseries;

but imagine what you would endure, if you were constrained to be continually with those persons who are the plague and torment of your life. Consider this is my condition; that I have procured all my own afflictions, and can never be separated from him for whom I have so much horror, and so deservedly, not only on account of what I suffer, but for what she suffers whom I loved beyond my life.---It would be well enough with me, cried Gonsalvo, if I could blame nobody more than myself; you think you are unhappy, because you have reason to hate yourself; but if you have been sincerely loved by her whom you admired, is not that sufficient to make you happy? Perhaps you lost her through your own fault; but you have at least the consolation of reflecting that she once loved you, and that she would still have loved you, if you had done nothing to disoblige her; you never truly knew what it is to love, if this thought alone does not prevent your being miserable; and you love yourself much better than your mistress, if you would chuse to have occasion to complain of her, rather than yourself.---The little share you had in causing your own distresses, answered the stranger, makes you not comprehend what an aggravation it would be, to have drawn them upon yourself; but let my sad experience convince you, that to lose, through one's own fault, her whom one loves, is an affliction which pierces deeper than any.

As he ended these words, they arrived at the house, which Gonsalvo found was as neat within as without. He was very restless all the night; and in the morning a fever broke out, and came on so violently, that they were in pain for his life. The stranger was extremely grieved, and his concern was encreased by the admiration which he conceived from all Gonsalvo's words and actions. He had an inexpressible desire to know who he was who appeared to be so extraordinary a person; he put several questions to his servant, but the ignorance he was in as to Gonsalvo's name and quality, made him

incapable of satisfying his curiosity. He only told him, his master made himself be call'd Theodoric; but he did not believe that was his true name. After the fever had continued several days, medicines and the vigour of youth put Gonfhalvo out of danger. The stranger endeavoured all he could to divert him from melancholic imaginations, with which he saw he was overwhelmed, and never stirred from him; and though they talked only of indifferent matters, because they were mutually unknown, yet they surpris'd one another with the dignity of both their minds.

The stranger had concealed his name and birth ever since he had been in that solitude; but confessed them freely to Gonfhalvo. He told him, he was of the kingdom of Navarre, and was called Alphonso Ximenes, and that his misfortunes had obliged him to seek out a retreat, where he might be at liberty to lament his loss. Gonfhalvo was struck at the name of Ximenes, who he knew was one of the most celebrated persons in Navarre; and the confidence Alphonso had reposed in him so affected him, that whatever reason he had to hate mankind, he could not help conceiving a friendship for him, of which he did not imagine himself any longer capable.

In the mean time his health came forward; and as soon as he was recovered enough to bear going on board, he perceived he could not leave Alphonso without reluctance. He spoke to him about departing, and of his design to retire to some solitude. Alphonso was surpris'd at it, and greatly concerned, and having been accustomed to the pleasure of Gonfhalvo's conversation, the thought of losing him gave him much uneasiness. At first he told him he was not yet in a condition to travel; and afterwards endeavoured to persuade him not to seek out any other desert, than that where fortune had now thrown him.

I dare not flatter myself, said he, that I shall be able to render this abode less irksome to you; but I imagine that, in so long a retirement as you propose to make, it  
may



may be some relief not to be wholly alone. My misfortunes were beyond admitting consolation; yet I believe it would have yielded me some support, if in some certain moments I had had one with me to have heard my complaints. You will here enjoy the same solitude as in those places whither you design to go; and you will have this advantage, that whenever you are inclined, you may talk to a man, who has an uncommon admiration of your merit, and whose sensibility of your sorrows is equal to what he has of his own.

Alphonso's discourse made at first no impression upon Gonsalvo, but by degrees it sunk in upon his mind; and the consideration of having a retreat private from all company, and the friendship he had for Alphonso, determined him to continue there. The only thing which embarrassed him, was his fear of being discovered. But Alphonso encouraged him by his own example, and told him, the place was so distant from all commerce, that during the many years of his retirement he had never seen one person who could know him. Gonsalvo yielded to his reasons, and after they had said all that two of the noblest persons in the world, who resolved to live together, could express, he sent some jewels to a merchant of Tarragona, in order to supply himself with what things he wanted. Thus was Gonsalvo fixed in this solitude, with a resolution never to forsake it, abandoned wholly to the contemplation of his misfortunes, for which he found no other comfort than to believe he could suffer no more. But Fortune convinced him that she can find out even in deserts a man whom she has resolved to persecute.

Towards the latter end of autumn, when the winds begin to make the sea dangerous, he walked out earlier one morning than usual; there had been a dreadful storm in the night, and the sea, which was still agitated, agreeably soothed his thoughts: he considered a-while the inconstancy of that element, with the same reflections he had been accustomed to make upon his own

fortune. He afterwards cast his eyes upon the shore, and seeing several marks of the ruins of a sloop, he looked about to observe whether there were any person yet in a condition to receive succour. The sun, which was rising, discovered to his sight something shining, which he could not at first distinguish, and which gave him the curiosity to draw nearer to it. As he approached it, he perceived it was a woman magnificently habited lying on the sand, and who seemed to have been thrown there by the tempest. She lay in such a manner that he could not see her face; he raised her up to discover whether she was living; but how was he astonished, when he beheld, amidst the horrors of death, the most perfect beauty he had ever seen. This increased his compassion, and made him wish so lovely a person might be capable of relief. In this moment Alphonso, who had followed him by chance, drew near and assisted him in his pious offices of humanity; nor was their care in vain: they perceived she was not yet dead; and as they knew she had occasion for more help than they could give her upon the naked shore, and they were not far from their own dwelling, they resolved to carry her thither. They did so; and Alphonso sent for medicines and for women to attend her. After the women were come, and had put her to bed, Gonsalvo went into the chamber, and began to survey her with more attention than he had done before. The proportion of her features and the delicacy of her face surprised him, and he observed with wonder the beauty of her mouth, and the whiteness of her neck. In a word, he was so charm'd with all he saw in her, that he was ready to imagine her more than a mortal. He passed a great part of the night without being able to stir from her. Alphonso advised him to go to rest; but he answered, he had been so little used to it, that he was very easy in having so delightful an occasion to neglect it.

Toward the morning they perceived she began to recover; she opened her eyes, and as the light at first gave her  
her



her pain, she turned them languishingly to the side where Gonfhalvo was, and discovered to him a pair of large black eyes, so exquisitely fine, that they seemed to be formed to create at once respect and love. In a little time after, she also came to her senses, distinguished objects, and was in an amaze at the persons who were about her. Gonfhalvo could not express his admiration of her by words, but took notice of her beauty to Alphonso, with that eager emotion which we have for things which surprise and charm us.

Her speech was not yet returned; and Gonfhalvo judging she might lie some time in this manner, withdrew to his chamber, where he immediately began to reflect upon his adventure.---It is strange, said he, that Fortune should bring a woman in my way, in the only condition in which it was impossible for me to fly from her, and in which compassion, on the contrary, obliged me to take care of her. It is true, I admire her beauty: but as soon as she is recovered, I shall regard it merely as the instrument she will employ to act the greatest and most fatal treacheries! Heavens! what mischiefs will she commit! and what may she not have caused already! What eyes, what looks are there! How I pity those who are capable of being touched with her charms! and how happy am I in my misfortunes, that the bitter experience I have had of the faithlessness of women, secures me from ever loving another! --Having said this, it was with much difficulty he got to sleep; after a short slumber he awoke, and went to visit her again, and found her considerably mended; however, she was still speechless, nor did she utter a word that night, nor the following day. Alphonso could not but let Gonfhalvo see he observed his extraordinary tenderness of her, and Gonfhalvo even wondered at it himself; he perceived he could not bear to be from her, and was in continual apprehension that some change for the worse should happen in his absence. While he was in the room she spoke several words; this gave him both joy and trouble; as he drew

near her to hearken, she spoke again, but it surprised him to hear her speak a language he did not know. He had guessed her before to be of some foreign parts by her habit; and as it had some resemblance with that of the Moors, and he was a master of Arabic, he doubted not he should be able to make her understand him. Accordingly he spoke to her in that tongue, and was again surprised to see himself disappointed. He talked then in Spanish and Italian, but to no purpose; for by the attention and perplexity she shewed, he imagined she knew nothing of either. However, she continued to speak, and stopped sometimes, as waiting for an answer. Gonsalvo minded every word, and fancied that by listening to her, he should at length come to find out what she said. He also called in all those who were employed to attend her, in order to try whether any of them understood her; and having given her a Spanish book, to discover whether she knew the characters; she seemed to know them, but to be ignorant of the language. She was uneasy and dejected, and her uneasiness and dejection increased that of Gonsalvo.

As they were in this situation, Alphonso enter'd the chamber, and led in with him a handsome woman, dressed in the same fashion with the other. The first moment they saw each other, they embraced with all the tokens of the strictest friendship: the last arrived, pronounced several times the word Zayde, in a manner which shewed it was the name of her she spoke to, and Zayde as often pronounced that of Felima, so as to shew it was the name of the other. After they had discoursed a little, Zayde fell to crying, as in some extraordinary affliction, and made signs with her hands for the company to withdraw. They left her, and Gonsalvo followed Alphonso to enquire of him where he had met with this second stranger. Alphonso told him, that the fishermen of the neighbouring hutts had found her upon the shore, the same day and in the same condition

as he had found the other.---It will be a consolation to them, replied Gonsalvo, to be together; but what do you think, Alphonso, of these two persons? They seem by their habits to be of a superior rank. It is strange they should trust themselves upon the sea in a little bark, for it is plain the vessel they were wrecked in was not a large one: she whom you have introduced to Zayde, has brought her some news which gave her extreme concern. In short, there is something extraordinary in their fortune.---I am of the same opinion, answered Alphonso, and am amazed at their adventures and at their beauty. You have not observed that of Felima; but it is wonderful, and you would have admired it, if you had not first seen Zayde.

With these words they parted; Gonsalvo found himself more melancholic than usual, which proceeded, he was sensible, from the trouble he was in, at his not being able to make the fair unknown understand him.--But what is it, says he to himself, I have to tell her? and what is it I would learn from her? Do I design to give her a relation of my own misfortunes? or do I desire to hear that of hers? Can curiosity have place in a man so unhappy as myself? What interest have I in the calamities of a person whom I do not know? Why am I troubled to see this woman in affliction? Is it that the evils I have suffered myself, have taught me to pity those of others? No, certainly, added he; it is the solitude of the place where I am, that has drawn my attention to an accident, which is indeed extraordinary; but which I should soon neglect, if I had other objects to divert me.

In spite of all these wise reflections, he passed the night without sleep, and was very uneasy for part of the day, because he could not see Zayde. Towards evening he heard she was gone out to walk by the sea-side; he followed her, and found her sitting upon the beach, with her eyes full of tears. As he approached, she came forward to meet him with a world of civility and sweetness, and charmed him no less by her shape and motions, than

she had done before by her face. She shew'd him a small bark upon the sea, and named Tunis several times, as if she intreated him to get her conveyed thither. Upon which, he pointed to the moon, and made signs that when that star should have run its course twice, what she desired should be done. She seemed to apprehend what he meant, and presently began to weep.

The next day she was indisposed, and he could not see her; never since he had been in that solitude, had he known a day so tedious and so heavy.

The day following, without knowing why, he laid aside the extreme negligence of dress he had hitherto practised; and as he was finely made in his person, neatness alone gave him an air beyond what magnificence itself could impart to others. Alphonso met him in the wood, and was amazed at this sudden alteration. He could not forbear smiling at it, and telling him, it was easy to see by his dress that his affliction began to abate, and that he had in this desert found some relief to his misfortunes.---I understand you, Alphonso, replied he; you believe the sight of Zayde is the consolation I have found to my evils. But you deceive yourself: I have for Zayde only the compassion which is due to her distress and to her beauty.---I have compassion for her, answered Alphonso, as well as you: I pity her, and would fain assist her; but I am not so attached to her as you are; I do not watch her so carefully; I am not troubled that I cannot understand her, nor am I so impatient to talk with her; I was not more sad yesterday than ordinary, because I did not see her, nor are my cloaths less negligent to-day than usual. In short, since I have pity as well as you, and yet we are so different, you must undoubtedly have something more.

Gonsalvo did not interrupt him, and seemed to be considering in himself, whether all this was not true; and just as he was going to reply, there came one to tell him, according to the orders he had given, that Zayde was walked out upon the shore; at which, without reflecting



flecting that it would confirm Alphonso in his suspicions, he left him, to go and follow her. He saw her at a distance sitting with Felima, in the same place where they were two days ago, and had the curiosity to observe their behaviour, believing he might be able thereby to learn something of their fortunes. He saw Zayde weep, and judged Felima was endeavouring to comfort her. Zayde did not regard her, but was continually looking towards the sea, with several actions which made him think she lamented one who had been shipwrecked with her. He had before seen her weeping in the same place; but as she did nothing then by which he might apprehend the subject of her affliction, he imagined she wept only at being so far from her own country: but now he fancied the tears she shed were for some lover she had lost; and that it was to follow him, perhaps, she had exposed herself to the hazards of the sea; in a word, he was persuaded, as much as if she had told him so herself, that love was the cause of her lamentations.

It is impossible to express the effect these thoughts produced in Gonsalvo's soul, and the trouble which jealousy created in a heart not yet conscious to itself of love. He had loved, but he had never been jealous; and this passion, to which he had hitherto been a stranger, invaded him in its first assault with such violence, that he believed himself pierced with a grief unknown to other men. He thought he had already experienced all the evils of life, and yet he now felt one more severe than all he had endured before. He was perfectly in a transport, and rushing from the place where he had stood concealed, came forward to Zayde, in expectation to learn from her the occasion of her sorrow; and though he knew she could not answer him, he asked her very earnestly. She was far from comprehending his meaning, and wiping her tears, began to walk with him along the shore. The pleasure to see her charming eyes, and to be looked upon by them, quieted the emotion he was in; and as he was aware of the disorder of his spirits, he

he composed himself in an instant, and recovered his face into the most agreeable airs he could. She again named Tunis several times with much eagerness, and with a great many signs that she desired to be conveyed thither. He understood what she requested too well. The thought of parting with her gave him a sensible pain; and it was by the pains of love that he first found that passion was entered into his breast, for he felt the pangs of jealousy, and the fear of absence, before he discovered he loved. He would have esteemed it misfortune enough, if he had only perceived he loved; but to perceive himself invaded with love and jealousy at once, and that he could neither understand her he loved, nor be understood by her; that all he could know of her was her beauty; that he had nothing in prospect but an eternal absence; was such a weight of woes together, that it was impossible to support them.

While he was pursuing these gloomy thoughts, Zayde kept walking on with Felima; and after she had gone some steps, sat down upon the rock, and again burst into weeping, and looked upon the sea, and shewed it to Felima, as if she accused it of the calamity which cost her so many tears. Gonsalvo, to divert her, made her take notice of some fishermen hard by. Notwithstanding his distress, the sight of her he loved, inspired this new lover with a joy, which restored him to his former beauty; and as he was dressed less negligently than usual, his appearance was enough to attract the eyes of any beholder. Zayde began to view him with attention, and having gazed on him some time, turned to her companion, and saying something to her, caused her also to observe him. Felima looked upon him, and answered Zayde by an action, which testified she approved what she said of him. Zayde viewed him again, and spoke a second time to Felima, who answered her; and by their whole deportment Gonsalvo conjectured he resembled one whom they knew. This thought at first made no great impression on him; but Zayde, he saw, was so taken with this supposed resemblance, and seemed

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so evidently, in the midst of her sorrows, to find a certain pleasure in it, that he imagined he might be like the lover whom she appeared to lament.

During the remainder of the day, several actions of Zayde confirmed his suspicion. In the evening Felima and she went out to look for something among the relics of the wreck; they sought after it so carefully, and Gonsalvo remarked so many tokens of uneasiness at their not finding it, that it gave him a fresh disturbance. Alphonso saw his discomposure, and Zayde being led back to her apartment, he returned with Gonsalvo to his chamber, where he thus began :

You have never given me, says he, the history of your past misfortunes; but I must insist that you declare to me those which Zayde has begun to raise in your breast. A man so deeply enamour'd as you seem to be, always finds it painful to speak of his passion; and though your distress may be great, my assistance, perhaps, and my counsel, will not be useless.---Ah, my dear Alphonso, cried Gonsalvo, how weak, how wretched am I! and how wise art thou, who hast looked upon Zayde, and dost not love!--I judged rightly, replied Alphonso, that you loved, though you would not confess it.---I knew it not myself, interrupted Gonsalvo, and jealousy alone has disclosed it to me. Zayde laments some lover who is shipwrecked; it is this carries her out every day to the sea-side; and she goes to weep at the place where she thinks he perished. In a word, I love Zayde, and Zayde loves another; this of all evils still appeared to me the most terrible, and was what I never expected to reach me. I once flattered myself it was not a lover whom Zayde regretted; but she is too deeply afflicted to suffer me to question it. I am convinced also by the wonderful care with which I saw her searching after something which belonged undoubtedly to this too happy man. And what is more piercing than all I have mentioned, I certainly, Alphonso, resemble him she loves. She discovered it as we were walking; I perceived a gladness in her eyes, when she discerned what

what brought it to her mind; she shewed me several times to Felima, and made her observe my features, and kept looking at me all the day. But it is not me she looks at, nor whom she thinks of, when she looks at me; I bring to her mind the only thing I would cause her to forget; I can take no pleasure in beholding her enchanting eyes fixed upon my face, nor can she turn them on me, without firing my soul with jealousy.

Gonsalvo spoke this with such rapidity, that Alphonso could not interrupt him; but as soon as he stopped, Is it possible, answered he, that all this you have told me is true? Does not the melancholy you have been accustomed to, make you form to yourself an idea of so great a misfortune?---No, Alphonso, I am not deceived, returned Gonsalvo; Zayde laments a favourite lover, and I bring him to her thoughts. Fortune takes care I shall not surmise evils beyond those she makes me suffer; she far exceeds what I am able to imagine: she invents for me such as are unknown to other men; and if I had given you the history of my life, you would be obliged to acknowledge I have reason to affirm I am more unhappy than you.---I will not presume, replied Alphonso, to say so; but unless you have important reasons not to discover yourself, it will be an infinite pleasure to me, if you will let me know who you are, and what are those misfortunes which you believe to be greater than mine. I am sensible I cannot in justice ask this of you, without making an equal recital of my own; but you will pardon an unhappy man, who has not concealed from you his name and birth, and who will not conceal from you his adventures, if it will do you any service to know them; and if he is able to relate them without renewing those sorrows, which a succession of several years scarcely begins to efface.---I will never request any thing of you, said Gonsalvo, which may give you trouble; but I am ashamed I have not yet let you know who I am. Though I had resolved not to declare myself to any one, the extraordinary

traordinary merit I see in you, and the obligations I am under to your care of me, constrain me to own to you that my true name is Gonsalvo, and that I am the son of Nugnez Fernando, count of Castile, whose reputation has undoubtedly reached your ears.---Is it possible, cried Alphonso, that you are that Gonsalvo, who gained such honour in his first campaign, by defeating such a body of Moors, and by actions whose bravery was the wonder of all Spain ! I well remember this noble opening of your life ; and when I retired into this desert, had heard with astonishment, that in the famous battle the king of Leon won against Ayola, the greatest general of the Moors, the Christians owed the victory to you ; and that by mounting the breach in the first assault at Zamora, you were the cause of taking the town, which compelled the Moors to sue for peace. The solitude I have lived in ever since, has kept me in ignorance of what followed this fortunate beginning ; but I doubt not it was of a piece.---I did not think you had been acquainted with my name, answered Gonsalvo ; but I am glad you are prejudiced in my favour, by a reputation which perhaps I have not merited. At this Alphonso redoubled his attention, and Gonsalvo thus began.

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## THE HISTORY OF GONSALVO.

**M**Y father was of the first rank in the court of Leon, where he caused me to appear with an equipage becoming his fortune. My inclination, my age and my duty, engaged me to the prince Don Garcia, the king's eldest son. The prince is young, well-made, and ambitious ; his good qualities far exceed his faults, which are such only, one may say, as arise from his passions.

passions. I was so happy as to have his favour without deserving it, and I endeavoured to render myself worthy of it by my fidelity. It was my good fortune, in our first war against the Moors, to be near his person, and rescue him from a danger into which his inconsiderate valour had precipitated him. This service increased his affection. He loved me as a brother, rather than as a subject; he concealed nothing from me, he denied me nothing, and gave all the world to see, that none could be in grace with him, who was not in favour with Gonfalso. So extraordinary a regard, added to the esteem in which my father was, raised our family so high, that we began to be afraid of receiving too great a promotion.

Among an infinite number of young gentlemen who made court to me upon this success, I had distinguished Don Ramirez from all the rest. He was one of the most celebrated in the court; but his fortune was far inferior to mine. It was my concern therefore to supply this defect. I was continually employing my father's interest and my own, for his advancement, and laboured very zealously to procure him a share in the prince's favour; and himself also, by his fine and insinuating address, seconded my attempt so well, that next to me he was the person at court whom Don Garcia most esteemed. I took an extreme pleasure in their friendship. They had both experienced the power of love; and would often rally me for my insensibility, and reproach me with it, as a crime, that I had never felt the flame.

I reproached them in my turn with being insincere. You love, said I, such sort of galantries as custom has established in Spain; but you do not love your mistresses. For you will never persuade me you are in love with a woman, whose face you have hardly had a sight of, and whom you would not know if you were to meet her in any other place than at the window, where you used to pay your visits.

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You press this point of the little knowledge we have of our mistresses, replied the prince, too far ; we are no strangers to their beauty, and this is the principal thing in love. As to their wit, we judge of that by their physiognomy, and their letters ; and when we come to view them nearer, are charmed to discover something we never knew before. All they say has the grace of novelty, their manner surprises us, and this surprise awakens love, and improves it : whereas they who are acquainted with their mistresses before they love them, are so accustomed to their beauty and their wit, that there is nothing left in either to affect them, when they have won the conquest, and are loved again.---You are in no danger of that misfortune, answered I ; and I give you full liberty to love all you have no knowledge of, provided you will permit me to love no one, but whom I shall know enough to esteem, and to be assured I shall find that in her which will make me happy when I shall obtain her love. I confess also, I would not have her prejudiced in favour of another lover.---And I, interrupted Don Ramirez, should take more pleasure in rendering myself master of a heart which was defended by another passion, than in carrying one which was never smitten ; this would be a double victory, and I should be more convinced her inclination to me was real, if I saw it begin in the midst of a great tenderness for another ; and my honour and my love would both triumph at once, in winning a mistress from a rival.

Gonsalvo is amazed at your opinion, replied the prince, and thinks so ill of it, that he will make no answer ; and indeed I am on his side, and dislike it too ; but I am against him also as to the particular knowledge of one's mistress which he requires. I could never be in love with a person whom I had seen familiarly ; and if the first sight does not strike me, it is impossible to wound me afterwards. Our natural inclinations, I believe, exert themselves at first, and affections which are kindled by time, are not truly passions.---Since one may be



be secure then, said I with a smile, that you will never love one whom you do not love at first view, I think, sir, I must shew you my sister, before she is become so beautiful as she promises to be; that you may be accustomed to the sight of her, and her charms may hereafter make no impression on you.---Then you are afraid they should? replied Don Garcia.---Certainly, sir, answered I, and I should dread it as the greatest misfortune which could befall me.---What misfortune would it be to you? replied Ramirez.---This, said I; that I should be obliged to oppose the prince's measures. If he designed to marry my sister, I could not consent to it on account of his own dignity; and if he should refuse to marry her, and yet she should love him, as undoubtedly she would, I should have the trouble of seeing my sister mistress to a man whom I could not hate, though it would be my duty to do so.---Pray, let me see her then, interrupted the prince, before she is capable of inspiring me with love. For it would grieve me so to have any inclinations which would be displeasing to you, that I am impatient to get a view of her, in order to secure myself from loving her.---I wonder no longer, sir, said Don Ramirez, addressing himself to the prince, that the beauties which are bred up in the palace, and to whom you have been used from your infancy, never made you in love; but I protest, it has always surprised me that no other has fired your heart, and especially Nugna Bella, the daughter of Don Diego Porcellos, who seems so able to do it.---Nugna Bella, returned the prince, is indeed amiable: she has admirable eyes, a fine mouth, and a noble air; in a word, I should have loved her, if I had not seen her almost the very moment I was born. But why, continued he to Ramirez, have not you been in love with her? You who think her so beautiful?---Because, answered he, she never had a lover. I had nobody to dispossess of her heart, and it is this circumstance I told you, which engages mine. Gon-

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am sure he thinks her handsome ; she is intirely free, and has been, so he knows, a long time.---Who told you I am not in love with her ? answered I, smiling and blushing together.---I do not know, said Ramirez ; but by your blushing, I believe they who told me so were mistaken.---Is it possible, cried the prince, turning to me, that Gonsalvo should be in love ? If you are, own it frankly, I beseech you ; for I shall take an infinite pleasure to find you attacked with a malady of which you complain so little.---Seriously, replied I, I am not in love. However, sir, to please you, I confess, I may be so with Nugna Bella, if I come to know her a little better.---If you want nothing else for it, but to know her, said the prince, be satisfied you shall be in love with her very quickly. I will never visit the queen my mother without you ; I will contrive frequent misunderstandings with the king, that her soliciting a reconciliation may oblige me to attend her at particular hours ; in short, I will give you opportunities enough of speaking to Nugna Bella, in order to begin your passion. You will find her extremely amiable ; and if her heart is as good as her wit, you will have nothing left to wish.---I beg, sir, said I, you will not take so much pains to make me miserable ; but above all, that you will find some other pretence for visiting the queen, than new differences with your father. You know he often accuses me of those actions of yours which displease him, and believes that my father and I, by our grandeur, support you in the authority you assume sometimes contrary to his approbation.---In the humour I am now in, replied the prince, to make you in love with Nugna Bella, I shall not be so prudent as you would have me be ; I shall use all manner of pretences to introduce you to the queen ; and though I have none at present, I will go to her this moment, and will sacrifice to the pleasure of turning you into a lover, an evening which I had appointed to spend under a window, where you fancy I know nobody.

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I have been so particular in my account of this conversation, because you will see by the sequel, it was a preface of all that happened afterwards.

The prince went to the queen, and found her in private, attended only with the ladies who were her confidantes. Nugna Bella was one of the number, and looked so charmingly, that chance seemed to have favoured the prince's design. The conversation was general for some time; and as there was a greater freedom allowed now than at other seasons, Nugna Bella spoke the more, and surprised me by discovering a world of wit, beyond what I had ever observed in her before. The prince begged the queen to withdraw to her closet; and while they were retired, I stayed with Nugna Bella, and several others, and insensibly entered into a particular conference with her; and though it was only about indifferent things, it had more of an air of galantry than a common conversation. We mutually blamed the retired manner of living the women are obliged to practise in Spain, as experiencing by ourselves the disadvantage it was to be subject to such a restraint. If I felt at this moment that I began to love Nugna Bella, she also began, as she told me afterwards, to perceive I was not indifferent to her. To one of her disposition this conquest could not be displeasing; there was something so brilliant in my fortune, that it might have dazzled a person less ambitious than she was. She neglected no means to recommend herself to my eyes, though she did nothing contrary to the natural pride of her temper. Enlightened by the quick discernment which a new-born love inspires, I soon flattered myself with the hope of pleasing her, and this hope was as proper to inflame me, as the thought of a beloved rival had been to work my cure.

The prince was overjoyed to see me engaged with Nugna Bella, and contrived every day some occasion for me to speak to her. He would even make me acquainted her with the differences he had with the king, and let her know

know after what manner the queen should act, in order to prevail on him to comply with the king's demands. Nugna Bella did not fail to signify this to the queen, and it had the effect proposed; for the queen did nothing in the prince's affair, which she did not speak of to Nugna Bella, and which Nugna Bella did not discover to me. Thus we had frequent conversations, in all which I perceived so much wit, sagacity, and agreeableness, and she imagined so much merit in me, and discovered really so much love, that a passion was kindled in us both, which soon became very violent.

Our amour had in it all the pleasure of novelty, and those secret charms which are found only in the first impressions. As my ambition was gratified to the full, before my love began, it gave my passion no interruption. My soul was abandoned to love as to a pleasure till then unknown, and which infinitely exceeded any which grandeur could supply. It was not thus with Nugna Bella; ambition and love reigned in her heart at once, and equally divided it. Her natural inclination undoubtedly led her to the first, more than to the latter; but as both had a proper object in me, I found in her all the ardour and all the attention I could wish. Not but she was sometimes engaged as deeply in the affairs of the prince, as in this of our amour; and I, who heeded nothing but love, understood with sorrow, that Nugna Bella was capable of having other things in her thoughts. I complained of it to her; but my complaints, I found, were in vain, or occasioned a constrained conversation, in which I saw her mind was wandering somewhere else. However, I remembered the saying, that it is as impossible to be perfectly happy in love, as in life; and bore this misfortune patiently. Nugna Bella loved me with an exact fidelity, and I observed that she had a contempt for all others who presumed to address her. I believed her free from that weakness, which I was apprehensive of in women; and this persuasion made me as happy as I could desire.

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It was my fortune to be born and placed in a rank sufficient to be envied by the most ambitious. I was the favourite of a prince, for whom I had a natural affection; I was beloved by the greatest beauty in Spain, whom I adored; and I had a friend, whom I believed faithful, and who owed his preferment to me. The only thing which troubled me, was to see the inexcusable impatience Don Garcia had to govern; and to find in Nugnez Fernando, my father, a restless spirit, and inclined, as the king suspected, to raise himself to such a degree of promotion, as should leave nothing above him. I feared the ties of gratitude, and of nature, would oblige me to adhere to those who would involve me in things which might to me appear unjust. Yet as these mischiefs were dubious, they disturbed me only at certain moments; and I relieved myself by speaking of them to Don Ramirez, in whom I had so much confidence, that I confessed to him even my fears about the most important and distant affairs.

That which now employed my thoughts, was my design to marry Nugna Bella. I had loved her long, without daring to make the proposal. I knew she was disliked by the king; because, as she was the daughter of one of the counts of Castile, whose revolt was then expected as well as my father's, it was impolitic to permit them to be so nearly united; and though my father was not against it, yet I knew he would never propose the marriage, for fear of encreasing the king's suspicions. Thus I was constrained to wait some more favourable conjuncture; but while I waited, I did not conceal my passion for Nugna Bella. I conversed with her at all opportunities; and the prince saw her frequently. The king observed this intelligence, and took that to be an affair of state, which was merely an amour. He believed his son encouraged my design upon Nugna Bella, in order to unite the two counts of Castile, and secure them in his interest; that he intended to form a considerable party, and assume an authority equal to his own. He  
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made no question but the counts would join with him, in hope to become sovereign princes ; in a word, he so dreaded the union of the two houses of Castile, that he openly declared I must not think of Nugna Bella, and forbade the prince to promote our union.

The two counts, whose intention perhaps was as the king suspected, but who were not in a condition to own it, enjoined us both no more to think of marriage ; at least for the present. This command gave us inexpressible sorrow ; but the prince engaged in a short time to change his father's mind, and obliged us to promise each other an eternal fidelity, and undertook to carry on our correspondence, and keep it concealed.

As we could no longer speak in public, we sought opportunities of meeting privately. I was thinking that Nugna Bella should change her apartment, and remove with some other ladies of the court to lodgings, whose windows looked into a by-street, and were low enough for a man on horseback to converse through them easily. I proposed this to the prince, who obtained the queen's consent, and we found a handsome pretence to put it in execution. To this window I came almost every day, to speak with Nugna Bella. Sometimes I returned charmed with the sentiments she expressed of me ; and sometimes I departed in despair, to see her thoughts so busied about some orders she had received from the queen. Hitherto Fortune had not shewn me her inconsistency, but she soon discovered her unsteadiness.

My father, who knew the king's suspicions, had a mind to convince him, by a new proof of his integrity, how unjust they were. He resolved to introduce my sister into the palace, notwithstanding he had designed before to leave her in Castile. It was his vanity carried him into this resolution. He was proud to shew the court a beauty, which he believed the most accomplished in all Spain.

The day she came, Don Garcia was hunting ; in the evening he went to the queen, not having heard a syllable

ble of my sister's arrival. I was present at the time, but retired to a corner, where he did not see me. The queen presented my sister to him. He was surpris'd at her beauty, and express'd the utmost admiration. Never had he beheld, he said, in one person, such graces, and so much majesty and sweetness; such black hair, with so lovely a complexion, and eyes so blue; and a gravity so happily mingled with the bloom of youth: in a word, the more he beheld her, the more he multiplied his praises on her charms. Don Ramirez, who remarked these vehement encomiums, easily imagin'd I had the same thoughts as himself; and spying me at the other end of the room, came up to me to talk about my sister's beauty.---I wish, said I to him, there was nobody here to admire her but yourself. Don Garcia by accident drew near the place where I was; he seem'd astonish'd to see me, but recovering himself, he talk'd to me of Hermenesilda (so was my sister call'd), and told me I had not painted her half so beautiful as he found her. In the evening she only was the discourse at the prince's apartment. I watch'd him strictly, and was confirm'd in my suspicions, by his not praising her so freely before me, as he did to others. I wanted to discover his sentiments, without entering into a serious discourse with him; and accordingly one evening, as we went out from the queen, where he had a long conversation with Hermenesilda,---May I presume, Sir, said I, to ask whether I have not waited too long to shew you my sister, and whether she is handsome enough to have surpris'd you, as I fear'd?---Yes, said the prince, I was surpris'd at her beauty; but though I believe one may be touch'd without being surpris'd, I do not believe one can be surpris'd without being touch'd.

Don Garcia's intention was to answer me as sportingly as I had address'd him; but as he was embarrass'd by what I had said, and was sensible of it, there was an air of uneasiness in his answer, which made me see I was not mistaken. He judg'd rightly, that I perceiv'd his tenderness

tenderness for my sister; and yet his love to me gave him some reluctance to engage in an affair, which he knew very well would offend me highly; but he loved Hermenesilda too much to desist. And as I did not expect his friendship to me would cause him to suppress his love to her; I only proposed to secure my sister, by instructing her how to conduct herself, if the prince made his addresses. I desired her to follow the advice of Nugna Bella in every thing, which she promised me she would. On the other hand, I opened to Nugna Bella my concern at this passion of Don Garcia, and told her all the bad consequences I apprehended from it; she agreed with me, and assured me she would oversee Hermenesilda so strictly, that the prince should find it no easy matter to speak with her. In short, without appearing to design it, they were so continually together, that the prince could never meet Hermenesilda without Nugna Bella. This gave him an inexpressible disturbance; and as he had always used to impart his whole mind to me, and yet never spoke a word about this affair, I soon perceived a great alteration in his behaviour.

Is not the injustice of men, said I to Don Ramirez, astonishing! The prince hates me, because he perceives a passion in his breast which ought to displease me; and if my sister should love him, he would hate me more. I foresaw the calamity which would befall me, if he happened to fancy her; and if his inclination to her does not alter, I shall not be his favourite long; I mean, not in publick; for in his heart I am not so already. Though Don Ramirez was no less convinced of the prince's love than myself, yet in hope of turning off my thoughts from a thing which created me so much pain,---I do not know, answered he, what grounds you have to believe Don Garcia loves your sister; he praised her, it is true, the first time he saw her; but I have observed nothing in him since, which looks like a man in love. However, if he did love her, where would be the mis-

fortune of it? Why may he not marry her? He is not the first prince who has married one of his subjects; it is impossible he should find a person more worthy of him; and if he marries her, what a glory will it be to your family!--It is for this very reason, answered I, that the king will never permit it; and unless he consents, I should not approve it myself; perhaps also the prince may not have resolution or constancy enough to effect it. In short, it is an impracticable thing; and I would not have the publick believe that I hazarded my sister's reputation, upon the idle prospect of an honour we shall never obtain. If Don Garcia therefore pursues his love to Hermenesilda, she shall leave the court.---Ramirez was surpris'd at this warm declaration, and fearing I should embroil myself with the prince, resolv'd to acquaint him with my sentiments; imagining he might fairly do it without my leave, since it was for my advantage. But a desire to make a merit with the prince, and insinuate himself into his confidence, had undoubtedly a principal share in this resolution.

He took his time to speak with the prince alone; and told him, he was afraid he should be guilty of unfaithfulness to me, in discovering my thoughts against my will; but the zeal he had for his highness's service, oblig'd him to let him know I believed he was in love with my sister; and that I was so disturb'd at it, that I had concluded to carry her from court. Don Garcia was so confounded with this discourse of Ramirez, and the apprehension of Hermenesilda's departure, that he could not dissemble it; but since Ramirez could have no doubt of his affection for my sister, he thought the best way was to confess it, and by that confidence engage him to continue to inform him of my designs. He hesitated awhile before he could determine, when at once embracing Ramirez, he own'd to him his passion, and declared he had for my sake done all he could to conquer it; but he must either obtain Hermenesilda's love, or perish. He desired his assistance to conceal the amour, and prevent her removal.

removal. Ramirez was not of a temper to resist the prince's caresses; he saw he was now coming to be his favourite, and friendship and gratitude were too weak to oppose ambition. He promised the prince to keep the secret, and to do him service with Hermenesilda. The prince embraced him a second time, and they consulted together how to proceed in the affair.

The first obstacle they thought on was Nugna Bella, who was never apart from my sister; she was therefore to be gained; and notwithstanding the difficulty they apprehended from her strict union with me, Ramirez undertook to bring her over; but it must be the prince's part, he said, to persuade me out of my notion of his being in love; advising him to tell me in raillery, it was only a merry stratagem to frighten me for a time, in revenge of my suspecting him so hastily; but that my fears went too far, and he desired I would no longer imagine he had any intentions which I could not approve.

Don Garcia was pleased with this expedient, and executed it immediately; and as he understood by Ramirez the particular circumstances which caused my suspicion, it was easy for him to say they were all contrived on purpose, and that it was in a manner impossible I should not have been led by them into that opinion; as indeed I was very fully. I thought I was now upon better terms with the prince than ever; and though I believed there had been something in his heart which he did not own, I fancied it was only a slight affection which he had surmounted. I esteemed myself also under a high obligation to him, for having done so, as I supposed, purely on my account. In short, I was satisfied with Don Garcia, and Ramirez had the pleasure to see me in that situation of mind which he desired, and began to think upon engaging Nugna Bella in the confidence in which he designed to embark her.

Having fixed his measures, he sought an opportunity of speaking with her, which she gave him frequently enough, knowing I kept no secrets from him, and that



she could talk with him about every thing relating to us both. He began with expressing his joy at the reconciliation between the prince and me.---I am as glad of it, said she, as you; and have found Gonsalvo so nicely tender upon the affair of his sister, that I was afraid he would make a quarrel with the prince.---If I thought, madam, answered he, you were one of those who can conceal a thing from a lover, when it is for his interest to do so, it would mightily encourage me to speak to a person so much concerned as yourself in all that relates to Gonsalvo. For I foresee a certain matter, which makes me uneasy; and 'tis to you alone I can mention it; but it is upon condition, madam, you will not disclose it even to him.---I promise you, said she; and you shall find in me all the secrecy you can desire. As it is dangerous, I know, to conceal every thing from a friend, it is so likewise to conceal nothing.---You will see, madam, replied he, of what importance it is to keep this private, which I am going to tell you. Don Garcia has given Gonsalvo new proofs of his friendship, and has assured him, he thinks of his sister no more; but I am deceived if he does not love her passionately, and a man of the prince's temper cannot long conceal his love, nor can one of Gonsalvo's suffer him to continue it. He will certainly break with the prince, and lose his favour entirely. I confess, said Nugna Bella, I have had the same suspicions; and by what I have seen, and by some things Hermenesilda has told me, and which I would not let her mention to her brother, I could hardly believe this affair of Don Garcia was merely fiction, and designed only to alarm Gonsalvo.---You acted very wisely, madam, answered Ramirez; and I think you will do well for the future, to prevent her saying any thing to her brother concerning the prince, because it can do no service, and is dangerous. For if the prince has only a slight passion, he will be able to hide it without much difficulty; and by your prudent management with Hermenesilda, she may easily  
put

put an end to it. Gonsalvo will know nothing of the matter; by which you will save him an infinite vexation, and keep him in the good graces of the prince. On the contrary, if Don Garcia's love is violent, is it impossible, do you think, that he should marry Hermenesilda? and shall we do Gonsalvo any harm, in concealing something from him, if keeping it secret may make his prince his brother-in-law? Certainly, madam, we ought to think on it maturely before we go to hinder Don Garcia's passion for Hermenesilda; and it concerns you to consider it more than any, because it is your interest one day to see her queen, who in all likelihood will become your sister.

These last words gave Nugna Bella a view which was not in her thoughts before, and the hope of being sister-in-law to the queen, caused Ramirez's reasons to appear more substantial than in truth they were. In short, he led her so dexterously into the sentiments he designed, that they both agreed to conceal every thing from me, to sift out the prince's inclination, and take their measures according to the discoveries they made.

Don Ramirez being in raptures at so successful a beginning, acquainted the prince with what he had done; who was highly pleased, and allowed him to let Nugna Bella know all he thought proper concerning his intentions. Ramirez returned to her immediately, and gave her a long account how he had brought the prince to own his passion for my sister; adding, he never saw a man so furiously enamoured in his life, and that he was amazed at the violence the prince put upon himself, for fear of displeasing me; and in short, that there was nothing they might not expect from a person so deeply smitten; but it was necessary however to encourage him with hopes, in order to feed the flame. Nugna Bella came into his opinion, and promised to do the prince any services with my sister.

Ramirez took care to conceal his new favour with the prince; and his remorse for his treachery kept him in perpetual fear of my suspecting it.

In a short time Don Garcia spoke to Hermenegilda, and assured her of his passion with all possible ardour; and as he was truly in love, he had no difficulty to convince her of it. In herself she was disposed to receive him kindly; but after what I had said to her, she did not dare to follow the dictates of her heart. She told Nugna Bella the conversation she had with the prince; and Nugna Bella, upon the pretences Ramirez had suggested to her, advised her to say nothing to me, and to behave herself so as to increase the prince's passion, and preserve his esteem: adding, that whatever aversion I had shewn to the thing, I would undoubtedly be pleased with what was for my advantage; but that for certain reasons, I would take no part in it, till matters were more advanced. Hermenegilda, who had the utmost deference to Nugna Bella's sentiments, embraced the advice very readily, and her fondness for the prince was wonderfully inflamed by so exalted a prospect as that of a crown.

The prince's love to her was so artfully conducted, that excepting the first day, when he took notice of her beauty, it was never suspected by any. He did not converse with her in public, Nugna Bella supplying him with opportunities in private. I perceived indeed an abatement in his friendship, but I imputed it to the inequality of temper which is common in youth.

Things were in this situation, when Abdala, king of Cordua, with whom and the king of Leon there had been a long truce, renewed the war: Nugnez Fernando, my father, by his post, had the right of commanding the armies; and though the king was very unwilling to set him at the head of his troops, he could not refuse him, unless he impeached him of some crime, and put him under an arrest. Don Garcia indeed might have been appointed commander over him, but the king distrusted his son even more than he did the other, and dreaded to see them together with so great a force. But Biscay, on the other hand, beginning to revolt, he resolved

solved to send Don Garcia thither, and that my father should march against the Moors. I would gladly have served with my father, but the prince was desirous I should follow him to Biscay; and the king chose rather to have me go with his son, than with the count of Castile. I was obliged to comply, and to see Nugnez Fernando, who set forward the first, depart without me. He was extremely sorry I did not accompany him; and, besides other important reasons he had to wish me in his army, affection itself also had its place; for he loved my sister and me beyond expression; he carried our pictures about him, that he might always have us before his eyes, and shew others the beauty of his children. He marched against Abdala with a considerable power, but much inferior to that of the Moors; and instead of opposing their passage in places fortified by nature, a desire to do something extraordinary, made him hazard a battle in a plain, where he had no advantage to favour his inequality of strength. He lost it so absolutely, that he scarcely saved himself; his whole army was cut in pieces, and all their baggage taken; and the Moors never obtained so great a victory over the Christians.

The king was extremely grieved at the loss; he accused the count of Castile, and justly; and as he rejoiced to humble him, he embraced the present occasion: and when my father would have appeared to justify himself, he caused him to be told, he would never see him more, that he removed him from all his places, and he ought to think himself very happy in having his life, and that he ordered him to retire to his own lands. My father obeyed, and went to Castile in all the despair of an ambitious man whose reputation and fortune had suffered so unexpected a diminution.

The prince was not yet set out for Biscay, being detained by a dangerous illness. The king marched against the Moors in person, with what forces he could rally. I desired leave to accompany him, which he

granted me, though with difficulty. He was willing to involve me in my father's disgrace; but as I had no share in his misconduct, and the prince always expressed the highest friendship to me, the king did not adventure to banish me also to Castile. I went with the king, and Don Ramirez staid behind with the prince. Nugna Bella seemed wonderfully concerned at my misfortune and at our separation, and I departed at least with the satisfaction of believing myself sincerely loved by one, whom I loved with the utmost truth.

The king routed the Moors, and constrained them to sue for peace. It was my good fortune also to do a considerable service, though it did not procure me better treatment from the king; nor could the reputation I had gained, make me put off the air of a man in disgrace; and when I returned to Leon, I perceived that glory does not give the same gaiety and splendor with favour.

Don Garcia improved my absence to visit Hermenegilda frequently; and yet with such precaution, that he was perceived by none. He studied all methods to please her, and gave her hopes that he would one day place her upon the throne of Leon.

As this intelligence was carried on by Don Ramirez and Nugna Bella, they were obliged to see each other often; and Nugna Bella's beauty was such, that even a slight view of it was dangerous. Ramirez's admiration of her increased daily; and she was also pleased with his wit, which was in truth agreeable. The close correspondence she kept with him, and the management of the affair of the prince and Hermenegilda, enabled her to bear my absence with less regret than she expected.

At his return, the king gave Nugnez Fernando's places and commands to the father of Don Ramirez; upon which occasion I did even more than could be looked for from an undissembled friend. After the services I had performed in the last two wars, I might well have pretended to the posts of which my father was deprived.



deprived ; yet I made no opposition to the king's disposal. I sought out Ramirez, and told him, that in the trouble I was under to see our family stripped of such noble employments, my only consolation was the advantage it had brought to him. Though Ramirez wanted not wit, he could make me no answer ; these tokens of a friendship he had so little deserved confounded him ; but I put so generous a construction upon his embarrassment at the time, that he could not have led me into a better by any expressions.

The giving my father's posts to another family, made all the court believe his disgrace was beyond recovery. Don Ramirez had, in a manner, succeeded me, by the dignities bestowed on his father, and by his own favour with the prince, which was apparent enough, notwithstanding the care both of them took to conceal it ; and every one insensibly fell over to the side of the new favourite, and by degrees abandoned me.

Nugna Bella had not a passion firm enough to prevent this making an impression upon her mind. It was my fortune as well as my person which had engaged her affection : I was disgraced ; and there was no tie now left upon her, but love ; and she had not enough of that to govern such a temper as hers. I soon discovered a coldness in her behaviour. I made my complaints to Don Ramirez, and even spoke of it to herself. She assured me she was not changed in the least ; and as I had no particular action to accuse her of, and was disturbed only at the general manner of her carriage, it was very easy for her to justify herself ; which she did with so much dissimulation and skill, that she made me secure for a time.

Ramirez talked with her about my suspicion of her being altered, and did it with a design to find what truth there was in it, and undoubtedly in hope to see I was not deceived. I am not changed, says she, at all, I love him as much as ever ; but if I did not, he would have no right to complain. Is the beginning of our

passions, or the end of them in our power?---She looked upon him, while she spoke, with an air which so perfectly convinced him her love to me was expired, that he was encouraged to gaze upon the beauty of this faithless creature without restraint; in a word, he was so struck at the instant, that being no longer master of himself, You are in the right, madam, answered he; we have no command over our passions; I feel one now in my breast which is not to be resisted; and you will please to remember, you allowed that is not in our power.---Nugna Bella, who readily understood his meaning, appeared embarrassed, and so was Ramirez himself; as he had uttered this in a heat, he was presently amazed at what he had done; and all that he owed to my friendship rushing at once into his mind, he was troubled, and casting down his eyes, stood in a profound silence. Nugna Bella, for reasons much the same, said nothing; and they parted without speaking a word. Don Ramirez repented of what he had said. Nugna Bella was sorry she made him no answer.

The certainty he had that Nugna Bella no longer valued me, seduced him intirely to neglect defending himself against this new-born passion; and he esteemed it a sort of excuse, that his affection to her did not begin, till her regard for me was at an end. There was also a charm to him, in attempting to gain a heart, of which he perceived I was not so absolutely possessed, but there was room left for him to hope; and which I had yet so much the possession of, that it would be a glory for him to win it from me. But when he came to consider it was Gonsalvo he designed to supplant, that Gonsalvo to whom he owed so unreserved and sincere a friendship, he was covered with shame, and struggled against his inclination so much, that he thought he had quelled it. He resolved likewise to speak no more to Nugna Bella of his love, and to avoid her conversation.

Nugna Bella, who only repented she had not answered Ramirez as she ought, had no such generous reflections.

Ramirez

Ramirez pursued the honourable resolution he had formed, for a while ; but, alas ! what were the means he us'd to execute it ? He saw Nugna Bella every day ; she was handsome ; she loved me no more ; she received him well ; and all those circumstances could never be resisted. At last, therefore, he determined to follow the motions of his heart ; upon which his remorse immediately vanished. His first treachery to me prepared the way to the second ; and he became accustomed to deceive me, and to conceal from me what he said to Nugna Bella. He told her plainly that he loved her, and spoke it with all the marks of an undissembled flame. In magnifying the compunction it gave him to violate our friendship, he let her see the fervour of his passion knew no bounds. He assured her, he had no expectation of procuring himself to be loved again ; that he was sensible of the advantage I had over him, and of the impossibility of expelling me from her mind ; that he only desired the favour of her to hear him, and assist him to cure himself, and to conceal his weakness from me. Nugna Bella promised him the last, as a thing she thought she ought to do, lest there should happen some mischief between us ; and as for the rest, she told him with all imaginable mildness, she could not grant it ; since she should esteem herself an accomplice in his crime, if she permitted him to continue it. Yet did she not forbear to encourage it ; for his love to her, and the friendship the prince had for him, drew her over entirely to his side. I appeared less amiable in her eyes ; there was no longer a prospect of rising by an alliance with me ; and she had only the certainty of a banishment to Castile in view : she knew the king had it always at heart to confine me there ; and that the prince opposed it merely from a point of honour. She saw no likelihood of his marrying Hermenegilda : she was the confidant of this amour ; and that passion of the prince, and Ramirez's love to herself, were the foundation of her interest with Don Garcia. The king, she believed, was less inclined to  
consent

consent to our marriage than before, but had no objection to her espousing Ramirez. She found all those things in him, which had pleased her in me; and imagined prudence itself would justify her change; and that she ought to forsake a man who could not be her husband, for another who certainly would. A woman's levity does not always need such important reasons to provoke it. Nugna Bella then determined to engage with Ramirez; but was already engaged, both by her affection and words, when she supposed she had only resolved to be so.

Yet as fixed to do it as she was, she had not the heart to let me see she deserted me in the time of my disgrace; nor could Ramirez bear to own his perfidiousness. They agreed that Nugna Bella should carry it to me as usual, believing it would be easy to keep me from observing her change; because as I constantly unbosomed even my lightest suspicions to Ramirez, she could know them by him, and readily prevent them. They resolved likewise to disclose their affair to the prince, and bring him into their interest. Ramirez was to break it to him; but this was not a thing he could do without difficulty; the shame and fear of being discountenanced embarrassed him; however, the power he had over Don Garcia, by his confidence of his amour with my sister, gave him courage. In a word, he made the impression he desired upon the prince's mind, who even undertook to speak to Nugna Bella in his behalf; and this new favourite had his master for a confidant, as he was confidant to his master.

Nugna Bella, who apprehended the prince would condemn her conduct, was overjoyed at the success: this heightened the common union between them; they formed their measures for concealing their correspondence; and as Ramirez's private conversations with the prince might give me umbrage, because in appearance they ought to have no secrets to me, they concluded he should go to the prince by a private stair-case, at hours  
when

when nobody was by, and that they should never talk together in public. Thus I was betrayed, and abandoned by those I loved best, without being able to suspect it.

My only grief was to see an alteration in the heart of *Nugna Bella*. I complained to Don Ramirez, who gave her notice of it, that she might disguise herself the better; but when I seemed to be easy he was in pain, thinking my repose proceeded from *Nugna Bella*'s sincerity. He desired her therefore not to deceive me so well: she obeyed, and neglected me more than ordinary; so that he had the pleasure to see his rival come to him to complain of that ill treatment which he received by his orders; he had the joy also sometimes, when he had prayed her to put a constraint upon herself, to learn by me it was no constraint to her to treat me shily. And there was such a charm both to his glory and his love, in having destroyed such a rival as I appeared to be, and to see my peace depend upon his lightest expressions, that if jealousy had not infected him, he would have been the happiest man in the world.

While I was busied with my amour, my father was pursuing his ambition. He formed such cabals and intrigues in his banishment, that he thought himself in a condition to undertake an open revolt. But he was obliged to begin by withdrawing me from the court, I being a hostage too dear and too considerable to be left in the hands of a king, with whom he designed to make war. He was not so uneasy for my sister; her sex, and her beauty, being able to protect her from mischief. He dispatched a trusty messenger, to acquaint me with the state of his affairs, and order me at the same time to come to him, and quit the court without taking leave of the king or the prince. The messenger was surpris'd to find my sentiments so different from my father's: I told him I would never consent to so unjust a revolt; it was true, the king had used *Nugnez Fernando* ill,



I, in revoking his employments ; but he ought to bear the disgrace, which he had in some sort deserved : for myself, I was resolved not to leave the court, and would never take arms against the king. He carried back my answer to my father, who was enraged to see his designs confounded, just at the point of execution, by my disobedience. He sent me word (though he did not intend it) that he would go on ; and since I had so little submission to his will, he would not alter his resolution, though the king of Leon should strike off my head.

Ramirez's passion for Nugna Bella increased continually, and he could no longer endure the behaviour he was obliged to keep up towards me. Madam, said he to her, one day when she had had long conversation with me, you behold him with the same eyes as before ; you say the same words to him ; you write the same things, and how can I be assured it is not with the same sentiments ? He has pleased you, and may therefore please you still. ---But you know, said she, I do nothing without your direction.---True, madam, answered he ; and this renders my misfortune insupportable, that I must in prudence advise you to do those things, which make me desperate when you do them. It was never heard, that a lover consented to have his rival treated well. I know not how, madam, to allow you to look upon Gonsalvo. There is nothing I would not do to take him off, rather than live in my present condition ; and after having deprived him of your heart, I ought not to think it much to take away his life.---Your passion, replied Nugna Bella, is so extravagant, that I believe you will not pursue it ; consider what discoveries will escape you, if you indulge this rage against Gonsalvo, and what a shame you will bring upon yourself!---Madam, said he, I see it all ; but I see also, that if it is madness almost to attempt what I mentioned, it must be absolutely such to suffer a man who is amiable, and has pleased you, to talk with you every day in secret. If I did not know it, I should have the barbarous comfort of being deceived ;

ceived ; but I know it ; I see him talk to you ; it is myself who carry him your letters ; it is I who satisfy him when he doubts of your love. It is impossible I can go on to offer myself all this violence ; if you desire to give me ease, procure that Gonsalvo may leave the court, and the prince yield to his being sent to Castile, which the king is pressing him to every day. In short, nothing can satisfy me, unless you endeavour to get him removed ; and as long as I perceive you averse to that, I shall believe you scarcely use constraint, when you say you love him.---Very well, answered Nugna Bella, I have already acted many treacheries for the sake of your love, and therefore I must add this also ; but do you then furnish the means, for the prince inflexibly refuses the king to banish him, and it is not likely he should agree to so unreasonable a request as this of mine. I will take it upon me, said Ramirez, to propose it to the prince ; and provided you will let him see you are willing of it, I do not question prevailing.---She promised him ; and the same evening, under the pretence of their common interest requiring it, Ramirez moved the prince to banish me, and make a merit of it with the king. The prince readily consented ; for he was so ashamed of what he had done against me, that my presence was odious, as reproaching him continually with his weakness. -Nugna Bella declared herself, as she had promised Ramirez, and they resolved the prince should take the first opportunity to let the king understand he opposed my exile no longer, and was willing I should be dismissed the court, so it might seem to be done against his consent.

An occasion quickly offered : for the king fell into a passion at his son, for something he had done without his order, and accused me of advising him. The prince not daring to see him, feigned himself ill, and kept his bed several days. The queen, according to her custom, laboured to reconcile them ; she went to her son, to tell him on the part of his father, what complaints he had against him.---Madam, answered the prince, it is not  
this

this which causes his Majesty's displeasure. I know the spring; it is an invincible aversion he has to Gonsalvo; he charges him with every thing that offends him; he would have him banished, and will always be dissatisfied till I agree to it. I love Gonsalvo tenderly; but I see clearly I must do myself the violence to part with him, since I can at no other price obtain the king my father's favour. Acquaint him therefore, madam, if you please, that I consent to his exile; but upon condition that my having consented shall not be known. The queen was surprised at her son's discourse: It is not for me, said she, to wonder you should have a deference for your father's will; but I own, I am astonished at your being willing of Gonsalvo's banishment. The prince excused it by fictitious reasons, and turned the conversation to another subject.

While they were talking, Elvira, one of the queen's women, who was a friend to me and to Nugna Bella, happened to be so near the bed, that she overheard all the queen and prince said concerning me. She stood in such an amazement, reflecting what could produce this extraordinary change in the prince's mind, that I was come into the chamber, and began to speak to her, before she perceived me. I waked her out of her trance. ---You ought to think yourself obliged to me, said she, for I have learned a thing here, which so astonishes me, that I cannot comprehend it.--- At this she told me the conversation, which put me into a consternation far greater than hers. I caused her to repeat it a second time, and just as she had done, the queen's going away broke off our discourse. I quitted the room with her, and not having the heart in my present condition to stay with the prince, went to walk by myself in the gardens of the palace, to reflect upon so strange an adventure.

I could not imagine a prince who treated me so well, would be willing to have me driven from court without provocation; nor could I conceive what should make him desire my absence; nor why he should express a  
friendship

friendship to me, when he really had none. In short, I could not persuade myself what I had heard was true, and that Don Garcia was so weak as to desert me. As I loved him extremely, this change of his touched me to the soul; and not being able to contain my sorrow, I wanted to seek out Ramirez to ease myself, by opening my complaints to him.

In this thought I walked up to the palace, and met with an officer of the chamber to the prince, whom I had recommended to him, and who was nearer his person than any other. I desired him to see if Don Ramirez was with the prince, and to beg him from me to meet me this moment.---He told me Ramirez was not there, and certainly would not come, according to his custom, till all company was withdrawn. This surprised me exceedingly, and I thought at first I had misunderstood him: however, it made an impression upon me, and brought several things to my mind, which gave me a suspicion Ramirez had an intelligence with the prince, which he never communicated to me.---I asked him whether Ramirez often visited the prince alone:---he replied, he wondered I should ask such a question, since he could not suppose I was ignorant either of his conversations with the prince, or of the subject of them.---I answered, I knew nothing of either, and thought it very strange he had not acquainted me with them. He fancied I pretended myself ignorant, to see if he would tell me the truth; and to convince me he could keep nothing secret from me, related to me the prince's amour with my sister, and the part Don Ramirez had in it. He had heard them talk together several times, he said, when they imagined themselves in private, and had learned the other particulars of him whom the prince entrusted with his letters to Hermenegilda. Thus was I informed of all, except what regarded Nugna Bella.

I am no more to seek, exclaimed I in a transport of rage, whence Don Garcia's change arises; his shameful

ful treachery to me renders my presence insupportable. What! Don Garcia loves my sister! And my sister suffers it! And Ramirez is their confidant! I curbed myself at these words, not being willing this officer should see my resentment, and bade him take no notice to any one of what he had told me. I went home with a trouble upon my spirits which deprived me of my senses. When I was alone, I abandoned myself to fury and despair; I resolved a thousand times to go and stab the prince and Ramirez, and had all the thoughts of madness and vengeance, which could push me to extravagant designs. After I had composed my mind a little, to consider and fix the means of revenging myself, my intention was to fight Ramirez, to carry Nugna Bella to Castile, to obtain her father's permission to marry her; and as he was in the same design of a revolt as Nugnez Fernando, I purposed to join them, and encourage them, and declaring war against the king of Leon, to overturn that throne to which Don Garcia was to succeed. I paused at such a resolution, it being contrary to all the sentiments I ever had before; but I was hurried away by the violence of my despair.

I was to see Nugna Bella that evening, and waited for the hour with impatience; and the hopes of finding her affected with my misfortune, gave me all the comfort I could receive. As I was preparing to go, a man whom she trusted, and who had often brought me letters from her, put one into my hand, and told me she was very sorry she could not meet me that evening; but it was impossible, for reasons expressed in the letter. I replied, it was absolutely necessary I should speak with her, and I would write an answer, and desired him to stay. I withdrew into my closet, and opening her letter found it as follows:

“ I Do not know whether I ought to thank you for  
“ giving me leave to appear grieved to Gonsalvo,  
“ when he goes away. I should have been very easy if  
“ you



“ you had forbidden me, for I should then have had  
“ some reason not to do a thing which will create me so  
“ much constraint. Though you have been disturbed  
“ by the behaviour I have shewn him since his return,  
“ I have been more. You would not question it, if  
“ you knew the pain I have to tell a man I no longer  
“ love, that I love him, when at the same time I am  
“ distracted for having ever loved him, and could pe-  
“ rish for having pronounced, but to yourself, all those  
“ words I am obliged to speak to him. When once he  
“ is gone, you will be sensible of the injustice you do  
“ me; and the joy you will see me in at his departure,  
“ will convince you of it more than all my expressions.  
“ Hermenefilda is angry at the prince, for talking  
“ yesterday a good while with a woman, of whom she  
“ had before declared a jealousy; this made her not ac-  
“ company the queen, when she went to visit him. He  
“ must not let her find that he knows this; for I pro-  
“ mised her to say nothing of it; she loves him so truly,  
“ that----

“ I was interrupted here by a thing which gives me  
“ the last uneasiness. One of my companions over-  
“ heard all the prince said to the queen yesterday con-  
“ cerning Gonsalvo, to whom she imparted it immedi-  
“ ately; she related it to me as the most astonishing and  
“ dismal piece of news I could hear. It is impossible  
“ but Gonsalvo must suspect you know something of the  
“ prince's designs, and unravel the truth in a great  
“ measure. And what difficulties may this produce!  
“ The thought of it troubles me so much, that I do not  
“ know what I do. I have writ to him, that I cannot  
“ meet him this evening; for I dare not run the hazard  
“ of talking with him, because you have not seen him  
“ since, nor given me instructions what to say. Adieu.  
“ Judge the disturbance I am in.”

I was so overwhelmed upon reading this letter, that I  
knew not what I said or did. My rage and frenzy were  
raised

raised to the highest pitch, at the treacheries I had before discovered; but those sentiments were too weak and common for this, which a mere accident had now brought to light. I stood without speech or motion for a long while, in a wild confusion of thought, and was overborne with the torrents of my grief.

Are you unfaithful to me, Nugna Bella? I then cried out at once: Do you add to your change of mind the outrage of deceiving me, and of consenting I should be deceived by him whom next yourself I loved the best? These are too many misfortunes at a time, and are of such a nature, that it would be more shameful to resist them, than to sink under them. I yield to a cruelty of the most deadly kind that ever man endured. I had power and resolutions of revenge against an ungrateful prince, and an unfaithful friend; but I have none against Nugna Bella. I was more happy in her than in all the world besides; since she abandons me, all is indifferent to me, and I renounce a revenge which can give me no joy. Not long since I was the first man in the whole kingdom, by my father's greatness and my own, and by the favour of my prince. I thought myself loved by those who were dear to me. But Fortune has left me; I am deserted by my master, deceived by my sister, betrayed by my friend; I have lost my mistress, and lost her by my friend! Is it possible, Nugna Bella, that you have forsaken me for Ramirez? Is it possible Ramirez should desire to take you from a man who loved you so passionately, and by whom he was himself so tenderly beloved! Must I then lose you by one another, and without so much as the slender consolation of having one of you left to whom I can make my complaint!

These bitter reflections overset my reason. The least of the misfortunes which befel me that day was sufficient to have oppressed me with mortal sorrow: but such a multitude together amazed and confounded me, and I knew not which to turn my thoughts upon. He, who brought me Nugna Bella's letter, sent in to tell me he stayed for my answer; at which I waked as out of a dream,

dream, and replied I would send it to-morrow; and ordered every one to leave the room.

I set myself then to consider the condition which I had been in, and in which I now was. So severe an experience of the inconstancy of Fortune, and the unfaithfulness of human kind inspired me with a design to renounce for ever all commerce with the world, and go and end my life in a desert; which my grief convinced me was the only course I could take. I had no place whither I could retire, unless to my father; I knew the design he had to revolt; but as desperate as I was, I could not suffer myself to draw my sword against a king who had never injured me. If I had only been abandoned by Fortune, I could have found a pleasure in opposing her, and making her see that I deserved what she had given me. But after I was deceived by so many persons whom I had loved so highly, and in whom I thought myself so secure, what hope was there for me to flatter myself withal? Can I serve a master better, said I, than I have served Don Garcia? Can I love a friend better than I have loved Ramirez? Can I have a greater passion for a mistress than I have had for Nugna Bella? Yet they have betrayed me! I must retreat, therefore, to hide myself from the treachery of men, and the dangerous power of women.

As I had taken this resolution, I saw coming into the room a man of quality and merit, called Don Olmond, who always had a kindness for me. He was brother to Elvira, who had informed me of the prince's falsehood, and by whom he understood what Don Garcia had said to the queen. He was extremely surprised to discern in my countenance the marks of such an extraordinary emotion and sorrow. He knew me too well, to imagine Fortune alone could give me so much pain; he supposed, however, I was concerned at the prince's treachery, and began to comfort me. I had always loved Don Olmond, and served him upon several occasions, though I had given Ramirez the preference in every thing. The in-  
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gratitude of the last made me sensible now of the injustice I had done Don Olmond; to repair it, or perhaps to ease myself by complaining, I discovered to him my present situation, and all the treacheries I had suffered. He was sufficiently astonished; but not so much as I expected at the falshood of Nugna Bella.---His sister, he said, when she told him what she had over-heard, added, that Nugna Bella's mind towards me was certainly changed, and that she concealed from me a great many things.---See, Don Olmond, said I, shewing him her letter, see here her change, and the things she concealed from me. She has sent me this letter, instead of one she had writ me; for this is plainly addressed to Don Ramirez. Don Olmond was so touched with my condition, and thought my misfortune so excessive, that he did not undertake to comfort me, but left me to disburden my grief by complaining.---Had I not reason, said I, to desire to know Nugna Bella before I loved her? But I mention an impossible thing; women are never known; they do not know themselves; and it is certain occasions which determine the sentiments of their hearts. Nugna Bella thought she loved me, but she only loved my fortune; and perhaps she loves nothing else in Don Ramirez: yet has she not, cried I, said any words to me for some time, but what he permitted her to say. It was to my rival that I complained of the change which he himself had produced. He pleaded for himself, while I thought he was pleading for me. Is it possible that I have been the object of so outrageous a deceit? and have I deserved it? The perfidious wretch has betrayed me with Don Garcia! I trusted my sister with them, and they have engaged her with the prince! The union which seemed to be between them, and which gave me so much joy, was meant only to delude me! Good Heavens, for what is your thunder reserved, if not for persons so unworthy to live!

After this violent transport of grief, the idea of the faithless Nugna Bella, which made me indifferent to all  
my

my other sufferings, threw me into a sadness which was serious, and without rage. I told Don Olmond my design of retiring from the world. He was surprized at it, and opposed it; but I gave him such proofs of my being absolutely determined, that he thought it was in vain to dissuade me, at least in the present moment. I took what jewels were at hand, and both of us mounted on horse-back in order to depart, before an order could be sent me to withdraw. We travelled till sun-rising. Don Olmond conducted me to the house of a man who had lived with him, and whom he could trust. I would fain have had him left me there, to stay till night came on, to take the road I intended. After a long dispute, he said he would leave me as I desired, provided I would promise to wait for him there, while he went to Leon to learn what effect my departure had produced; for perhaps an alteration might have happen'd, which would cause me to lay aside my resolution; and therefore he begged me not to set forward till he returned. I consented, upon condition he would not acquaint any body he had seen me, or knew where I was: but I yielded to it rather from an involuntary curiosity, to understand after what manner Nugna Bella spoke of me, than from a thought that any thing could have happened which would relieve my misfortunes.

Go then, said I, my dear Olmond, see Nugna Bella; and, if it is possible, discover her sentiments by your sister: endeavour to find how long it is she has ceased to love me, and whether she has not forsaken me, because I am cast off by Fortune. Don Olmond assured me he would do all I desired. In two days he returned with news, which he thought would induce me to alter my design.

Nobody, he said, knew the reason of my departure. The prince, as well as Don Ramirez, pretended to be wonderfully concerned, and the king believed I was gone by agreement with the prince, his son. He told me, he had seen his sister, and that all I suspected was



true; that the particulars of what he had heard would only increase my griefs, and therefore he prayed me not to require him to relate them. I was not in a condition to fear an augmentation of my distress, and that which he would have suppressed was the only thing I had a curiosity to know; and therefore I intreated him to conceal nothing. I will not repeat the whole of what he told me, having already mentioned the greater part, in order to make my story the more methodical. It was by him I was apprised of all those things which, you have seen, were unknown to me at the time when they were transacted. I shall only say, his sister informed him, that the evening before my departure, when she came out from the queen's apartments where Nugna Bella had not been seen, she went to seek for her at her lodging; she found her all in tears, with a letter in her hand; they were both struck with surprize, but upon different accounts. After a long silence, Nugna Bella locked the door, and told her, she was going to trust her with the whole secret of her life; intreating her to pity her, and comfort her in the most miserable condition that any one had ever known. She then disclosed all that had passed between the prince, Don Ramirez, my sister, and herself, in the manner I have related; that Don Ramirez had sent her back the letter she had in her hand, because it was written to me, and that I had met with that which was for Ramirez, and had thereby discovered every thing they had concealed from me so long.

Elvira told her brother, she never saw a person so troubled and afflicted as Nugna Bella. She was afraid I should inform the king of the affair between my sister and the prince; that I should cause Ramirez to be banished the court, and oblige her also to retire: that beyond all, she dreaded the shame of my reproaches; and the treacheries she had been guilty of towards me, made her hate me mortally.

You may imagine what Don Olmond told me did not diminish my uneasiness, or make me change my intention.

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He pressed me, with an extraordinary zeal of friendship, to suffer him to follow me, and bear me company in the desert whither I was going; but I denied him so peremptorily, that in short we parted. He left me, upon condition that whatever place I was in, I should send him tidings of my state. He returned to Leon, and I set forward to embark at the first port I came to. But when I was alone, and reflected upon my calamities, the remainder of my life seemed so painful a load to endure, that I resolved to go and seek after death in the war between the king of Navarre and the Moors. I went only by the name of Theodoric; and was unhappy enough to find a glory I did not desire, instead of Death for which I wished. A peace being concluded, I resumed my first design, and the meeting with you has turned an affrightful solitude, which I was expecting, into a most agreeable retreat.

I found here the repose and tranquillity I lost: and though ambition sometimes revived in my soul, the experience I have had of the inconstancy of Fortune taught me to despise it; and my love for Nugna Bella was so effaced by the contempt she had raised in me, that I can say, I had no affection remaining, though I have the utmost grief. But the sight of Zayde has taken away even the melancholic quietude I began to enjoy, and I am plunged into new misfortunes, much more cruel than those I have already suffered.

Alphonso stood amazed and charmed at Gonsalvo's story. I had formed before, said he, a great idea of your merit and your virtue; but I own what I have now heard is beyond what I expected.---I ought rather to fear, answered Gonsalvo, that I have lessened the good opinion you had of me, in letting you see how easily I was deceived. But I was young; and was ignorant of the frauds of a court, and incapable of practising them; I had never loved any but Nugna Bella, and my love for her made me think our passion could never expire; so

that I had no manner of distrust either concerning my friendship or love.---You can never secure yourself, replied Alphonso, from being deceived, but by being naturally suspicious; your suspicions also, though ever so well founded, would have seemed unjust, because the persons who deceived you, never gave you an occasion of diffidence before, and managed their deceit so dexterously, that reason did not allow one to suspect them.---Let us talk no more, said Gonsalvo, of my past misfortunes, I am sensible of them no longer; Zayde has made me forget them, and I wonder I have been able to repeat them to you so exactly. But remember, I never thought I could have been touched by one, whose mind was any way engaged; and yet I admire Zayde, of whom I know nothing but that she is beautiful, and is prepossessed in favour of another. Since I have been deceived in my opinion of Nugna Bella, whom I knew, what can I expect from Zayde, to whom I am a stranger? But what would I expect from her, and what pretensions can I have? She is utterly unknown to me; an accident has cast her upon this shore, and she is impatient to be gone. I cannot detain her with justice. If I should keep her here, should I be more happy? I should see her every day lamenting the man she loves, and calling him to mind when she looks upon me. Ah! Alphonso, what an evil is jealousy! Ah! Don Garcia, thou wast in the right; there are no passions but those which strike us at once, and rush on us suddenly by surprise: All others are voluntary engagements which we freely bring upon ourselves. A real inclination seizes us in our own despite; and my love to Zayde is a torrent which hurries me on, without giving me a moment's time to oppose it. But Alphonso, added he, I have made you waste the night thus far in hearing my troubles, and it is but just I should now leave you to your repose.

Here Alphonso withdrew to his chamber, and Gonsalvo passed the rest of the night without sleep. The  
next

next day Zayde seemed very eager to find what she lately searched after; but her care was all in vain. Gonsalvo never left her; a thousand times a day he forgot she could not understand him, nor return an answer; and asked her the reason of her concern, with the same tenderness and fear to offend, as if she understood him. But when he recollected himself, and saw she could make him no reply, he endeavoured to relieve his mind, by saying to her all that his passion inspired.

I love you, beautiful Zayde, said he, gazing upon her; I love you, I adore you, and have at least the pleasure of telling you so, without provoking your displeasure. All your actions convince me, such a declaration would certainly offend you; but the lover you lament has undoubtedly talked to you of his love, and you have frequently given him your ear. I with, charming Zayde, you could resolve my suspicions.

While he was speaking, she turned several times to Felima with surprize, as if to make her observe that personal resemblance which always drew her regard. This was such an affliction to Gonsalvo, to think he had put her in mind of his rival, that he would willingly have parted with his beauty and graceful mien, not to have had such a likeness; and it troubled him so deeply, that he could scarcely bear to appear in her sight, chusing rather to be deprived of seeing her, than reflect to her the image of the man she loved. And whenever she seemed to look kindly upon him, he could not bear it, because he fancied it was not designed to him. He left her, and passed several afternoons in the wood; but still when he came back, she expressed a greater coldness and disturbance than usual. At length, he fancied also he perceived a certain inequality in her manner of treating him; but as he could not divine the cause, he thought her uneasiness at being in a strange place, occasioned these alterations of humour. However, he plainly discerned that her first dejection began to abate. Felima was more sorrowful than Zayde; but her sorrow was

always the same: she seemed perfectly overwhelmed, and to desire nothing but to be alone, and indulge her grief. Alphonso often spoke of it to Gonsalvo with wonder, and thought it strange so excessive a melancholy had not impaired her beauty. But Gonsalvo minded only to please Zayde, and entertain her with the diversions of walking, hunting, and fishing. She also contrived various amusements, and busied herself several days in working a bracelet of her own hair, and having finished it, she put it on with all the eagerness which a new-finished work naturally occasions. The first day she wore it, she happened to drop it in the wood. Gonsalvo, who saw her walk out, went to see after her, and as he passed along the same path, found the bracelet, and presently knew whose it was. The finding it gave him a sensible joy. It would have been a higher pleasure indeed to receive it from the hands of Zayde; but as that was what he could never expect, he thought himself happy in owing it to chance. Zayde having now perceived her loss, came back to look for it in the place where she had been walking. She gave Gonsalvo to understand what she had dropped, who expressed a concern; but as sorry as he was to make her uneasy, he could not bear to restore a thing he so dearly prized. He pretended, therefore, to assist her in searching for it, and at last persuaded her to look no longer in vain. As soon as he came into his chamber, he kissed the bracelet a thousand times, and fastened to it a buckle of jewels of a considerable value. Sometimes he took a walk before Zayde was stirring, and when he thought himself in a place where no eye was upon him, he would unbind the bracelet to view it the better.

One morning as he was thus employed, and sat upon a rock which ran out into the sea, he heard somebody coming towards him; and looking back in haste, was surprised to see it was Zayde. He strove all he could to hide the bracelet; but was not nimble enough to prevent her discerning he had conveyed something out  
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of sight. He fancied she had seen it, and observed such a coldness and dislike in her countenance, that he made no question but she was angry at his not having returned her the bracelet. He did not dare to look upon her, and was afraid she signified that she desired to have it again, and he had not the power to resolve himself. She seemed sad and perplexed, and without heeding Gonsalvo, sat down upon the rock, and turned her face to the sea. Before she was aware, the wind blew away a veil she had in her hand; Gonsalvo started up to recover it, and in rising let fall the bracelet: he could not take it up for fear it had been seen; Zayde turned about at Gonsalvo's noise, and spying her bracelet, snatched it up before he perceived it. He was extremely troubled when he saw it in her hands, both from despair of getting it again, and from an apprehension of her resentment. However, he encouraged himself, seeing her no longer appear disturbed or fretted, but, on the contrary, with an air of sweetness; and was no less touched with the hope he received from her countenance, than he had been the moment before with the dread of having displeased her. She viewed with admiration the beauty of the buckle of jewels; and having viewed it, took it off, and gave it to Gonsalvo, and kept the bracelet. When Gonsalvo saw Zayde had given him back only the jewels, he turned to the sea, and cast the buckle into the water with a fixed melancholic look, as if he had dropped it by chance. Zayde cried out, and ran to see if it could not be recovered; but he shewed her it was impossible; and to prevent her musing long upon what he had done, he gave her his hand to lead her down from the place where they stood. They went along without minding each other, and insensibly fell into the path to Alphonso's house, and were in such mutual confusion, that they seemed to wish to be asunder.

When Gonsalvo was returned to his chamber, he began to consider his adventure. Though Zayde had not shewn so much anger as he expected, he fancied the

joy of finding the bracelet had removed her former uneasiness; which displeased him as much. Whatever desire he had to get the bracelet again, he thought he should offend Zayde if he discovered it, and this filled him with all the grief which arises from love, when it is without hope. All the consolation he had was to complain to Alphonso, and to blame himself for his weakness in loving Zayde.

You accuse yourself unjustly, said Alphonso to him sometimes; it is no easy thing to defend one's self in the middle of a desert, against a beauty so great as that of Zayde. It is as much as you could do in the middle of a court, where other beauties would give you a diversion, or ambition, at least, would divide your heart.--But can a man love, answered Gonfalso, without hope? And how can I hope to be loved again, since I cannot even tell her that I love? How shall I persuade her, if I cannot tell her of it? What actions of mine can assure Zayde in a place where I see no other, and where I have not the power of making her know it, that I prefer her to others? How can I efface his idea in her mind whom she loves? This is to be done only by making my person appear agreeable; and it is my ill fortune that my face revives in her the remembrance of her lover. Ah, my dear Alphonso, do not flatter me; I have certainly forfeited my reason in loving Zayde; in loving her so much as I do, and not remembering, at the same time, I have loved another, and have been deceived.---I believe, said Alphonso, that you never loved any other, because you never knew jealousy, 'till since you have loved Zayde.---I had no cause given me, replied Gonfalso, to be jealous of Nugna Bella, she understood the art of deceiving me so well.---A man is jealous without cause, said Alphonso, when he is thoroughly in love. You find it by your own experience; reflect upon the grief you feel, when you see Zayde in tears; and consider how jealousy has made you imagine she weeps for a lover, rather than a brother---I am convinced too well,  
answered

answered Gonfhalvo, that I love Zayde far more than I loved Nugna Bella. The ambition of the last, and her application to the prince's affairs, had often cooled my love; but all that I see in Zayde which displeases me, is the suspicion that she loves another, and my not knowing her heart or sentiments, cannot weaken my passion. But, Alphonso, in loving Zayde so far beyond Nugna Bella, I am still guilty of a greater madness. The fate of my love to Nugna Bella, I confess, was barbarous; yet every man who loves may have the like. I did not love her blindly; I knew her; she loved no other; I pleased her; I was able to marry her: but Zayde, Alphonso, but Zayde, who is she? What pretensions have I here? And except her admirable beauty, which will excuse me, does not every thing else condemn me of the highest folly?

Gonfhalvo had frequently such conversations with Alphonso: his love increased every day; and he could not forbear speaking so earnestly with his eyes, that he fancied he saw by those of Zayde, that she understood their language; and sometimes he found her in a certain perplexity, which would not suffer him to doubt it. As she could not make herself be understood by words, it was by her looks, in a manner, that she explained to Gonfhalvo many of those things she wanted to communicate; but there was something so lovely and so passionate in her looks, that they pierced Gonfhalvo to the soul. Beautiful Zayde, said he sometimes, is it thus you look upon those you do not love? What do you reserve, then, for that happy lover, whom I have the misfortune to bring to your mind?---If he had not been prevented by this imagination, he would not have thought himself so unfortunate; and the actions of Zayde ought not to have persuaded him that she regarded him only with indifference.

One day he left her, and for a moment walked by the sea-side, after which he went towards a fountain in a pleasant part of the wood, whither Zayde often re-

sorted. As he came up to it, he heard a sound, and looking through the trees, saw Zayde sitting with Felina. The surprizal of this encounter gave Gonsalvo the samejoy, as if he had happened to meet her after a whole year's absence. He drew near the place, and though he made noise enough, she was so eager in talking, that she never heard him. But when he stood before her, she seemed in the confusion of a person who had spoke aloud, and was afraid she was overheard, not remembering Gonsalvo could not understand her. The emotion this disturbance occasioned, in some sort heightened her beauty; and Gonsalvo, who sat down by her, was in a rapture, and threw himself suddenly at her knees, with so much passion, that it was not necessary to know his words, to apprehend what he would express. He thought she understood them too well; she blushed, and making a motion with her hand, which seemed to put him away, she rose up with a cold civility, as if it were to oblige him to kneel no longer in a place which might do him hurt. Alphonso in the same moment passing along the walk, she went up to him, without turning her eyes toward Gonsalvo, who continued fixed in his posture, and had no power to rise.

This, said he to himself, is the manner in which she treats me, when she does not regard me as the picture of my rival. You fix your eyes upon me, lovely Zayde, with such charms as might ravish the whole world, when my face brings his to your mind; but if I presume to shew I love you, then you not only give me looks of anger, but think me unworthy to be beheld. If at least I were able to make you understand that I know you lament a lover, I should be happy; and my jealousy, I own, would be revenged by the disturbance this would cause you. Yes, I would seem persuaded that you love somebody, in order to have the joy of knowing from yourself that you love none. Ah! Zayde, my revenge is interested; and desires not so much to offend you, as to give you an occasion of satisfying me.

Thus

Thus thinking, he took the path which led to the house, in order to quit the place where Zayde was, and to be alone in a gallery which he often visited. He pondered there a long time, upon the means to make her know he suspected she loved another; but it was difficult to contrive them, this being a thing which could not be comprehended without words. After he had tired himself with thinking and walking, he was going out of the gallery, when a painter who was employed there upon some pictures by Alphonso, pressed him very earnestly to view his work. Gonsalvo would fain have been excused; but not to disoblige him, he stopped to look upon the piece he had drawn. It was a large picture, in which Alphonso had caused him to represent the sea as it appeared from his windows, and to render the prospect the more entertaining, he made him paint it in a storm. On one side were vessels perishing in the midst of the ocean, and on the other, ships bulged against the rocks; some of the men were endeavouring to save themselves by swimming; others were drowned, and their bodies cast ashore by the waves upon the sand. This tempest put Gonsalvo in mind of Zayde's wreck, and of a method to let her understand what he thought of her affliction. He told the painter he must add some figures to the piece, and represent at the foot of one of the rocks a beautiful woman, leaning over the corpse of a dead man stretched upon the beach. She was to weep as she beheld him; and another man was to be upon his knees, striving to persuade her to leave the dead one. The woman, without turning her eyes towards him who was speaking to her, should put him away with one of her hands, and wipe her tears with the other. The painter promised Gonsalvo to follow his directions, and began to design the subject. Gonsalvo was satisfied, and begged him to use all the application he could; and then leaving the gallery, went to find out Zayde; for in despite of his resentment, he could not be absent from her long: but he was informed she had shut herself up



in her chamber, as soon as she came back from her walk, and he could not see her the whole day. He was grieved and fretted, and feared she hid herself from him to punish him for what he had presumed to intimate to her. The next day she seemed more serious than ordinary; but afterwards, she was as she used to be.

In the mean time, the painter proceeded upon what Gonsalvo had ordered, and Gonsalvo waited with impatience till it was finished; and as soon as it was done, he led Zayde into the gallery, as if to divert her with seeing the painter work. At first he shewed her the pictures which were finished, and then caused her to view with attention that of the sea, which was now in hand. He pointed out to her the young woman weeping over the dead man, and when he found it engaged her eyes, and that she seemed to know the rock was that upon which she often walked, he took the painter's pencil, and wrote the name Zayde under the woman, and that of Theodoric below the young man upon his knees. When Zayde read what he had wrote, she blushed; and looking on him in anger, snatched a pencil and wiped out the figure of the dead man, whom she rightly judged Gonsalvo accused her of lamenting. Though he well knew he had displeased her, it was a wonderful joy to him to see her expunge the picture of him whom he believed she loved: and though he might fancy this action of Zayde was rather an effect of her displeasure, than a proof of her not lamenting any one; yet he considered, that after the love he had expressed to her, she did him an extraordinary favour in being unwilling to let him believe she loved another. But the slender hope this reflection gave him, could not entirely suppress his fears.

Alphonso, who was blinded by no passion, judged of the sentiments of Zayde very differently from Gonsalvo. I find, said he to him, that you were wrong in thinking yourself unhappy. You are so, undoubtedly, in loving one whom in all probability you cannot marry; but you

are not unhappy in the manner you imagined ; for appearances are very deceitful, if Zayde does not love you sincerely.---It is true, answered Gonsalvo, if I may judge of her sentiments by her looks, I may flatter myself with some hope. But, as I have told you, she looks on me for the sake of that resemblance, which creates me so much jealousy.---I do not know, replied Alphonso, whether your notion of this matter is exactly true ; but if I were in his place, whom you believe she laments, I should not be easy, that my likeness made her behold any other person with such favourable eyes ; nor is it possible the idea of another should produce those sentiments which Zayde has towards you.

Hope is natural to lovers ; if some of Zayde's actions had kindled it in Gonsalvo before, this discourse of Alphonso blew it into a flame. He thought now that he saw Zayde did not hate him, and this gave him an uncommon joy ; but his joy did not continue long. He fancied he owed all the regard she shewed him, to his resemblance of his rival ; and that having lost a man whom she highly loved, she had a tenderness for another who was like him. His love, his jealousy and his honour could not approve an inclination, which did not arise originally from himself, but from an affection she had first had for another. Though Zayde loved him, he supposed she only loved his rival in him ; in short, he perceived he should be unhappy, though he were even assured of being loved. However, he could not but discern with pleasure, in the manner of this beautiful stranger's behaviour, an air very different from what she had formerly shewn ; and the passion he had for her was so violent, that whatever he believed was the occasion of those marks of inclination, it was impossible not to receive them with transport.

One day, when the weather was very fine, seeing she did not stir out of her chamber, he went thither to know if she would not take a walk. She was writing ; and  
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though he made a noise at entering the room, he came up to her without being perceived, and stood to observe what she wrote. She turned her head by chance, and seeing Gonfalso, blushed, and hid the writing, with an emotion which gave Gonfalso no little trouble; for he presumed she could not be so deeply engaged, and so surprised, about a letter which had nothing mysterious in it. This thought made him uneasy; he withdrew, and sought for Alphonso to reason with him about an adventure, which filled him with imaginations extremely different from what he had had till then. Having looked after him some time, and not finding him, at once a fit of jealousy carried him back to Zayde's apartment; he went in, but she was not there, being retired into a closet with Felima. He saw a written paper lying upon the table half-folded, and could not resist his curiosity to look into it; he opened it, not questioning but it was the same he saw Zayde writing just before. In the paper he found the bracelet of hair she had lately recovered from him, and as he was holding that and the paper in his hand, she came in, and ran directly to him to take them away: Gonfalso drew some steps backwards, as if he designed to keep them, but with a submissive gesture, as entreating her leave to do it. Zayde gave him to understand, she would have them from him, and with an air of so much authority, that it was impossible for a man so in love not to obey. It was with the utmost pain, however, that he restored to her a thing which he believed she intended for another. He could not conquer his concern, but rushed hastily out of that chamber, and retired to his own. He found Alphonso there, who was come to see for him, having heard the other had been enquiring after him. When they were seated;---I am much more unhappy, my dear Alphonso, said he, than I thought: This rival, whom I am jealous of, though I believed him dead, yet is certainly not dead: I have just now caught Zayde writing to him: I saw the bracelet she took from me; she is sending it to him, and there-fore

fore she must have heard news of him; and must have some body in secret to carry him news from her: in a word, all my hopes of success were imaginary, and proceeded from my misinterpreting Zayde's actions. She had reason to blot out the image of a dead man, whom I shewed her she was lamenting, because she knew he, for whom she shed her tears, was living. She had reason to be so displeased at seeing the bracelet in my hands, and so joyful in recovering it, since she had made it for another. Ah! Zayde, it is cruel to suffer me to hope; for, in truth, you suffer me, and your lovely eyes do not forbid it. Gonsalvo's grief was so great, that he could scarcely pronounce these words. Alphonso, having given him time to compose himself, desired he would inform him how he came to know what he had now related, and whether Zayde had in a moment found means to make herself understood. Upon which Gonsalvo told him the confusion she was in, when he surprised her in writing; how he found the bracelet in the paper she had writ; and how she forced it out of his hands. In short, Alphonso, said he, one is never troubled so for an indifferent letter: Zayde has no correspondents here, nor any affairs; nor can she write with such earnestness, but concerning what passes in her own heart, and it was not to me that she wrote: what now would you have me think concerning that which I have seen?---I would not have you, replied Alphonso, imagine things so improbable, and which give you so much pain. Because Zayde blushed, when you surprised her in writing, you believe she was writing to your rival; and for my part, I believe, she loves you enough to blush every time you come in upon her by surprize. Perhaps she wrote what you saw, with no other design than to divert herself; she did not leave it with you, because it signified nothing, since you could not understand it; and if she took the bracelet from you, I own, I do not wonder at it; and though I am satisfied she loves you, I believe her prudent enough not to be willing to give a bracelet  
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of her own hair to a man perfectly unknown. Alphonso, said, Gonfalso, you take a pleasure in deceiving me; say what you will, it was to a lover only she was writing; and I should be happy, if (after what I have seen) I could be in that uncertainty which I complained of as the greatest misfortune. Alphonso gave him so many reasons to persuade him his inquietude had no foundation, that at last he in a manner made him easy; and Zayde, who was going to walk out, compleated his peace; for seeing them at a distance, she came towards them with so much sweetness, and with a look so winning to Gonfalso, that she dissipated a great part of those terrible anxieties she had raised in his mind before.

The time he had appointed for her departure, which was when the ships sailed from Tarragona to Africk, began to approach, and struck him with a mortal sorrow. He could not resolve to let her go, and as unjust as it was to detain her, he needed all his reason and his virtue to forbear it.---I shall now deprive myself, said he to Alphonso, of Zayde for ever. This will be a farewell without hope of a return. I shall not know in what part of the world to seek her! She designs to go to Africk; but she is no African; and I am ignorant in what country she was born. I will follow her, Alphonso, though in following her I never hope for the happiness of finding her; though I know her virtue and the customs of Africk will not permit me to be near her person, I will go at least to end my miserable life in the place where she inhabits, and there will be sweetness in breathing the same air. I am a wretch who no longer have a country of my own; chance has kept me here, and love shall carry me away.

Gonfalso stood fixed in his resolution, notwithstanding any pains Alphonso took to divert him from it. He was more uneasy than ever at not being able to understand Zayde, nor be understood by her; and reflecting upon the letter he had seen her writ, he fancied it was writ in Greek characters; and though he was not cer-  
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tain of it, his impatience to be informed, put him upon going to Tarragona, to meet with some body who knew that language. He had sent thither several times to procure an interpreter; but not being sure what language it was Zayde spoke, he could not direct the messengers what country-man to ask for; those he employed on this errand, therefore, not succeeding, he now resolved to go thither himself. It was a difficult undertaking; because he must thereby expose himself in a large town to the hazard of being known, and must leave Zayde: but his desire to be able to converse with her, made him neglect all these considerations. He endeavoured to make her understand that he was going to seek an interpreter, and disguising himself as well as he could, he went to Tarragona, and repairing to the quarter where the foreigners were, found a great number; but their language was not that of Zayde: he enquired if there was no one who understood the Greek tongue; the person he spoke to, answered in Spanish, he belonged to one of the Islands of Greece. Gonsalvo desired him to speak his tongue; he did, and Gonsalvo knew it was the same as Zayde's. By good luck his affairs not confining him to Tarragona, he agreed to accompany Gonsalvo, who gave him a premium beyond his wishes. They set out the next morning by break of day, and Gonsalvo esteem'd himself more happy in having an interpreter, than if he had won the crown of Leon.

While they were travelling, he began to inform himself in the language; the first words he learned were,--- I love you;---and when he thought he should be able to speak to Zayde, and that she would understand him, he believed he should be miserable no more. He arrived early at Alphonso's house, and met him taking the air, and imparting to him his joy, asked where Zayde was. She had gone out a pretty while ago, Alphonso told him, to walk by the sea-side. Gonsalvo hastened thither with his interpreter; and went directly to the rock where she used to be; he wonder'd she was  
not

not there; however, he was not much alarmed, but pursued his search as far as to the harbour, which she sometimes resorted to, and then returned to the house, and from thence to the wood; and all in vain. He sent to every place where he thought she might be, and not finding her, began to preface his misfortune. Night came on without his being able to get any Tidings; he was frantic at his loss, and fearing some unhappy accident, blamed himself for having left her; and was afflicted beyond expression. He ranged about the fields all night with torches, and though he had no hope to meet her again, he would not give over seeking; he called several times at the fishermen's huts, to ask if they had seen her, and could hear no news. But in the morning, two women, who were returning from the cottage where they had lain the night before, informed him, that as they left their hovel, they perceived at a distance Zayde and Felima walking by the sea-side; that in the mean while a sloop arrived upon the coast, out of which some men came ashore; that Zayde and Felima were gone a good way off, but the men calling out to them, they presently turned back, and after they had talked together a great while, and shewed by their actions they were well enough pleased to see them, they went on board the sloop, and put out to sea.

Gonsalvo, at this, looked upon Alphonso in such a manner, as expressed his grief much more than any words could do. Alphonso was at a loss what to say to comfort him. When the company was all withdrawn, Gonsalvo breaking silence, I have lost Zayde, said he, and have lost her in the moment when I was able to make myself understood. I have lost her, Alphonso, and it is her lover has carried her away, as you may easily perceive by what these women have told us. For Fortune would not leave me ignorant of the only thing, which could inflame my sorrow for the loss of Zayde. I have lost her for ever; she is in the hands of a rival, and of a rival whom she loves: it was to him, undoubtedly,

doubtedly, that she wrote the letter I saw; and the design of it was to let him know the place where he should meet her. This is too much; this is too much; my misfortunes would suffice to make many miserable. Indeed I sink under them, and after having abandoned every thing, cannot bear to be tortured more in the depth of a desert, than I was in the middle of a court: Yes, Alphonso, cried he, I am more wretched by the loss of Zayde, than I was by all the losses I ever sustained; if I knew at least whether I had pleased her, or whether I was only indifferent to her, my calamity would not be so insupportable; and I should understand what kind of grief I ought to embrace: but, if I have pleased Zayde, can I think of forgetting her; and ought I not to spend my life in travelling the whole world to find her; and if she loves another, ought I not then to exert all my endeavours to drive her from my mind? Pity me, Alphonso; try to make me believe that Zayde loved me, or persuade me I am indifferent to her. What, continued he, if Zayde should love me, and I should never see her more! This would be a misfortune beyond being hated by her. But it is impossible I should be unhappy, if Zayde loves me. Alas! I was just coming to know her the very moment I have lost her, and whatever care she had taken to disguise, I should have discovered her mind; I should have found out the cause of all her tears, I should have learned her country, her fortune, and her adventures, and have understood whether I ought to follow her, and where to seek her.

Alphonso could make him no reply, not being able to determine what to answer, in order to assuage his sorrow. But having represented that he was not then in a proper condition of mind to take a resolution, and that he should summon up his reason to help him to support his misfortunes, he obliged him to go back with him to his house. As soon as Gonsalvo was in his chamber, he called for his interpreter, to explain some words which he remembered had been used by Zayde. The  
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interpreter explained several, and among them those which Zayde had often spoke to Felima, when she looked upon him. He explained them so, that Gonsalvo was certain he was not deceived, in believing she spoke of some resemblance, and no longer doubted it was Zayde's lover whom he resembled. Upon this he sent for the women who had seen her go away, to know of them, if among the men, who carried her off, there was not one very like himself. But they could not satisfy his curiosity; for the women were too far off, when they saw them, to distinguish any features; they only said there was one whom Zayde embraced. Gonsalvo could not hear these words without abandoning himself to despair, and resolving to seek out Zayde, and kill her lover before her eyes. Alphonso set before him the injustice and impossibility of his design; that he had no right over Zayde; that she was engaged with this lover before she had seen him; that perhaps he was her husband; that he knew not in what part of the world to look for her; and if he found her, it would probably be in a place where his rival would have too much authority for him to execute what his rage prompted him to undertake. What would you have me do then? replied Gonsalvo: Do you think it possible I can live in the condition I am now in? I would have you, said Alphonso, bear this, which is a calamity relating to love only, as you have already borne the evils which belonged both to love and fortune.---My having endured so much, cried Gonsalvo, makes me that I can bear no more: I will go seek out Zayde, to know from herself that she loves another, and die at her feet. Yet no; I will not, added he: I should deserve my misery, if I went to seek her, after she has left me in such a manner. No; I will not follow you, Zayde. I yield to your arguments, Alphonso, and see I have nothing to do, but to finish, as soon as I can, the remainder of a miserable life.

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He seemed fixed in this resolution, which somewhat quieted his spirits; but his melancholy was such, notwithstanding, that it moved compassion; he spent whole days in the places where he had seen Zayde, as if he were looking after her there. He kept his interpreter to teach him the Greek tongue; and though he was persuaded he should see Zayde no more, it was a pleasure to him to know if he were to see her, he was able to understand her. In a short time he learned that which cost others several years. But when this employment was at an end, which had a sort of relation to Zayde, he was more dejected than before.

He often reflected upon the severity of his fate; which, after it had overwhelmed him with so many troubles at Leon, made him feel one incomparably more touching, in depriving him of the person, who was dearer alone to him than the fortune, the friend, and the mistress he had lost. As he was observing this unhappy difference between his past distresses and the present, the promise he made Don Olmond to let him hear from him, came into his mind; and as painful as it was to think on any thing but Zayde, he judged he owed this token of gratitude to a man, who had expressed so great a friendship to him. He would not inform him exactly of the place where he was; and only sent to desire he would write to Tarragona; that his retreat was not far off; that he was now without ambition, and had no more resentment against Don Garcia, nor hatred to Ramirez, nor love for Nugna Bella, and yet that he was more wretched than when he left Leon.

Alphonso was moved at Gonsalvo's condition; he was never from him, and attempted all he could to moderate his affliction. You have lost Zayde, said he; and as unhappy as you are, there is one sort of infelicity, at least, of which you are ignorant. To be the cause of your own misfortunes, is an unhappiness you have never known, and is what will torture me eternally. If it will be any consolation, pursued he, to learn by my example,



example, that you may still be more unhappy than you are, I am willing to recite to you the accidents of my life, whatever grief the sad remembrance of them may give me. Gonsalvo could not forbear shewing such a desire to know what had obliged him to confine himself to a desert, that to answer his curiosity, and convince him he was the more miserable of the two, Alphonso thus began the history of his troubles.

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## THE HISTORY OF ALPHONSO AND BELASIRE.

YOU know, sir, that I am called Alphonso Ximenes; and that my family has some lustre in Spain, by being descended from the first Kings of Navarre. As I design only to make a relation of my last misfortunes, I will not present you with an account of my whole life. Several passages in it were remarkable enough; but since, 'till the time I am speaking of, I had been unhappy merely by the fault of others, and not my own, I shall pass them over, and only say, I have experienced an anguish equal to any thing which the treachery and inconstancy of women is able to inflict. I was far from designing to love any woman, and thought such engagements very uneasy; and though there were a great many beauties in the court, who would have been pleased with me, I had only that respect for them which is due to the sex. My father, who was then living, wanted to see me married, from the chimera, which is so common to most people, of desiring to keep up their name. I had no aversion to marriage; but my knowledge of the women made me resolve never to marry a beauty; and after having suffered so much by jealousy, I had no mind

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to run the hazard of feeling that of the lover and of the husband together. I was in this disposition, when my father told me one day, that Belafire, the daughter of the count of Guevarre, was come to court: that she was very considerable, both on account of her fortune and her birth, and that he was ambitious to have her for a daughter-in-law. His wish, I answer'd, was in vain; for I had heard of Belafire before, and knew nobody had ever been able to please her; that I knew also she was handsome, which was enough to make me have no thought of marrying her. He asked me, whether I had seen her: I answered, that all the times of her coming to court I was abroad in the army, and I knew her only by report.---I desire you will see her then, said he; and if I were as certain of your being able to please her, as I am that she will induce you to change your resolution of never marrying a handsome woman, I should have no doubt of your making her your own.

A few days after I found Belafire with the queen: I desired her name, not questioning but it was she; and she asked me mine, believing also that I was Alphonso. We both of us guessed what we had enquired, and readily gave one another our right names, and talked together with a freer air than became us in a first conversation. I found Belafire's person extremely charming, and her wit far beyond what I had imagined. I was ashamed, I told her, not to have known her sooner; but I should be very glad to know her no longer, being sensible how extravagant it was to dream of pleasing her, and how difficult not to desire it; adding, that as hard as it was to come at her heart, I should certainly form such a design, if she ever ceased to be handsome; but while she continued as she was, I would not undertake it for my life. I begged her also to assure me, that it was impossible to gain her love, lest a false hope should betray me to alter my resolution of never making my addressee to a beautiful woman.

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This conversation, which had something unusual in it, happened to please Belafire. She spoke very favourably of me; and I spoke of her as of a person in whom I found a certain amiableness and merit superior to other women. I enquired with the utmost care who were her admirers; and was informed the count de Lare had been in love with her violently, that his passion had continued a long time, that he was killed in the army, having thrown himself headlong into danger, after he had lost all expectation of marrying her. I was told also several others had tried the experiment, but in vain; and that it was now given over as a thing which every one was persuaded could never be accomplished. This impossibility, I have mentioned, made me apprehend a mighty pleasure to myself in surmounting it. I had no design, however, to attempt it; but I saw Belafire as often as I could; and as the court of Navarre is not so rigid as that of Leon, I easily found opportunities.

I thought my conversation did not offend her, and that she was pleased with my wit, because she found I was sufficiently convinced of her's. As she had a confidence in me, which allowed me a perfect liberty of speech, I entreated her to let me know the reasons of her refusing so inflexibly those who had addressed her. I will answer you sincerely, said she; I was born with an aversion to marriage, the bonds of it always seemed too severe. I thought it was only a precipitate passion which could blind people so far, as to neglect the reasons which are against so troublesome an engagement. You would not marry, added she, for love; and for my part, I do not comprehend how one can marry without love, and without a love vehement and extreme; and I am so far from having a passion, that I never had so much as the least inclination for any one. If I am not married therefore, Alphonso, it is because I never loved.---How, madam, replied I, did nobody ever please you? Did your heart never receive an impression? Was it never moved at the name and the sight of those who adored you?  
---No,

---No, said she, I am a stranger to all sentiments of love.---But not of jealousy surely? cried I.---Yes, even of jealousy, said she,---Ah, madam, answered I, if it is so, I am convinced you never had an inclination for any.---It is true, said she, no one ever pleased me, nor have I found a temper which was engaging, or agreed with mine.

I don't know what effect Belafire's words might have upon me, or whether I was not already in love with her without perceiving it; but the idea of a heart like hers, which had never been affected, carried in it something so new and charming, that I was struck, this very moment, with an ambition to acquire the glory of touching a mind, which all the world believed insensible. I was no longer the man, who had begun a conversation without design; I ran over in my thoughts all she had told me; and fancied, that when she said she never found a person who pleased her, I saw by her eyes she excepted me: in short, I had hope enough to soothe me into love, and from this time I became more impassioned of Belafire, than I had ever been of any one beside.

I will not repeat how I adventured first to let her know I loved her. As I had always conversed with her in a vein of raillery, it was not easy to change my manner, and speak in earnest. However, this gave me room to say things, which I could not otherwise have presumed to mention 'till after a long preparation. Thus I loved Belafire, and was happy enough to please her. It was not long before she confessed the inclination she had for me, and even acquainted me with the advance I had gained in her heart; and as she concealed nothing which was to my advantage, she also told me that which was otherwise. She did not believe, she said, that I loved her truly; and 'till she was better convinced of it, she would never consent to marry me.

I could not express my joy at this wonderful success, and to see the embarrassment she was involved in, by a passion hitherto unknown. How transporting was it to

know the confusion Belafire was under, to find she was no longer mistress of herself, and that she had sentiments in her breast which she could not controul. I felt a rapture in this beginning beyond imagination; and he who never tasted the pleasure of kindling an extravagant passion in a heart which had not experienced the gentlest impression before, may justly say he is a stranger to the true pleasures of love. If I had an exquisite delight in discovering Belafire's tenderness to me, her doubting my love, and the impossibility I thought there was of satisfying her of it, gave me extreme disturbance. This inquietude brought back to my mind the opinion I had always entertained in regard to marriage; I was plunging, I saw, into the misfortunes I had so much feared, and should not be able to convince Belafire that I loved her; or if I did, and if she had a real affection for me, I should yet be exposed to the unhappiness of having her love decline. Marriage, said I, will lessen her passion, and she will love me only out of duty; and perhaps she may fancy another: in a word, I represented to myself the misery of jealousy in such a manner, that as much as I admired Belafire, I resolved to press the matter no farther, and preferred the pain of living without her, to that of living with her and not being loved.

Belafire was soon in the same perplexities of mind as myself: we opened our thoughts freely to each other, and talked about the reasons we had never to become related. Several times we resolved to break off our acquaintance, and took leave with a design to execute our resolution; but our resolution was so weak, and our inclinations so strong, that the moment we parted, we thought of nothing but how to meet again. After a long wavering on either side, I removed Belafire's scruples, and she quieted mine; she promised to consent to our marriage, as soon as those upon whom we depended, had settled the necessary measures. Before it could be finished, her father was obliged to leave the court,



court, being sent to the frontiers by the king, to sign a treaty with the Moors ; and we were forced to wait his return. In the mean time, I was the happiest man in the world ; I regarded nothing but Belafire ; I loved her passionately, and admired her beyond all women, and thought I was at the point of possessing her for ever.

I visited her with all the freedom of a man, who was shortly to be her husband ; when one day my Evil Genius put me upon desiring of her the history of the steps her former lovers had taken to gain her favour ; because it would be a pleasure to me, to see the difference between her behaviour towards them and towards myself. She repeated their names, and told me all the methods they had pursued ; adding, that those who persevered the longest, were those she most disliked ; and that the count de Lare, who had loved her to his death, never pleased her at all. I know not why, but after I heard this, I had more curiosity about the count than about all the others. His extraordinary constancy struck my mind ; and I begged her to relate every particular which passed between them : she did ; and though she said nothing which could give me offence, a kind of jealousy sprung up in my heart. I perceived, that if she had expressed no affection for him, yet she had shewn at least a wonderful esteem ; and I suspected she had not declared all her sentiments concerning him. I would not speak my thoughts, but withdrew in more disturbance than usual. I slept little, and had no rest until I saw her again the next day, and made her repeat the story. It was impossible she should have mentioned at first all the circumstances of a passion which had continued several years ; accordingly she told me things now, which she omitted before, and which I believed she had concealed out of design. I asked her a thousand questions, and intreated her upon my knees to answer them sincerely : but though her answers were such as I wished, I fancied they were only framed to humour me ; and if she told me some things which were in favour of the count, I concluded she kept

many more concealed ; in short, jealousy with all its horrors took possession of my soul. I now suffered her to have no rest ; I could no longer talk to her of love ; all my conversation ran upon the count de Lare, and I was almost distracted for having revived his actions in her mind. I resolved to mention him no more, but I was perpetually recollecting some circumstance or other which I wanted to have explained ; and whenever this discourse was begun, it was a labyrinth which I could not get out of ; and I was equally eager to speak of him and to forbear.

I passed whole nights without sleep. Belafire appeared to me no longer the same person. What was the charm, said I, which kindled up my passion ? Was it not the notion that Belafire never loved any one before ? And yet, by all she herself has told me, she could certainly have no aversion to the count de Lare. She has expressed too great an esteem for him, and treated him too civilly ; and unless she had loved him, she would have hated him for his tedious solicitations. No, Belafire, you have deceived me ; I adored you as one who had never loved ; it was this gave birth to my affection ; but you are such no more ; and it is just I should recall all my former fondness. Yet if she told me true, replied I, what an injustice do I offer her ! and how much do I injure myself in renouncing the pleasure I should have in being loved by her ?

I resolved to talk with her once more, imagining I could explain to her what it was which made me uneasy more exactly, and clear up the whole affair with her in so happy a manner, as to leave no suspicion. I did as I resolved ; but this time of speaking was not the last ; for the next day I resumed the discourse with more warmth than before ; and Belafire, who had shewn an unparalleled patience and goodness till now, and had borne all my surmises, and laboured to remove them, began to be wearied with the continuance of a jealousy so violent and ill-supported.

Alphonso,

Alphonso, said she to me one day, I see plainly these fancies you have entertained are going to extinguish your love; but you must also remember, they will infallibly destroy mine. Consider, I conjure you, about what it is you torture me, and about what you torture yourself. It is about a dead man, whom you cannot believe I loved, since I did not marry him; for if I had loved him, my relations would have willingly consented to the match, and there was nothing to oppose it.---I am indeed, madam, answered I, jealous of a dead man, and it is this which makes me desperate; for if the count were living, I could judge by your mutual behaviour at present, of what is passed, and your conduct to me might convince me you did not love him. I might then have the pleasure, by marrying you, to deprive him of the hope you had secretly given him, notwithstanding all your professions to me of the contrary. But he is dead, and perhaps died persuaded that you would have loved him, if he had lived. Ah, Belafire, I cannot be happy whenever I think another person besides me, has been able to flatter himself that you loved him.---But Alphonso, said she, if I loved him, why did I not marry him?---Because, I replied, you did not love him enough for that, and the reluctance you have to marriage could not be overcome by a moderate passion. I am well persuaded you love me better than you did the count de Lare; yet the love you had for him, as little as it was, ruins all my peace: I am no longer the only man who has pleased you; I am no longer the first who shewed you what it is to love; your heart has been affected by a former impression: in short, madam, the circumstance which produced my happiness is vanished, and you no more appear of that invaluable price in my eyes.

But how have you been able to be easy, Alphonso, said she, with others whom you loved? I would fain know whether you found in them a heart unacquainted with a former passion.---I never proposed it, madam, I replied, nor hoped to find it among them. I did not

suppose them incapable of loving others beside myself ; I was contented with believing they had never loved any so well. But, madam, the case is different with respect to you ; I always regarded you as one unacquainted with the passion of love, and who would not have known it but for me ; and it was a pride and delight to me at once, to be able to make so extraordinary a conquest : for pity's sake, therefore, leave me no longer in this uncertainty ; but if you have suppressed any thing relating to the count de Lare, declare it ; for the merit of confessing it, and your sincerity will afford me some consolation perhaps under what I shall hear. Clear up my suspicions, and suffer me not to set a value upon you higher than I ought, or at least than you deserve.

If you have not lost your reason, said Belafire, you may see plainly, that since I have not satisfied you, I never shall be able to do it. Had I loved the count de Lare, nothing could have made me disown it ; for I should think it a crime to disclaim my opinion of a man who had deserved it, after his death. Rest secure then, Alphonso, I never knew any person who had it in his power to give you the least uneasiness.---Convince me of this, madam, cried I ; repeat it a thousand times ; give it me in writing, and restore to me the exquisite pleasure of loving you, as I wish to do ; and above all, pardon me the torture I have presumed to create you. I afflict myself more than you, and if the condition I am in could be prevented, I would gladly do it with the loss of my life.

These last words made an impression upon Belafire ; she saw I was not master of my own sentiments ; and promised to put down in writing all her thoughts and actions relating to the count de Lare. Though I had heard the story from her mouth over and over, it pleased me to think I should now read it in writing by her own hand. The next day she performed her promise, and sent me an exact relation of all the count de Lare's behaviour, and the measures she had used to cure his passion,

sion, and the reasons which might satisfy me that what she had told me was true.

The whole was expressed in such a manner, as ought to have silenced my capricious fancies for ever; but it had a contrary effect. I began to be enraged at myself for obliging Belafire to employ so much time in thinking upon the count de Lare. Those parts of her paper where she entered into particulars were insupportable to me, as shewing how well she preserved in memory the actions of a man who was indifferent to her; and when she was more general and short, I believed there had been some circumstances, which she had not dared to disclose; in short, I turned it all to poison, and went to visit her ten times more provoked and desperate.

She, who knew what reason I had to be satisfied, was offended at my unjust resentments, and gave me to understand it with more warmth than ever. As angry as I was, I made the best excuse I could, being sensible I had wronged her; but it was not in my power to exercise discretion. I told her, the extreme delicateness I shewed about her sentiments concerning the count de Lare, was a demonstration of my affection and esteem for her; that it was only the infinite value I set upon her heart, which produced such violent fears of its having received any small impression from another: in short, I said all I could imagine to justify my jealousy; but Belafire did not approve my defence. What I mentioned, she told me, might occasion some light concern, but so persisting a suspicion could arise only from my bad and ungovernable temper; that I made her in pain for the future part of her life; and if I continued thus, she should be obliged to change her mind.

I trembled at these menaces, and throwing myself at her knees, protested she should hear of my uneasiness no more; and indeed I thought I should be able to subdue it; but this lasted only for a few days.

I had contracted an intimate friendship with a man of quality, called Don Manric, whose merit was equal



to the sweetness of his manners. The union there was between us, introduced one also between him and Belafire : I was not displeased at their acquaintance ; but on the contrary took a delight to promote it. He had observed me several times in my froward fits, and though I kept no secret from him, yet I was so ashamed of this foolish imagination, that I could not let him know it. He came in one day to see Belafire, when I had been more extravagant upon this subject than usual ; and she was more than ordinarily tired with my fantastical jealousy. Don Manric discerned by our looks, that we had been disputing ; I had always begged her not to discover my weakness to him, and repeated my request when he was coming in ; but she was willing to shame me, and without giving me time to prevent her, told him the occasion of my disturbance. He seemed astonished, and thought it so groundless, and reproached me for it so severely, that he cut me to the heart. You may judge by this, whether I had not urged her too far, and how violent a disposition I had to be jealous.

By the manner of his censuring me, he seemed to have been pre-instructed by Belafire. I saw I had exceeded the bounds of reason, but still I conceived I ought not to be condemned absolutely, at least not by one who was in love with Belafire : for I imagined Don Manric was so himself, and had been for some time, and that he thought my being loved by her again was such a happiness, that I could have no occasion to complain, if she had once had a kindness for another. I fancied also Belafire was sufficiently aware that Don Manric's regard to her was something more than friendship, and that, according to the common infirmity of women, she was not ill-pleased at it ; and without suspecting her being unfaithful to me, I was jealous of her intimacy with a man whom she might apprehend to be her lover. Belafire and Don Manric, who saw me so discomposed, were very far from divining the cause of my perplexity. They tried to relieve me by all the arguments they could  
invent,

invent, but what they said madded me the more. I left them; and when I was alone, the new misfortune I had incurred, appeared to me infinitely beyond the former. I then perceived I had been a fool to fear a man who could hurt me no longer; and that I ought to dread Don Manric on every account. He was graceful, and Belafire had a great esteem and friendship for him: she saw him often; she was weary of my caprices and resentments; she seemed to unburthen herself to him, and insensibly to admit him into the place I had possessed in her heart. In short, I was more in pain for Don Manric than I had ever been for the count de Lare. I knew indeed he was in love with another, and had been for a long while; but she was so inferior to Belafire, that I could have no security from that passion.

As it was my destiny that I was not able entirely to abandon myself to my suspicions, and had still reflection enough remaining to keep me unresolved, I was not so unjust as to believe Don Manric made it his endeavour to deprive me of Belafire. I supposed he might become enamoured of her without knowing or designing it; and that for the sake of our friendship he might labour to overcome such an inclination, and by not speaking of it to her, he might let her see he had no expectation of success. I thought I had no reason to be offended at him, since his regard to me restrained him from declaring himself. And as I had been jealous of a dead man, without knowing whether I had grounds for it or no, I was now jealous of my friend, and looked upon him as my rival, without thinking I had sufficient cause to hate him. It is needless to tell you what I felt from so strange a situation of mind; you will readily imagine it. When I met Don Manric, I excused my concealing from him my uneasiness about the count de Lare; but said not a word to him of my new suspicion. I never mentioned it neither to Belafire, lest it might forfeit me her favour if she knew it. And as I was satisfied she loved me very well, I believed, if I could command myself not to ap

pear fanciful and indiscreet, she would never leave me for Don Manric; and thus my interest obliged me not to let my jealousy appear. I begged pardon also of Belafire, and assured her I was perfectly come to my senses, and was haunted with my chimera's no more. She was extremely pleased to hear it, though by her exact knowledge of my temper, she clearly discerned I was not so easy as I would seem to be.

Don Manric continued to visit her, as before; and the rather, because of the mutual confidence there was between them about the affair of my unreasonable suspicion. As Belafire had observed I was displeased at her speaking of it to him, she never touched upon it again in my presence; but whenever she found me disturbed, she made her complaint to him, and desired him to assist her to pacify me. It was my misfortune to see her break off discourse with him two or three times as I was coming into the room; you will imagine what an effect such an accident must have upon a mind so jealous as mine. However, I saw so much tenderness in Belafire's heart to me, and she seemed so joyed whenever she found me chearful, that I could not persuade myself she loved Don Manric enough, to have a design on foot with him; nor that Don Manric, who meant only to prevent my embroiling myself with her, entertained a thought of practising upon her affections; yet I was not able to determine what sentiments he had towards her, or she with respect to him; and very often I did not know my own; in short, I was in the most wretched condition a man ever experienced.

Coming in one day as she was talking softly to Don Manric, I fancied she did not suspect I observed it; and it came into my mind, that she had often told me, while I teized her about the affair of the count de Lare, that she would make me jealous of a living man, in order to cure my jealousy concerning one who was dead. I thought it was to fulfil her threatening, that she acted thus with Don Manric, and would seem to me to have

secrets

secrets with him : this supposition lessened my concern ; and for several days I said nothing to her about it, but at last resolved to speak.

I went to her with this intention, and falling upon my knees before her --- I must acknowledge, madam, said I, that the design you had to torture me, has succeeded. You have given me all the inquietude you can wish ; and have made me feel, as you several times promised me, it is far more terrible to be jealous of a living man, than of a dead one. I deserved indeed to be punished for my folly ; but I am punished too much ; and if you knew what I have suffered by these things, which I believe you have done with this design, you would see it is in your power to make me unhappy whenever you please.---What is it you mean, Alphonso ? answered Belafire ; you imagine I have contrived to give you jealousy, and do not you know I have endured too much by what you have had already in my despite, to desire to create you more ?---Ah ! madam, said I, do not go on to grieve me ; I have suffered enough for once ; and though I am sensible the manner of your conversing with Don Manric was intended only to execute the menaces you denounced against me, it has given me inexpressible sorrow.---You have lost your reason, Alphonso, replied Belafire, or else you do this on purpose to trouble me, as you say I have contrived to torture you. You can never persuade me, it was in my thoughts to make you jealous, or that you could possibly be so. But, added she, looking upon me, after having been jealous of a dead man whom I did not love, I would fain have you be jealous of a living one who does not love me. ---How, madam, answered I, had you no intention to make me jealous of Don Manric ? Have you merely followed your inclination in treating him as you have done ? Was it not for the sake of giving me suspicion that you broke off talking with him, and changed the discourse upon my coming in ? Ah ! madam, if it is so, I am more unhappy than I thought,

and am the most unfortunate man in the whole world.---You are not the most unfortunate, said Belafire, but you are the most unreasonable, and if I were to follow my judgment, I should break with you utterly, and never see you again while I lived. But Alphonso, continued she, is it possible you should be jealous of Don Manric?---And how should I not, madam? answered I, when I see you carry on a correspondence with him which you conceal from me?---I conceal it, said she, because you were offended when I spoke to him of your caprices, and I was unwilling to let you understand I talked with him upon this unpleasant subject, and of the vexation it caused me.---Do you complain, madam, returned I, of my temper to my rival, and yet think I have done amiss in being jealous?---I complained of it to your friend, said she, not to your rival.---Don Manric is my rival, cried I; nor are you able, I believe, to deny it.---And for my part, said she, I do not think you dare to tell me he is, knowing, as you do, that for whole days together he talks to me only about yourself.---I do not indeed, said I, suspect Don Manric tries to ruin me with you; but he may love you notwithstanding. I believe also he never mentions his love; but as you behave to him, he will declare it very soon, and the hope your conduct will inspire into him, will easily help him to overcome the scruples which may arise from our friendship.---Is it possible a man can lose his understanding to that degree? cried Belafire. Do you consider your words? Don Manric, you say, speaks to me on your behalf, and is in love with me, and yet never speaks in favour of himself. Can you suppose such wild improbabilities? Do not you believe I love you, and that Don Manric loves you also?---Yes, madam, I replied, I believe both.---How can you imagine then, said she, I love you, and love Don Manric too? and that Don Manric loves me, and loves you likewise? Alphonso, you displease me mortally by shewing such an unreasonable mind. I see it is an incurable evil;



evil; and that if I resolve to marry you, I must at the same time resolve to be the most wretched woman living. I certainly love you very well; but not well enough to purchase you at such a price. The jealousies of lovers are always tiresome, but those of a husband are both tiresome and dangerous. You place what I should suffer, if I had married you, so clearly before my eyes, that I believe I shall never consent. I love you too much not to be deeply touched to see I shall not pass my life with you, as I hoped to do: leave me alone, I beseech you; your words and your sight serve only to inflame my grief.

Thus saying, she turned away without staying for my reply; and going into her closet, locked the door, and refused to open it, notwithstanding all my intreaties. I was forced to return home in such confusion and despair, that I wonder I did not lose the small remains of reason I had yet retain'd. I went to Belafire the next day, and found her very dejected; she spoke to me mildly and even with kindness, but let fall no expression which could make me fear she intended to forsake me. I fancied she might try to take such a resolution, and, as one is ready to flatter one's self, I believed she would soon entertain other thoughts. I begged pardon for my weaknesses, as I had done a hundred times before; and desired her to say nothing to Don Manric; and conjured her, upon my knees, to alter her behaviour to him, and no longer use him so well as to make me uneasy. I will not mention your folly, said she, to Don Manric, but I shall change nothing in my manner of conversing with him. If he had a love for me, I would never see him, but he has only friendship; you know yourself he loves another: I esteem and honour him; you consented I should; to be offended at it therefore is absurd and extravagant: and if I should satisfy you about him, you would quickly be in the same condition on account of some other person, as you are now upon his.

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For this reason you must not think to make me alter my conduct, for it is certain I never shall.

I am willing to believe, answered I, that all you say is true, and that you do not think Don Manric loves you; but I believe he does, madam, and that is sufficient. I know you have only a friendship for him; but it is a sort of friendship so tender and so full of confidence, esteem and approbation, that though it may not proceed from love, I have cause to be jealous, and fear it should take up too great a portion of your heart. Your refusal to change your carriage towards him, shews I dread him justly.---To convince you, said she, that I refuse it not on his account, but wholly upon your own, if you should require me not to see the man whom I most despised, I would deny you, as I have done to break off my friendship to Don Manric.---I believe it, madam, said I; but it is not the man you despise most, of whom I am jealous; it is a man whom you love well enough to prefer him to my repose. I suspect you neither of infirmity nor change; but I own, I cannot bear you should have affectionate sentiments for any one besides myself. I confess also, it stabs me to the heart, to see you do not dislike Don Manric, when you know he loves you; and I think the happiness of loving you without being hated by you, ought to belong to me alone. Allow me that which I have requested, and consider how far this jealousy is from deserving your displeasure.---To these words I added all the expressions I could invent to obtain the thing I wished; but it was utterly impossible.

A considerable space of time passed after this, during which I grew more and more jealous of Don Manric; but I governed myself so far as to hide it from him; and Belafire had the prudence not to speak to him of it, but made him believe my uneasiness arose only from the affair of the count de Lare. However, she did not alter her conduct with Don Manric, and as he was ignorant of my sentiments, he conversed with her as formerly; and

and thus my jealousy increased, and came to such a height, that I persecuted Belafire incessantly.

After this vexation had continued a long time, and this beautiful creature had in vain endeavoured to cure me of my frenzy, I heard for two days together that she was ill, and in a condition very different from that in which I left her. The third day she sent for me. I went to her, and found her in a deep melancholy, which I apprehended was her distemper. She made me sit down by the side of her couch upon which she was lying, and after some moments silence,--Alphonso, said she, I believe you see plainly that I have tried for some time to take up a resolution to disengage myself from you. Whatever reasons I had to determine me to do it, I do not think I should have been able to accomplish it, if you had not given me power by those extraordinary infirmities you have shewn. If they had been only in a moderate degree, and I could have persuaded myself it was possible to recover you from them by good conduct on my part, how austere and cautious soever it had been, the passion I have for you would have caused me to embrace it with joy. But as I perceive this malady of your mind is beyond a remedy, and that when you find no subject to torture yourself about, you make occasions from things which never were, and which will never be, I am constrained, both for your repose and my own, to acquaint you that I am absolutely resolved to break with you, and not to marry you. I must tell you also, since this will be the last conversation we shall have together, that I have no inclination for any person beside yourself; and that you alone have been capable of affecting me. But since you have confirmed me in the opinion I had, that it is impossible to be happy in loving any one; you, who are the only man I have found deserving to be loved; rest assured I will love none, and that the impression you have made in my heart is the only one it has known, or will ever receive. I desire also you will not imagine I have too great a friendship for Don Man-  
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ric; I refused to alter my deportment towards him, merely to see whether your reason would not return to you, and to have an opportunity of giving myself back to your arms, if I had understood your temper could admit a cure; but I have not been so happy. This alone was the reason of my not complying with your request; this reason is now ceased; I sacrifice Don Manric to you, and have intreated him to see me no more. I beg pardon for discovering your jealousy to him; but I could not avoid it, and he would have learned it from our separation. My father arrived here yesterday in the evening; I told him my resolution, and he is gone at my request to impart it to your father. Think not then, Alphonso, to make me change my mind; I have done what will fix this design before I let you know it. I delayed it as long as I could, and perhaps more out of love to myself, than to you. Rest assured no one will ever be loved so solely, and so faithfully as you have been.

I cannot tell whether Belafire spoke farther; but as my consternation was so great when she first began, that I had not power to interrupt her, my spirits failed at the last expressions; I fainted away, and what she or the servants did, I know not; but when I recovered I found myself in my own bed, and Don Manric by me, with all the actions of a man in as much despair as myself.

When we were alone, he omitted nothing to justify himself from the suspicions I had entertained of him, and to express his grief at being the innocent cause of my misfortune. As he loved me heartily, he was extremely moved at my condition. I fell very ill; and was convinced, but too late, of the injustice I had done my friend. I conjured him to forgive me, and to wait upon Belafire from me, and beg pardon of her, and endeavour to move her heart. He went to her house, and was told she could not be seen; he called there again every day, while I lay ill, but equally in vain. As soon as I was able to walk, I went thither myself, and had  
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the same answer; and the second time I called, one of her women told me from her, that I should come no more, for she would not see me. When I found there was no hope of seeing Belafire, I thought I should have expired. I always believed her great affection to me would have reconciled her, if I could but speak with her; but since she would not grant me a hearing, I was wholly in despair; and the despair of possessing Belafire was certainly insupportable to one who appeared to be so near it, and loved her so excessively. I attempted by all means imaginable to get to her; but she shunned me so studiously, and kept so retired, that it was utterly impossible to do it.

All the consolation I had, was to go and pass the night under her window; but I never had the pleasure to find it open. One day I fancied I heard it open as I walked below; and the next day I thought the same; in short, I flattered myself that Belafire had a mind to look at me without being seen, and that she came up to the window, when she heard me going away. I resolved therefore to seem to depart at my usual hour, and to come back immediately in order to try if I could discover her. I did as I designed; I walked down to the end of the street, as if I was going home, and heard the window open distinctly; I returned in an instant, and imagined I saw Belafire; but as I approached, I perceived a man creeping up close to the wall under the window, as if he would conceal himself. I know not how, but in spite of the darkness of the night, I thought it was Don Manric: this made me frantic; I believed Belafire loved him, that he was come thither to talk with her, and that she opened the window for him; in a word, I concluded I owed the loss of Belafire to him. In this agitation I drew, and we began to fight with fury; I found I had wounded him in two places, but he continued to defend himself. At the noise of our swords, or by Belafire's orders, there came some out of the house to part us. Don Manric knew me by the light of the torches; he  
started



started back some paces; and I advanced to seize his sword, but he dropped it, and with a feeble voice,---Is it you, says he, Alphonso? And is it possible I should be unfortunate enough to engage with you?--Traitor, cried I, it is I who will take your life; for you deprive me of Belafire, and pass the nights at her window, which is close shut to me.

Don Manric, who was leaning against the wall, supported by some persons, not having strength to stand, looked on me with eyes full of tears.--I am very unhappy, said he, always to make you uneasy; but I have this comfort under my cruel destiny, that I lose my life by your hands. I am dying, and the condition I am in, ought to satisfy you of the truth of my words. I swear to you, I never had a thought of Belafire, which could give you offence. The love I had to another, and which I did not hide from you, brought me out to-night; I thought I was watched; I thought I was pursued; I ran very fast, and having turned through several streets, stopped where you discovered me, not knowing it was Belafire's lodging. This is the truth, my dear Alphonso; I conjure you not to afflict yourself for my death; I forgive you with my whole heart, continued he, holding out his arms to embrace me; when his spirits failing, he sunk down in their hands who sustained him.

Words cannot express what I then conceived, and the rage I had against myself: several times I resolved to run my sword through my body, especially when I saw Don Manric expire. I was led off from him: and the count de Guevarre, Belafire's father, who came out at hearing Don Manric's name and mine, had me home, and put me into my father's hands. I was never left alone, because of the desperation I was in; but the care to watch me had been ineffectual, if my morals had allowed me to put an end to my own life. The grief I knew Belafire would receive from an accident which happened on her account, and the noise it would make  
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in the court, plunged me in despair; and when I considered that all the misery she would suffer, and all I was myself overwhelmed with, proceeded wholly from my own fault, I was in a fury not to be imagined.

The count de Guevarre, who had retained a great friendship for me, came to see me often. He forgave me this unhappy action, on account of my passion for his daughter. I learned by him that she was inconsolable, and that her sorrow kept no bounds. I understood her temper, and how delicate she was in her reputation, well enough to know, without being told, what she must feel by so dreadful an adventure. Some days after, I heard a servant of Belafire's had a message to me from her. I was in transports at so dear a name; I sent for him in, and he delivered me the following letter.

“ OUR separation has made the world so insupportable to me, that I can no longer live in it with pleasure; and this late accident has wounded my reputation so deeply, that I cannot continue in it with honour. I am going to retire to a place, where I shall not have the shame of hearing the different judgments which are passed upon me. It was the opinion you entertained of me, which has occasioned all my sorrows. Yet I could not resolve to depart without bidding you adieu, and confessing to you, that I love you still, as unreasonable as you may be. The affection I have for you, and the remembrance of that you have had for me, will be all the sacrifice I have to make to God, in dedicating myself to his service. The austere life I am going to embrace, seems pleasant to me; for nothing can be hard, after having endured the pain of rending myself from him who loves me, and whom I loved beyond all things. I must acquaint you also, that the resolution I have taken

“ taken will be able to place me out of the power of the  
“ inclination I have for you ; and that since our parting,  
“ whenever you appeared in that place where you cau-  
“ sed so much confusion, I was prepared to have spoke  
“ to you, and told you I could not live without you.  
“ And I do not know whether I should not have told  
“ you of it that evening you attacked Don Manric,  
“ and gave new proofs of those suspicions which have  
“ produced all our misfortunes. Adieu, Alphonso !  
“ Think of me sometimes, and, for my repose, wish I  
“ may never think of you.”

There wanted nothing to finish my distress, but to know Belafire loved me still ; and perhaps would have received me again, if it had not been for my last extravagance ; and that the same accident which had drawn me to kill my best friend, had lost me my mistress, and forced her to make herself miserable for the remainder of her life.

I asked him who brought me the letter, where Belafire was ; he told me she was conducted to a monastery of a very severe Order, lately arrived from France ; and when she went in, she gave him a letter for her father, and another for me. I ran directly to the convent, and desired to see her ; but in vain. I met the count de Guevarre returning from thence ; all his authority, and all his intreaties were unavailing to make her recal her resolution ; and soon after she took the habit. As long as it was in her power to quit the house, her father and I employed all our efforts with her to do it. I would not leave Navarre, as I had designed, until I had utterly lost the hope of seeing Belafire again. But the day I understood she was fixed for ever, I retired without saying any thing. My father was dead, and I had nobody to detain me there. I went into Catalonia, with an intention to embark, and go and conclude my life in the desarts of Africk. I happened to lodge at this house ;  
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I liked it ; it was solitary, and exactly such as I desired. I purchased it, and have here these twenty years led such a sorrowful life, as he ought to do, who has killed his friend, and made the most deserving woman miserable, and by his own fault lost the happiness of having her in his arms. Do you now think, sir, that your misfortunes can be compared with mine ?

At these words Alphonso ceased, and seemed so sunk with sadness, at the recalling his misfortunes afresh into his mind, that Gonsalvo feared several times he would expire. He said every thing which he thought might give him comfort ; and could not forbear acknowledging in his heart, that the calamities he had heard, might at least be opposed to those he himself had suffered.

Notwithstanding this, his concern for the loss of Zayde increased every day ; he told Alphonso he would leave Spain, and serve under the emperor in the war against the Saracens, who had possessed themselves of Sicily, and invaded Italy with continual incursions. Alphonso was touched to the quick with this resolution, and did his utmost to dissuade him from it ; but in vain.

The inquietude of love would not let Gonsalvo rest in this solitude ; and he was eager to depart, from a secret hope, which he was not himself aware of, that he should be able to find out Zayde. He resolved therefore to leave Alphonso. Never was a more melancholy parting ; they talked over all the calamities of their lives, among which they numbered this of their not seeing each other again ; and having promised to keep a mutual intelligence, Alphonso staid behind in his desert, and Gonsalvo set forward to lie at Tortosa.

He lodged by a house, whose gardens were the greatest ornament of the city. He walked out all the evening, and part of the night, upon the banks of the Eber ; and being weary sat down at the end of a terrace belonging to those beautiful gardens. The terrace was so low, that he heard some persons, who were taking the  
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air upon it, talk. This did not waken him out of his musing; but at last he was roused by the sound of a voice, which he thought was very like Zayde's, and which, in spite of him, engaged his curiosity and attention. He stood up to be as near the head of the terrace as he could; but heard nothing, because they who were walking, being come to the end of the path, were turned back and gone to a distance. He waited, to see whether they would come forward again; it happened as he wished, and he heard the same voice, that had before surprised him.---The things upon which my joy depends, said she, are too irreconcilable. I can never hope to be happy; but I should complain less, if I were able to make him know my sentiments, and were assured of his.---After these words, Gonsalvo heard no more with distinction, because she who spoke was walked away too far. She drew near a second time, still continuing her discourse. It is true, said she, the violence of first impressions may excuse this which I have suffered to arise in my heart; but what a strange accident would it be, if this inclination, which at present seems so favoured by my destiny, should one day serve only to give me pain.---This was all Gonsalvo could understand. The extraordinary resemblance of the voice to that of Zayde astonished him; and perhaps he would have suspected it to be the same, if this person had not spoke in Spanish; and though he perceived she had a sort of foreign accent, he did not regard it, because they were upon the borders of Spain, where the pronunciation is different from that of Castile. He only pitied her who spoke, and imagined by her words there was something extraordinary in her fortune.

The next day he left Tortosa, to go and take shipping; and having travelled some time, he saw in the middle of the Eber a splendid barge with a magnificent canopy, drawn up on both the sides, and several women under it, among whom he distinguished Zayde. She

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was standing up, as for the convenience of having a better prospect of the river; and yet she seemed in a deep contemplation. One must, like Gonfalso, have lost a mistress without hoping ever to set eyes on her again, to be able to express what he felt at the sight of Zayde. His surprize and gladness were so great, that he knew not where he was, nor what he saw; he gazed heedfully on her, and examining all her features, was afraid he was mistaken. He could not conceive, that one whom he thought separated from him by an ample sea, should be parted only by a river. He would fain have gone up to her, and spoke, and have made her see him, but he was afraid to displease her, and did not dare to draw observation upon himself, and shew his joy before those who were with her. A lucky chance so unforeseen, and such a swarm of different thoughts, left it not in his power to come to any resolution; but after he was a little settled, and was convinced he was not deceived, he determined not to discover himself to Zayde, but to follow the barge to land. He hoped he should find means to speak to her alone, and expected to learn the place of her birth, and whither she was going, and even fancied that by viewing the company in the barge, he should be able to discern whether the rival, he supposed himself to be like, was with her; in a word, that he should put an end to all his uncertainties, or at least demonstrate to Zayde the love he had for her. He wished heartily she had turned her eyes towards him; but she was musing so earnestly, that she looked only upon the river.

In the midst of his joy, he called to mind the person he had overheard in the garden at Tortosa; and though she spoke Spanish, the foreign accent he remarked in it, and his seeing Zayde so near the same place, made him believe it might be she herself. This reflection disturbed his pleasure; he remembered what that unknown woman on the terrace had said about a first impression; and as willing as a man is to flatter himself, he was too much persuaded Zayde had a lover whom she admired, to sup-  
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pose himself concerned in that impression. Yet the other words she spoke, which he still retained, yielded him some hope. He fancied it was not impossible, but there might be something in it to his advantage; and then he fell to doubting whether it was Zayde he had over-heard, and thought it very unlikely she should have learned Spanish in so short a time.

At last, the trouble these uncertainties occasioned vanished, and he wholly resigned himself to the joy of finding Zayde again; and without considering whether she loved him or not, he thought of nothing but the transport he should have, in being looked upon by her enchanting eyes. However, he followed the barge along the river-side; and tho' he walk'd very fast, a party of horse who were at his back, got before him. He turned out of the way to avoid being seen; but one of them happening to be by himself at a small distance from the rest, his curiosity to gain some information concerning Zayde, made Gonsalvo neglect his caution to conceal himself, and ask the trooper if he knew who those persons were in the barge. They are people of distinction, replied he, among the Moors, who have been at Tortosa a few days, and came to hire a vessel to carry them to their own country. As he said this, he looked stedfastly upon Gonsalvo, and rode with a full gallop to overtake his comrades.

Gonsalvo was surpris'd exceedingly at what he heard, and no longer doubted, since Zayde had tarried in Tortosa, but it was she he had heard talking in the garden. The winding of the river, and the rising of the ground, made him lose sight of Zayde. In the same instant, the whole body of horse, who had passed him, came back to him; he concluded then they knew him, and would have quitted the road; but they surrounded him so, that he saw it was impossible to escape them. He perceived, he who headed them was Oliban, a principal officer of the guard to the prince of Leon, and was vexed to the soul to find himself known by him; but it touched him  
far

far deeper, when the officer told him, he had been seeking him several days, and had orders from the prince to bring him to court.

What, cried Gonsalvo, is not the prince content to have used me as he has done, but will he also take away my liberty! This is the only good that was left me, and I will rather perish than suffer it to be ravished from me.--- At this he drew his sword, and without considering the number of those who enclosed him, attacked them so fiercely, that he killed two or three in an instant. Oliban bid the guards only endeavour to seize him, and secure his life. It was with difficulty they obeyed him; and Gonsalvo plied them so furiously, that they could not defend themselves without engaging him. In short, the captain being astonished at his incredible bravery, and fearing he should not be able to execute the prince's instructions, dismounted, and killed Gonsalvo's horse with his sword. The horse so encumbered his master in the fall, that he could not free himself; his sword broke, and he was encompassed at once. Oliban represented to him, with a world of civility, the multitude there was against him, and the impossibility of resisting. Gonsalvo was too sensible of it, but he thought it such an infinite misfortune to be carried back to Leon, that he could not consent to it. To have found Zayde, and instantly to lose her again, rendered him absolutely desperate, and he seemed to be in such a confusion, that Oliban believed it was his apprehension of the ill treatment he should receive from the prince, which gave him this extreme aversion to return. Sir, said he, you must certainly be ignorant of what has passed at Leon some time since, or else you could not be so afraid of going thither again.---I am ignorant, answered Gonsalvo, of every thing; I only know you would do me a greater pleasure to take away my life, than to conduct me to the prince.---I would inform you farther, replied Oliban, if the prince had not expressly forbid me; I shall only add, therefore, that you have nothing to fear.---I am in hope, cried Gonsalvo, that my anguish at being

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brought back to Leon, will prevent my being in a condition, when I arrive there, to gratify the prince's cruelty.

As he ended these words, he looked towards the bark in which Zayde was sailing; but he could not see her face; for she sat upon the farther side, and turned her head away. Was ever destiny like mine? said he to himself. I lose Zayde the very moment I have found her. When I saw her first, and talked with her in Alphonso's house, she could not understand me; and now, when I have met with her at Tortosa, and could have been understood by her, she did not know me; and though I see her, and know her, and she could understand me, I have it not in my power to speak to her, and have no hope to see her again. He stood musing a-while in these various thoughts, and turning at once to those around him, I believe, said he, you are in no fear of my escaping; I beg the kindness of you, therefore, to let me go to the brink of the river, and speak a few words to the people in yonder barge.---I am extremely sorry, answered Oliban, that my orders permit me not to grant what you desire; but I am forbid to let you speak to any one whomsoever; and you will suffer me to perform my injunctions.

Gonsalvo was struck so sensibly at this refusal, that the commander, who observed his resentment, and feared he should call the company in the barge to assist him, ordered his troop to remove him to a distance from the river. They obeyed immediately, and carried Gonsalvo to a place where they could have the most convenient accommodations for the night. The next morning they took the road to Leon, and marched so speedily that they reached it in a few days. Oliban dispatched one of his men to advise the prince of their arrival, and waited for his return a little way off from the city. The messenger came back with orders to bring Gonsalvo to the palace by a private way, and to introduce him directly into the prince's closet. Gonsalvo was so dispirited, that he resigned himself to them, without so much as asking whither they were conveying him.

END of the FIRST PART of ZAYDE.

## P A R T II.

**W**HEN Gonsalvo came into the palace of Leon, the sight of the place where he had once been so happy, brought the ideas of his fortune fresh into his mind, and revived his hatred of Don Garcia. His grief for losing Zayde gave way a few moments to the impetuous resentments of his rage, and he was wholly taken up with an eager desire to make the prince understand he despised all the ill usage he could receive at his hands.

While he was in this situation, he saw Hermenesilda enter the room, accompanied only with the prince of Leon. The seeing these two persons together in that particular place, and at midnight, so amazed him, that he could not conceal his surprize. He drew back several steps, and his astonishment discovered so evidently in his looks the thoughts which crowded in upon his imagination, that Don Garcia immediately began : Am I not deceived, my dear Gonsalvo ? Do you know the changes which have happened in the court ? Are you in doubt whether Hermenesilda is lawfully my own ? She is ; and there is nothing wanting to my happiness, but to have you consent to it, and be a witness of it. Thus saying, he embraced him, and Hermenesilda did the same ; and both of them entreated him to forgive the misfortunes which they had created him. It is I, sir, answered Gonsalvo, throwing himself at the prince's feet, it is I, who ought to ask pardon for letting those suspicions appear, which I own I could not avoid ; but I hope you will forgive them to the first violence of so extraordinary a surprize, and the little prospect I had of your doing my sister so superlative a grace.---You may hope every thing, replied Don Garcia, from her beauty and my love ; and



I conjure you to forget what she has done without your consciousness, in favour of a prince whose heart she perfectly understood.---The success, sir, has justified her conduct so well, answered Gonsalvo, that she has reason to complain of the hindrance I would have given to her happiness.

After these words, Don Garcia told Hermenegilda it was late, and perhaps she might be willing to retire; and that he should be glad to stay a little with Gonsalvo.

When they were alone, he embraced him with the highest signs of affection: I cannot presume to hope, said he, you should forget what has passed; I only beg you to remember the friendship there has been between us, and to believe nothing has made me wanting in what I owed to you, but a passion which always deprives those of their reason whom it invades.---I am so amazed, sir, returned Gonsalvo, that I cannot answer: I am in doubt of what I see; and cannot believe I am happy enough to find the same kindness revived in you, as I have formerly seen. But suffer me, sir, to ask you, to whom I owe this fortunate restoration?---You ask me a great many things, replied the prince; and though I had need of a longer space of time to inform you, I will answer you in a few words, being unwilling to delay for a moment, that which will be able to justify me to you.

He was going then to relate the beginning of his passion for Hermenegilda, and the part Don Ramirez had in it; but to shorten his trouble, Gonsalvo told him, he had heard all that had passed to the day of his leaving Leon, and he wanted to know only what had happened since.

THE HISTORY OF DON GARCIA AND  
HERMENESILDA.

YOU went away, undoubtedly, said Don Garcia, upon discovering that I had the weakness to consent to your removal; and the mistake Nugna Bella committed in sending you a letter she writ to Don Ramirez, apprised you of what had been kept secret from you with so much care. Don Ramirez received the letter which was writ to you, and made no question but the other which was for him, had fallen into your hands. He was extremely troubled, and I was not less; for our faults were common, though with a difference. Your departure made him glad, as it did me also at first; but when I reflected upon the condition you were in, and considered that I was the cause of it, I thought I should have died with grief. I was distracted, I perceived, in having so studiously concealed from you my love to Hermenesilda: as my sentiments towards her were not of a nature to be disapproved, I was several times on the point of sending after you; and had done so, if I had been alone in the offence; but the interest of Nugna Bella and Don Ramirez was an invincible obstacle to your return. I did not let them know my thoughts, and tried as much as was possible to forget you. Your departure made a noise, and every one spoke of it according to his fancy.

As soon as I was no longer restrained by your counsels, but followed those of Ramirez, who, for his own service, wished to see the government in my hands, I embroiled myself with the king entirely; who then saw he was mistaken in believing it was you who put me upon the things he disliked. Our misunderstanding increased; and the queen, my mother, employed her good offices in vain; and matters went so far, that it was not doubted

but I designed to put myself at the head of a party. I do not think, however, I should have resolved upon it, if the count, your father (who understood, by those he had placed about her, the love I had for his daughter), had not offered me, in case I would marry her, troops, places and money, and whatever in short was necessary to oblige the king to admit me partner in the crown.

You know the sway my passions have over me, and in what a degree love and ambition reigned in my heart. These were both gratified by such an offer; and my virtue was too weak to resist, not having you with me to support it. I embraced the overture with joy: but before I engaged absolutely, I wanted to discover who were in the party of which I was making myself the head. There were several persons, I found, of consideration: among others, the father of Nugna Bella, one of the counts of Castile, who with Nugnez Fernando insisted that I should acknowledge them for sovereigns.

This proposal surprised me, and I was somewhat ashamed to do a thing so prejudicial to the state, out of a precipitate impatience to reign: but Don Ramirez, for his own interest, assisted to determine me. He promised those who negotiated for the counts, to prevail with me to grant what they desired, provided they assured him he should have Nugna Bella. He obliged me also to ask her for him, which I did very gladly. It was agreed on, and our treaty was concluded shortly after.

I could not bear to stay till the end of the war, to marry Hermenesilda; but sent Nugnez Fernando word, I was resolved to retire from court, and carry her away with me. He consented; and I wanted now only to contrive the means. Don Ramirez was as much concerned in this as myself, because Diego Porcellos thought it proper that Nugna Bella should accompany Hermenesilda. We pitched upon a day, when the queen should go to take the air out of the city, and agreed to make him,

him, who drove the chariot in which Nugna Bella and Hermenefilda were, break company with that of the queen, and carry them to Placentia, which was under my command, where Nugnez Fernando was to meet us.

This was all executed more happily than we had hoped. I married Hermenefilda the same evening as we arrived, decency and my love requiring it; and it was necessary, in order to fix the count of Castile entirely in my interest. In the midst of the joy we both possessed, we talked of you with the deepest sorrow. I confessed to her the cause of your departure; and we lamented together our unhappiness in not knowing to what part of the world you were gone. I could not be comforted for your loss, and beheld Don Ramirez with horror, as the author of my crime. His marriage was put off; Nugna Bella chusing to wait for Diego Porcellos her father, who was detained in Castile to assemble the forces he had raised.

In the mean time the greater part of the kingdom declared for me. The king neglected not to provide a considerable army to oppose me. There were several engagements, in one of the first of which Don Ramirez was killed upon the spot. Nugna Bella was exceedingly grieved; and your sister, who was a witness of her affliction, took pains to comfort her. In less than two months I made such a progress, that the queen, finding it was impossible to withstand me, brought the king to an accommodation, having convinced him it was absolutely necessary. She came to the place where I was, and told me the king was resolved to consult his ease, that he resigned the crown in my favour, and reserved to himself only the sovereignty of Zamora to end his days there, and that of Oviedo to bestow upon my brother. It was difficult to refuse so advantageous an offer; I accepted it; and every thing necessary was performed, to put the treaty in execution. I went to Leon, and saw the king; he laid down his crown, and set out the same day for Zamora.

Permit me, sir, interrupted Gonsalvo, to express my astonishment---Restrain yourself, answered Don Garcia, till I have told you what relates to Nugna Bella. I do not know whether what I am going to say, will give you joy or sorrow, because I am ignorant what your presentiments are concerning her.---Perfectly indifferent, returned Gonsalvo.---Then you will hear me without uneasiness, replied the king. Immediately upon the peace, she went to Leon with the queen; I thought she wished for your return; I spoke to her of you, and found she repented severely of her unfaithfulness. We resolved to make inquiry after you, though it was very difficult, it not being known whither you were withdrawn. If any one knew, she said, it was Don Olmond.---I sent to him that moment, and conjured him to give me some information about you.---He answered, that since my marriage and Ramirez's death, he was going several times to mention you to me, rightly judging that the reasons which caused your removal were ceased; but not knowing where you were, he thought it would signify nothing; that he had received a letter from you, but you did not acquaint him with the place of your retirement, and only desired he would write to you at Tarragona; which made him think you were not out of Spain.

I presently dispatched several parties of my guards to search for you, and judged by your letter to Don Olmond that you were ignorant of the changes which had happened. I enjoined them to say nothing to you concerning the state of the court, or my sentiments, and I promised myself an infinite pleasure in letting you know both, by my own relation. A few days after, Don Olmond also set out in quest of you, believing he should find you sooner than those I had employed. I thought Nugna Bella seemed overjoyed at the hope of your coming back; but her father, whom I had acknowledged for a sovereign as well as yours, sent to ask leave of the queen to recal her home. As unwilling as they were to part, Nugna Bella could not avoid it; she went,  
and



and as soon as she was arrived in Castile, her father married her to a German prince, whom his devotion had brought into Spain. He imagined he saw in this stranger an extraordinary merit, and on that account made choice of him for his daughter; he has sense, perhaps, and valour; but his humour and his person are not agreeable; and Nugna Bella is very miserable.

This, said the king, concluding his discourse, is what has passed since your departure: If you love Nugna Bella no more, and love me still, I have all I wish; for you will be as happy as ever, and I shall be perfectly so, by the renovation of your friendship.---Your goodness, sir, answered Gonsalvo, confounds me; and I am afraid I cannot sufficiently express my gratitude and joy; but the habitual sadness I have contracted by my misfortunes, and by solitude, leaves such an impression on me as belies the sentiments of my heart.

After these words, Don Garcia withdrew, and Gonsalvo was conducted to an apartment prepared for him in the palace. When he was alone, and reflected on the little joy he took in so advantageous a change, what reproaches did he not heap on himself for being so entirely abandoned to love?

It is you alone, Zayde, cried he, who hinder my rejoicing at the restoration of my fortune, and of a fortune which even exceeds that which I lost. My father is a sovereign, my sister is queen, and I am revenged of all those who betrayed me. Yet I am wretched; and would give up all these advantages for the opportunity which is snatched from me, of following and beholding you.

The next day the whole court knew of his return. The king was continually shewing the affection he had for him, and took pains to give public testimonies of it, by way of reparation of what was passed. But so illustrious a favour did not comfort this dejected lover for the loss of Zayde; he was not able to hide his affliction: the king perceived it, and pressed him so earnestly to

declare the cause, that Gonsalvo could not refuse it. Having told him his passion for Zayde, and all that had befallen him since his leaving Leon;---See, sir, said he, how I have been punished for daring to maintain against you, that one ought not to love till after a long acquaintance. I have been deceived by one whom I thought I knew; yet this experience could not protect me against Zayde, whom I knew not, and to whom I am still a stranger; and who, notwithstanding, imbitters the happy condition in which you have generously placed me.

The king was too sensible of love, and too much affected with what concerned Gonsalvo, not to be moved at his misfortune. He considered with him what could be done to get news of Zayde; they agreed to send to Tortosa, to the house where Gonsalvo had over-heard her talking, and endeavour, at least, to gain some intelligence concerning her country, and the place whither she was gone. Gonsalvo, who was willing to apprise Alphonso of what had happened to him since his leaving his solitude, improved this opportunity to write to him, and renew the assurances of his friendship.

In the mean time, the Moors, taking advantage of these disorders in Leon, had surpris'd several places, and without declaring war continued to enlarge their borders. Don Garcia, impelled by his natural ambition, and assisted by the valour of Gonsalvo, resolved to enter their country, and recover all they had usurped. Don Ordogno, his brother, joined him, and they brought a powerful army into the field. Gonsalvo was general, and in a short time made a considerable progress; he took some towns, and succeeded in several engagements; and finally besieged Talavera, a very important place both by its situation and greatness. Abderame king of Cordova, Abdalla's successor, marched in person against the king of Leon. He advanced toward Talavera in hope to raise the siege. Don Garcia, with the prince

his

his brother, detached the greater part of the army to fight him, leaving Gonsalvo with the remainder to pursue the siege. Gonsalvo gladly accepted the charge; and the assurance either of conquest or death, made him fearless of the event. He had received no advices concerning Zayde; his passion for her, and his desire to see her again, tortured him more than ever; insomuch that in all his fortune and his glory, life was so unpleasing, that he ardently embraced any occasion to put an end to it. The king advanced against Abderame, and found him encamped in an advantageous post of a day's march from Talavera. Several days passed before they came to action; for the Moors would not quit their lines, and Don Garcia was not strong enough to attack them. Gonsalvo, in the mean while, judged it impossible to carry on the siege, because not having troops enough to enclose the town on every side, they could receive succours by night, which might enable the besieged to make sallies which he could not sustain. As he had made a considerable breach, he resolved to hazard a general assault, and attempt, by so daring an enterprize, to execute a thing which he looked upon as desperate. He performed what he designed; and having given the necessary orders, attacked the town before break of day; and with so much courage and persuasion of victory, that he inspired his soldiers with the same sentiments. They did actions beyond belief; and in less than two hours, Gonsalvo became master of the town. He did all he could to hinder the pillage; but it was impossible to restrain the troops, who were animated with the hope of booty.

As he walked through the town to prevent disorders, he saw a single man who defended himself against several, and endeavoured to get into a fort which was not yet surrendered. They who attacked him pressed on fiercely, and were going to wound him in several places, if Gonsalvo had not rushed between and commanded them to retire. He reproached them for their ungenerous

conduct ; but they excused themselves, by saying, he whom they were engaging was prince Zulema, who had killed an infinite number of their comrades, and was striving to throw himself into the fort. The name of this prince was too celebrated, both for his dignity, and his general command of the Moorish armies, not to be known to Gonsalvo. He came up to him ; and this brave man, seeing he could defend himself no longer, yielded his sword with an air so noble and intrepid, that Gonsalvo did not doubt his being worthy of the high reputation he had acquired. He delivered him in charge to his officers, and proceeded to the fort to summon it to surrender. Upon his promising those who were in it their lives, the gates were opened ; and as he entered he understood there were a great many Arabian ladies within, who had retreated thither. He was conducted to their apartment, which was very splendid, and adorned with all the elegance of the Moors ; and in it were several women upon cushions, who only shewed their grief at being made captives, by a melancholy silence. They were at a distance, as by way of respect, from one who was magnificently dressed, and lying on a couch. Her head was leaned upon one of her hands, and she wiped her tears and hid her face with the other, as if she were willing for a few moments to keep off the sight of her enemies. But at the noise of those who accompanied Gonsalvo, she looked up, and discovered to him Zayde ; (See the PLATE.) but Zayde more beautiful than he had ever beheld her, even in despite of the sorrow and distress which appeared in her countenance.

Gonsalvo was so surprised, that he seemed more troubled than Zayde ; and Zayde seemed to take courage, and lose part of her fears at the sight of Gonsalvo.

They came forward to each other, and both beginning to speak, Gonsalvo used the Greek tongue, to beg pardon of her for appearing before her as an enemy. At the same instant, Zayde told him in Spanish, she was no longer afraid of the misfortunes she had apprehended,

hended, and that this was not the first danger from which he had rescued her. They were so amazed at hearing each other speak their mutual languages, and the reasons which had engaged them to learn them occurred so readily to their thoughts, that they blushed, and remained for a while in a profound silence. At length Gonfalso began, and continuing to speak in Greek---I do not know, madam, said he, whether I did well to wish so earnestly as I have, that you could understand me; perhaps I shall not be less wretched by it: but whatever may happen, since I have the joy to see you again, after I had so often despaired of it, I shall complain of my fortune no more. Zayde seemed embarrassed at what he said, and looking on him with her lovely eyes, which yet testified a sadness---I am still uncertain, said she in her own language, not caring to talk to him in Spanish, whether my father has been able to escape the dangers to which he has been exposed in this engagement; you will permit me, therefore, instead of answering you, to enquire after him. Gonfalso called in those who were at hand, to ask them concerning what she desired to know; and had the pleasure to understand, that the prince whose life he had saved, was the father of Zayde; and she seemed to be overjoyed to find by what fortunate accident her father had been delivered from death.

After this, Gonfalso was obliged to take notice of all the other ladies in the fort; and was exceedingly surprised to find Don Olmond there, who had not been heard of since he left Leon to go in search of him. Having paid his due regards to so faithful a friend, he returned to Zayde. As he was beginning to speak to her, advice was brought him, that there was such a disorder in the town that nothing but his presence could quiet it. He was forced to run where his duty called him, and gave what commands he thought were necessary to appease the tumult, which was owing to the avarice of the soldiers, and the terror of the inhabitants. He dispatched an express to the king, to apprize him of  
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the taking of the town, and returned with impatience to Zayde. All the ladies, who were with her, being withdrawn, he was willing to improve those moments of conversing with her; but as his design was to talk to her about his passion, he was strangely troubled, and saw, that to have it in his power to be understood, was not always sufficient to make him resolve to declare his mind. He was afraid, however, to lose an occasion he had wished for so much, and after he had wondered a little at the unusual variety of their fortune, in having been together so long without being known, and without speaking to each other --- We are very far, said Zayde, from falling into the same perplexity again; for I understand the Spanish tongue, and you understand mine.--- It was such an affliction to me, answered Gonsalvo, not to understand it, that I have learned it, even without the hope of its being able ever to make me amends for what I have suffered by not knowing it.---For my part, replied Zayde blushing, I have learned Spanish, because it is troublesome not to understand the language of the country where one is.---I often understood you, madam, answered Gonsalvo, and though I did not know your language, I could at several times have given an exact account of your thoughts, and am persuaded that you also saw mine better than I saw yours.---I am less discerning, I assure you, returned Zayde, than you imagine; and all I have been able to conclude, is, that you was frequently very dejected.---I told you the reason, said Gonsalvo; and I believe you did not fail to understand me, without knowing my words. Do not deny it, madam; you answered me without speaking, with a severity as great as you can wish. But since I was able to know your indifference, how should you not know those sentiments which appear more easily than indifference, and shew themselves in despite of us? I own, notwithstanding, that I have sometimes seen your beautiful eyes turned upon me in a manner which would have given me joy, if I had not believed I owed those favourable regards to

a resemblance of some other person.---I will not deny, answered Zayde, that you resemble another: but you will have no reason to complain, if I tell you, I have often wished you could be the person whom you resemble.---I do not know, cried Gonsalvo, whether what you have said is in my favour, and cannot thank you, unless you explain it better.---I have said too much, replied Zayde, to explain farther; and my last words allow me not to do it.---I am destined to be so unhappy as not to understand you, returned Gonsalvo, since even, while you speak in Spanish, I do not know what it is you say. But, madam, are you so cruel as to add further uncertainties to those in which I have lived so long? I must die at your feet, unless you tell me who it was you lamented in Alphonso's desert, and who it is my ill or good fortune will have me to resemble. My curiosity would undoubtedly go beyond these two things, if my respect to you did not restrain it; but I will wait till time and your goodness permit me to enquire farther.

As Zayde was going to reply, the Arabian women in the fort asked leave to speak with Gonsalvo; and several others coming in at the same time, she took such care to avoid entering into a separate conversation with him, that it was impossible for him to get an opportunity.

He shut himself up in private, to reflect upon the pleasure of having found Zayde again, and found her in a place of which he was master. He fancied also he remarked in her eyes a certain joy at seeing him again; he was pleased she had learned Spanish; and she spoke it so readily, as soon as she saw him, that he flattered himself he had had some share in the pains she had taken to learn it. In a word, the sight of Zayde, and the hope of not being hated by her, excited in Gonsalvo the most delightful sensations which a lover can feel, who is not assured of being loved.

Don Olmond returned from the fort, whither he had been detached to bring up the troops, and broke off his  
contempla-

contemplation. As Gonfalvo had met him in the same place with Zayde, he thought he might know from him the birth and adventures of that beautiful princess. He was apprehensive, however, of his being in love with her; and the dread of finding a rival in a man whom he esteemed his friend, for a long time suspended his curiosity, but he could not command it. Having asked Don Olmond what accident had brought him to Talavera, and learned that he was taken prisoner as he was going to seek after him at Tarragona, he spoke to him about Zulema, in order to bring on the mention of Zayde.

You know, said Don Olmond, he is nephew of Caliph Osman, and would be in the place of Caimadan, who now reigns, if he were as fortunate as he deserves. He holds a considerable rank among the Arabians, and is come into Spain to command the armies of the king of Cordova, and lives there with a grandeur and dignity which surprised me. When I arrived here, I found a court very agreeable, in which Bellenia, prince Osmin's lady, the brother of Zulema, was then present. That princess is esteemed no less for her virtue than her birth. She had with her the princess Felima, her daughter, whose wit and aspect are full of charms, though attended with a great melancholy and languor. You have seen the incomparable beauty of Zayde, and may easily suppose my astonishment at finding so many extraordinary persons in Talavera.---Zayde is indeed, answered Gonfalvo, the most perfect beauty I have seen, and no doubt she has there a multitude of lovers.---Alamir, prince of Tarsus, replied Don Olmond, loves her intensely; his passion for her began in Cyprus, and he bore her company when she left the place. Zulema was shipwrecked in the voyage upon the coast of Catalonia, and is since arrived in Spain; and Alamir is come to Talavera to look after Zayde.

Don Olmond's words gave Gonfalvo a mortal wound; his suspicions were confirmed, and he saw at once that

all he had imagined was true. The hope of being mistaken, with which he flattered himself so often, forsook him entirely, and the gladness he had received from his late conversation with Zayde, served only to augment his grief. He no longer doubted that the tears she shed at Alphonso's were for Alamir; that he was the person whom he resembled, and that it was on his account she came to the coast of Catalonia.

He would gladly have put many more questions to Don Olmond, but was restrained by the fear of discovering to him that which he desired to keep concealed. He only enquired concerning Felima. Don Olmond said, she had followed the princess her mother to Oropenze, where Osmin commanded a division of the army.

Gonsalvo now withdrew, under pretence of going to rest, but in truth it was to be at liberty to lament himself, and to reflect upon the perverseness of his ill fortune. Why did I find Zayde again, said he, before I knew that she loves Alamir? If I had known this when I lost her, I should have been less troubled at her absence, nor should I have rejoiced so at finding her, nor felt the cruel sorrow of losing the hopes she had just given me. What a destiny is mine! that even the kindness of Zayde serves only to render me unhappy! Why does she shew me she allows my passion, if she approves that of Alamir? And what does she mean by wishing I could be the person whom I resemble?

These reflections inflamed his grief; and the next day (for which he ought to have waited with impatience, and which ought to have been so welcome, because he was then assured of seeing Zayde, and talking with her) appeared the most dismal he had ever known.

About midnight the messenger, who went to carry the king the news of taking the town, returned with orders for Gonsalvo to leave it immediately, and join the army with all the cavalry. Don Garcia understood the Moors expected considerable succours, and therefore he judged

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it proper to use the advantage of Gonsalvo's victory, and assemble all his troops to attack the enemy before they were reinforced. As difficult as Gonsalvo found it to execute this order of the king, on account of getting the soldiers to march, who were fatigued with the labours of the preceding night; his desire to be in the battle caused him to exert himself so vigorously, that in a little while he brought them into a marching posture, and underwent the severe violence of leaving Zayde without bidding her adieu. He ordered Zulema to be conducted to the fort where she was, and commanded the officer who guarded her, to inform her of the reasons which obliged him to leave Talavera with so much precipitation.

At break of day he mounted at the head of his troops, and set forward with a sadness equal to the occasion of it: when he drew near the camp he met the king, who was come out to receive him; he alighted, and gave him an account of the action at Talavera; and having finished his discourse about the war, he spoke to him concerning his love: he told him he had found Zayde, but at the same time he had also found that rival, the mere idea of whom had given him such uneasiness. The king shewed him how deeply he was interested in every thing which affected him, and how highly he was pleased with his late victory. Gonsalvo made his troops encamp, and repose themselves for a few moments, in order to prepare for the intended fight. The battle was not absolutely resolved on; for the advantageous post of the enemy, their numbers, and the road through which they must pass to get up to them, made it difficult to form such a resolution, and hazardous to execute it. Gonsalvo, however, declared for it; and the hope of meeting Alamir in the engagement made him press his opinion so warmly, that it was concluded to begin the battle the next day.

The Arabians lay upon a plain within sight of Almaras; and their camp being encompassed by a large wood,



was accessible only by a narrow passage, which seemed too dangerous to be attempted. Gonsalvo, notwithstanding, led the way through the wood at the head of the horse, and shewed himself upon the plain with several squadrons. The Arabians, being surprised to see their enemies so near, spent that time in resolving, which they ought to have employed in fighting, and thereby gave the Spaniards leisure to bring up all their troops, and form themselves in order of battle. Gonsalvo marched on directly with the left wing, and broke through the Arabian horse, and put them to flight. He did not trouble himself to pursue those who fled, but searching after the prince of Tarsus, and pushing on to new conquests, turned short upon the infantry. The right wing in the mean while had not equal success; the infidels repulsed them to the body of reserve, which was commanded by the king in person; he put a stop to their victory, and drove them to the gates of Almaras, so that there remained only the foot under Abderame, which Gonsalvo was now going to attack. They stood still to receive him, and opening their battalions, the archers made such a prodigious discharge, that the Spanish horse could not stand them. Gonsalvo rallied his men, and renewed the attack three times; at last he surrounded the Moorish infantry on every side, and being moved to see such brave men perish, called out to them that he gave them quarter. At this they all threw down their arms, and running about him in crowds, seemed to express the highest admiration of his clemency, after they had experienced his valour. In the same moment the king of Leon joined Gonsalvo, and bestowed on him all the praises his intrepid conduct deserved. They understood that Abderame drew off in the last onset, and retired to Almaras.

The glory Gonsalvo had acquired by this action ought to have given him joy; but he was wholly oppressed with grief for having neither lost his life, nor met with Almir.

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The prisoners informed him this prince was not in the army, but commanded the succours they were expecting; and that it was the hope of his supplies which had made them endeavour to delay the battle.

As the Arabians had rallied part of their army, and were reinforced by the troops of Alamir, and had a large town before them, which could not be besieged in their sight, the king could expect no other advantage from his victory, than the honour of having won it. Abderame, however, under colour of burying the dead, desired a truce of some days, with a design to set on foot a negotiation for peace.

During the truce, as Gonsalvo was one day visiting the quarters, he saw upon a small eminence two of the enemy's horse defending themselves against several of the Spaniards, who, in spite of their resistance, were ready to oppress them by their numbers. He was amazed to see this combat in the time of the truce, and a combat so very unequal; and dispatched some of his men full speed to put an end to it, and learn the cause. They brought word that the two Arabian horsemen would have passed along by the advance guard, who stopped them with great insolence, upon which they drew their swords, and that the rest of the cavalry on the spot fell in upon them. Gonsalvo ordered an officer to go in his name, and excuse it to the two Arabians, and conduct them a-cross to that side of the camp whither they wanted to go. After this, he continued to walk the round, and went on to the king's quarter, and made it very late when he returned to his own. The next day, the officer who had conducted the Arabian cavaliers waited on him; Sir, said he, one of those you sent us to safe-guard, charged us to tell you, he is extremely sorry that an important affair, which has no relation to the war, hindered him from coming to give you thanks; and that he is glad to inform you, it is prince Alamir who is indebted to you for his life.

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When Gonfalvo heard the name of Alamir, and reflected that that rival whom he was so impatient to hunt out over the whole world, even while he knew him not, neither his name nor his country, had passed through the camp, and in his view, to go, undoubtedly, to Zayde, he stood like a man thunder-struck, and had only strength to ask, what road he had taken? when they answered, that of Talavera: he sent every body out of his tent, and lay overwhelmed in despair, at not having known the prince of Tarsus.

In this instant he resolved to steal out of the army, and hasten to Talavera, and by his presence disturb the interview of Alamir and Zayde, and either take his rival's life, or die before her eyes. As he was contriving the means, a message was brought him, that the enemy's troops appeared a few leagues from the camp, and that the king ordered him to go out and observe them; he was forced to obey, and to suspend his own design. He mounted immediately, and having rode a while, just as he had made his way through a wood, he learned that the troops which were discovered, were only some Arabians returning from guarding a convoy. At this he caused the horse who were with him to turn back to the camp, and being attended only with his own servants, marched slowly, on purpose to linger in the wood, that he might take the path to Talavera, when the troops he had sent off were out of sight. As he was in the middle of a spacious road he met an Arabian horseman, of a handsome mien, who was going the same way in deep dejection. They who accompanied Gonfalvo, happened to pronounce his name. At the sound of Gonfalvo's name the Arabian broke out of his musing, and asked them if he who rode by himself was Gonfalvo. As soon as they replied, it was; I should be very glad, said he, aloud, to see a man of such extraordinary merit, and to have it in my power to thank him for the favours he has done me.---At this he advanced to Gonfalvo, and put up his hand to the vizor

vizor of his helmet to salute him ; but when he saw his face, O heavens ! cried he, is it possible this should be Gonsalvo ! And then viewing him heedfully, he stood without motion, like a man in a wild surprize, and agitated with very different thoughts. Having continued a while in this condition, Alamir, cried he at once, ought not to suffer him to live, to whom Zayde is destined, or to whom she destines herself.

Gonsalvo, who seemed astonished at the action, and the first words of this Arabian cavalier, and had heard him thus far with temper, was struck at this sudden turn with the highest surprize, upon mentioning the names of Zayde and Alamir, and thought he had before him that formidable rival, whom he was seeking after with such hatred and desire of revenge.---I do not know, answered he, whether Zayde is destined to me ; but if you are the prince of Tarsus, as you give me ground to believe, hope not to become possessed of her but by my death.---Nor shall you, replied Alamir, unless by mine ; I see too well by your expressions that you are he who causes my misfortune.---Gonsalvo heard these words imperfectly ; he drew back a few steps, and curbed his impatience which pushed him on to fight, till he had provided that their combat might not be interrupted. He ordered his followers to retire, and ordered them with so much authority, that they did not dare to disobey ; but they made haste to bring back some of the principal officers, who had just left Gonsalvo, and could not be far off. At the same time Gonsalvo and Alamir began an encounter, in which bravery and valour shewed all their power. Alamir was wounded in so many places, that his strength began to fail ; and though Gonsalvo was wounded too, the prospect of victory gave him such fresh ardor, as made him master of this unhappy prince's life. The king, who was near the wood, being alarmed by the cries of the soldiers Gonsalvo had dismissed, rushed in and parted the combatants. He understood by Alamir's squire, who came up at the  
time,

time, his master's name; and Gonsalvo seeing the prince lose such quantities of blood, commanded them to help him.

If the king had followed his own inclination, he would have given contrary orders; however, he contented himself with directing to have the prince secured, and turned all his thoughts to the preserving his favourite. He caused him to be carried to the camp; but as Alamir was not able to bear such a fatigue, they removed him to a castle near at hand. As soon as Gonsalvo was in the camp, the king made his surgeons give their opinion of his wounds. They assured him he need be in no pain for his life. Don Garcia could not leave him 'till he had learned from his own mouth the occasion of the duel. Gonsalvo, who concealed nothing from him, confessed the truth; and the king being afraid to prejudice his health by too long a conversation, left him to take his rest.

The next day it was known, that the prince of Tarsus was wounded very dangerously; and some days after he was seized with so violent a fever, that they almost despaired of his life. Gonsalvo imagined Zayde could not understand this prince's danger, without sending to know how he was; and therefore directed a trusty servant to go every day to the castle where Alamir was kept, and discover whether any body came thither to try to see him. He would fain have been satisfied also concerning that resemblance which had given him so much curiosity; but in the prince's present indisposition it was impossible to distinguish the features in his face.

The person employed on this service performed it carefully, and apprised Gonsalvo, that while Alamir lay ill, no one asked to speak with him; but some unknown people attended daily to enquire after his health, without mentioning the name of those who sent them. Though Gonsalvo did not doubt Alamir's being loved by Zayde, every thing which assured him of it gave him fresh pain. As he was in this pungent affliction, the  
king



king came into the tent, and fearing so many vexations might bring his life into danger, he forbade all who visited him to speak of Alamir and the princess Zayde.

In the mean time the truce expired, and the two armies did not lie idle. Abderame besieged a small place, whose weakness made him look to meet with no resistance; yet it happened that the prince of Galicia, a near relation of Don Garcia, who was retired thither to be cured of some wounds he received in the battle, undertook to defend it with a resolution which had more of rashness in it than courage. Abderame was so enraged at it, that when the town was forced to surrender, he struck off his head. This was not the first time that the Moors had abused their victory, and treated the greatest nobles of Spain with an inhumanity beyond example. Don Garcia was extremely provoked at the death of the prince of Galicia; and the Spanish troops were not less; they loved that prince, and were out of patience at so many barbarities which had never been revenged; and assembling in a tumult, demanded of the king that Alamir should be used in the same manner as the prince of Galicia. It being dangerous to refuse the soldiers who were so inflamed, the king complied, and sent the king of Cordova notice, that he would behead the prince of Tarsus, as soon as he was recovered, and his wounds would permit him to be made a public spectacle, and the execution could be performed without seeming to be designed only to hasten his death.

Gonsalvo, by the king's order, knew nothing of what passed concerning the prince. A few days after, he was told that a squire of Don Olmond desired to see him; he sent for him in, and after the messenger had acquainted him that his master was very sorry the king's commands detained him at Baragel, and prevented his making him a visit, he delivered him a couple of letters. Gonsalvo opened that which was directed to himself, and found it as follows.

“ IF

“ IF I did not know the great delight you take in  
“ doing a generous action, I should not have sent you  
“ the letter which accompanies this, and should think  
“ it would be in vain to solicit you in favour of your  
“ enemy. But I understand you too well, to doubt  
“ that you will receive with joy the petition I am obliged  
“ to make to you. As just as it is to treat the prince  
“ of Tarsus as the prince of Galicia was treated, it  
“ will be a deed worthy of you to save a man of Alamir’s  
“ quality and merit. I think also you ought to shew  
“ some pity to a passion to which you are no stranger.”

The name of Alamir, and the conclusion of the letter, gave Gonsalvo exceeding trouble. He asked the bearer to explain what his master mentioned about the prince of Galicia: though the squire could not suppose he was ignorant of what had passed, he informed him in few words; and then Gonsalvo read the other letter, the contents of which were these:

“ YOU can do any thing with Gonsalvo: get him  
“ to save Alamir from the rage of the king of Leon.  
“ In preserving him from the death which is prepar-  
“ ing for him, he will not preserve his life; he will  
“ soon expire of his wounds. Gonsalvo is sufficiently  
“ revenged already on that unhappy prince, since we  
“ are obliged to have recourse to him to deliver him.  
“ Exert yourself, I conjure you, in this; for you will  
“ save more than one life in saving that of Alamir.”

Ah! Zayde, cried Gonsalvo; Felima writes by your order; and you enjoin me by this letter to save Alamir. What an inhumanity is yours! and to what an extremity do you reduce me! Is it not enough that I bear my misfortunes? must I also labour to deliver him who causes them? Ought I to oppose the king’s resolution? The resolution is just; he has been constrained to take it;

and I had no part in it. I ought to leave Alamir to perish, if I did not know he is my rival, and that Zayde loves him. But I know it; and this reason, cruel as it is, does not allow me to consent to his ruin. What an extravagant instance of obedience, replied he, would I impose upon myself! And what generosity obliges me to preserve Alamir? Since I know he takes Zayde from me, must I save his life? Can I desire that, to spare him at my request, the king should run the hazard of making his army revolt? Shall I abandon the interest of Don Garcia, to deprive myself of the pleasing hopes with which Alamir's death flatters me? This prince alone disputes Zayde with me; and as prejudiced as she is in his favour, if she were never to see him again, I might assure myself of being happy.

After these words he rose up at once, and though he was very weak, he caused himself to be carried to the king, who was extremely surprised to see him; and was more so, when he knew what he was come to ask of him.

Sir, said Gonsalvo, if you have any regard for me, you must grant me Alamir's life; I cannot live, if you consent to his death.---What is it you say, Gonsalvo? replied the king; by what accident is the life of a man, who produces your unhappiness, become necessary to your repose?---Zayde, Sir, answered he, orders me to save it; and I must answer the good opinion she has of me. She knows I adore her, and ought to hate this prince; and yet she has such an esteem of me, as to believe I am so far from consenting to his death, that I will take pains to secure him. She desires to hold her lover's life of me; and I beg it of you.---I must not listen, said the king, to sentiments inspired by a blind generosity, and a love which interrupts your reason. I must act according to my own interest, and to yours. The prince of Tarsus must die, to teach the king of Cordova to use the rights of war better, and to appease my troops, who are ready to revolt; and he must die, to leave you in possession of Zayde, and disturb your quiet no more.

Ah!

Ah! Sir, returned Gonsalvo, can I find quiet in seeing Zayde incensed against me for the death of her lover? I must no longer presume to dispute Zayde with Alamir, living or dead; nor render myself worthy of the ill treatment of Fortune by an unreasonable obstinacy. I would have Zayde lament she did not love me, but I would not have her able to despise or hate me. ---Take time, said the king, to consider what you ask, and resolve with yourself, if you ought to desire it. ---No, Sir, answered Gonsalvo; I would not have leisure to change my mind, and expose myself a second time to the false and flattering hopes which the thought of Alamir's death has already given me: nor would I have Zayde believe, I am irresolute what side I ought to embrace. I intreat the favour of you to give out to-day, that you have granted me that prince's life.---I promise to grant it you, answered the king; but it must not be made publick yet. You know the enterprize which is concerted upon Oropese; this night the inhabitants are to open the gates to us; if this design takes effect, the joy of such a success may perhaps put the army into a temper from which we shall have less to fear: Felima will be in our hands; and you may know from her, whether Alamir is loved. Make your own destiny clear, before you decide that of the prince, and place yourself in a condition of forming a resolution of which you will not repent.

But, Sir, replied Gonsalvo, perhaps Felima will not discover the sentiments of Zayde.---To oblige her to it, answered the king, send Don Olmond word, that you will not do what she desires, unless you know the true reasons of her being so concerned in the preservation of Alamir. It is Don Olmond who is ordered to take possession of Oropese, and you may learn from him all that you desire to know. I consent, sir, said Gonsalvo, upon condition you will permit me to make the soldiers come to you to ask Alamir's life themselves, at the same instant that the taking of Oropese shall be known. As Felima will be a prisoner, Don Olmond will have it in his power to conceal from her the favour you have granted me,

till she has told him every thing relating to the prince: Zayde will see I obeyed her orders the very moment I received them; and will judge by this blind obedience, that if I resign my pretensions to her heart, I was not unworthy to possess it.

The king agreed to all Gonsalvo proposed; but obliged him, at the same time, to write Don Olmond an account of the manner in which they had fixed the affair.

The next day Don Garcia received news of the enterprise at Oropese, which had succeeded according to his wishes. He communicated it to Gonsalvo, and acquainted him also that he was at liberty to try to save Alamir. Gonsalvo, with the same ardor, as if by executing this design he were assured of the conquest of Zayde, made himself be carried into the camp, and with the same looks and voice with which he animated the soldiers on so many occasions to follow him, he set before them the shame they would bring upon him in taking away the prince of Tarsas's life, who was under confinement only for attacking him. He told them, that by his death, which would always be imputed to him, they would make him lose the honour he had acquired with them in so many engagements; that he would at the same minute lay down his command, and go out of Spain: and it must be their choice, either to see him take leave of the king, or go with him immediately to beg the prince's life. The soldiers scarcely suffered him to finish his speech; and throwing themselves round him in crouds, as if to prevent his leaving them, they followed him to Don Garcia, and were so spirited by their general's words, that it had been as dangerous now to refuse them Alamir's safety, as it would have been a few days before to deny them his execution.

Don Olmond in the mean while, amid all the cares he had upon his hands by becoming master of the town, did not neglect to consider Gonsalvo's interest required him to have a conversation with Felima. He asked to

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be admitted to her, with as much respect as if the right of war had not given him an absolute liberty. He found her in a deep sadness; a troublesome indisposition her mother had been under for some days, seemed to be the occasion of it.

As soon as they could speak without being overheard---Well, Don Olmond, says she, have you solicited Gonfalso? and will you save Alamir?---That prince's destiny, answered he, madam, is in your hands.---In my hands! cried she; alas! how should I be able to do any thing for his safety?---I will be answerable to you for his life, replied he; but to enable me to keep my word, I must know the reasons why you interest yourself so warmly in his preservation. I must know them with a punctual truth, and every thing also relating to Alamir's adventures.---Ah! Don Olmond, said Felima, what do you ask me? At these words she stood silent for a time, and then breaking out at once---But don't you know he is kinsman to Osmin and Zulema? that we have been long acquainted with him, and that his merit is uncommon? And is not this enough to make one concerned for his life?

Your concern for it, madam, returned Don Olmond, proceeds from more pressing reasons; if it will cost you too dear to declare them, it lies with you not to do it; but you will also allow me then to revoke the promise I made you.---Ah! Don Olmond, cried she, is Alamir's life to be purchased only at this price? But why is it that you desire to know what you ask of me?---I am sorry, answered Don Olmond, that I cannot tell you. But, madam, once more, I can do nothing unless upon this condition, and you must make your choice.

Felima stood a long time with her eyes turned down in so profound a silence, that Don Olmond was surprised; but presently resolving---I am going, said she, to do that very thing which I least imagined I could prevail on myself to do. The good opinion I have of

you, and my confidence in your friendship, undoubtedly assist to determine me to it, as well as the preservation of Alamir. Keep the secret, added she, inviolably, and hear with patience the story I am to relate, which will unavoidably be something tedious.

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## THE HISTORY OF ZAYDE AND FELIMA.

**C**ID RAHIS, brother of Caliph Osman, who could have disputed the empire with him by right of birth, was so unfortunate, and so deserted of all those who gave him hope of their declaring for him, that he was forced to renounce his pretensions, and consent to be exiled to Cyprus, under pretence of going commander of the place. Zulema and Osmin, whom you know, were his sons; they were young and handsome, and had given several proofs of their valour. They fell in love with two persons of extraordinary beauty, and of great quality; who were sisters, and were descended from several princes, who had governed that island before it became subject to the Arabians. One of them was named Alafintha, and the other Belenia.

As Osmin and Zulema knew the Greek language, they easily made themselves understood by the ladies, who were Christians; but the difference of their religion produced none in their sentiments. They loved the two brothers; and as soon as their father's death had left them at liberty, Zulema married Alafintha, and Osmin married Belenia. They allowed them to bring up their children in the Christian Religion, and gave them hope, that in a little time they would embrace it themselves. I was born of Osmin and Belenia, and Zayde of Zulema and Alafintha.

Zulema's

Zulema's passion and that of Osmin obliged them to pass several years in Cyprus; but at length a desire of finding some favourable juncture to revive their father's claim, called them thence to Africa. At first they had great expectations; and, contrary to the rules of state, the Caliph who succeeded Osman put them into such considerable employments, that Alafintha and Belenia could not blame their absence: but after it had lasted five or six years, they began to be uneasy and complain. They knew indeed they had other engagements beside the war, and heard frequently from them; but as they did not return, they thought they had forsaken them. Alafintha, therefore, had nothing upon her mind but Zayde, who deserved all her application; and Belenia's thoughts were wholly employed on educating me very carefully.

Just as we were passed our infancy, both our mothers retired to a castle near the coast, where they led a life agreeable to their affliction, though their regard to their children obliged them to keep up a grandeur and magnificence, which, by their own inclination, perhaps they would have omitted. Several young persons of quality resorted to us, and there was nothing wanting which might contribute to our improvement, and to the diversions which were consistent with the privacy in which we were bred. Zayde and I were no less united by friendship than by blood; I was two years elder than she; and there was some difference also in our tempers; mine was the less gay and spritely: this was easily perceived by seeing us, as well as the advantage Zayde's beauty had over mine.

Not long before the emperor Leo sent to attack the island of Cyprus, we were one day by the shore; the sea was calm, and we begged our mothers to give us leave to go upon the water in a barge. We took several young persons with us, and rowed towards the ships which lay in the road; as we drew near them, we saw some sloops put off, and thought they were Arabians.

going on shore. The sloops advanced towards us, as we made up to them. In the first were several men magnificently habited; and among them one, who by his noble air and the gracefulness of his person was distinguished from all about him. This encounter surprised us; we were sensible it became us to proceed no farther, nor give those who were in the sloop room to think it was curiosity to view them which had brought us toward them. We stood off to the right, and the sloop we endeavoured to shun did the same; but the others steered directly to land. That which followed us, came near enough for us to discern, that the man whom we had distinguished from the rest looked on us earnestly, and desired to make us observe, that he took a pleasure in following us.

Zayde liked the incident, and caused our barge to tack about, in order to try whether the other would still keep us company. For my part, I was embarrassed, I knew not why. I viewed him who appeared to be the master of the others in the sloop with attention, and at a nearer sight, found something so fine and so agreeable in his aspect, that I thought I had never beheld any one so engaging. I told Zayde we ought to return; and that undoubtedly when Alasinthia and Belenia allowed us to go upon the water, they did not imagine we should have met with such an adventure. She obeyed my advice, and we made to shore; the vessel which followed us passed on, and went to debark near the other sloops which were arrived before.

When we were come ashore, the person whom we had taken notice of, accompanied with a large train of attendants, came forward to give us his hand, with an air which made us believe he had learned who we were of the people upon the water. My astonishment and Zayde's was past expression; we were not used to see ourselves addressed so freely, and especially by the Arabians, towards whom we were inspired with a strong aversion. We expected the gentleman would be startled when he found we did not understand his language, but  
were

were ourselves confounded, to hear him speak ours with all the politeness of ancient Greece.

I know, madam, said he, applying himself to Zayde, who walked foremost, an Arabian ought not to be so daring as to approach you, without having asked your permission; but what would be a crime in another, I believe is pardonable in a man who has the honour to be related to the princes Zulema and Osmin. Having a desire to see the rarities of Greece, I thought I could not satisfy my curiosity better than by beginning at the island of Cyprus; and my good fortune has presented to me at my arrival, that which I should have sought in vain in all other parts of the world.

As he spoke, he fixed his eyes sometimes upon Zayde, and sometimes upon me; but with so many marks of a sincere admiration, that we could scarcely doubt he thought what he said. I can't tell whether I was already touched, or whether the solitude in which we lived rendered this adventure the more agreeable; but I own I had never known any thing so amusing. Alasynthia and Belenia, who were a pretty way off, advanced towards us, and sent to inquire the name of the stranger. They were informed he was Alamir, prince of Tarsus, son of that Alamir who held the rank of Caliph, and whose power was so formidable to the Christians; and knowing the relation there was between him and Zulema, the respect which was due to him for his birth, added to their impatience to hear some news concerning their own affairs, made them receive him with less repugnance than they commonly expressed towards the Arabians. Alamir also, by his words, disposed them to give him a favourable reception; he spoke to them of Zulema and Osmin, whom he had seen not long since, and blamed them for being able to abandon two persons so deserving of their company.

The conversation upon the shore was so long, and Alamir seemed so agreeable, even in the eyes of Alasynthia and Belenia, that, contrary to their custom of shunning



all commerce, they could not forbear offering him a lodging in the castle where they dwelt. Alamir let them see he was sensible he ought in civility to decline it; but shewed them also he had not the power to refuse it, for the pleasure of not being parted from a company who had filled him with such admiration. He went with us, and introduced to us likewise a man of quality, for whom he had an extraordinary regard, called Mulziman. Alamir continued the same in the evening, as we found him when we met him first. I was surprised at all his motions, and at the charms of his person and his wit; and this wonder seized me so strongly, that from that time I ought to have suspected there was something more in it than surprize. I thought he eyed me very attentively, and gave me to see, by certain praises he bestowed on me, that my person was as pleasing to him, at least, as that of Zayde.

Instead of leaving us the next day, as in appearance he was to have done, he induced Alafintha and Belenia to detain him. He sent for some beautiful horses he had brought with him, and caused several of his people to ride them before us; and rode them himself with the dexterity which is peculiar to those of his nation. He found means to stay there three or four days, and ingratiated himself so with our mothers, that they consented to his visiting us while he continued in the island. At going away, he let me understand, that if his presence had been troublesome to me, and if it should prove so hereafter, I ought to accuse myself. His looks, however, I observed, were fixed on Zayde; but I had also discerned them frequently turned on myself in a manner which seemed so natural and sincere, that joining the language of his eyes to several things he had told me, I was persuaded I had made an impression in his heart. O Heavens! that which he made in mine was real.

As soon as he was out of sight, I felt a sadness I did not understand. I left Zayde, and retired to think. My thoughts, I found, were all confused, and I was  
weary

weary of myself; I returned to look for Zayde, and wanted her, I thought, to talk about Alamir. She was employed with her women in making festoons of flowers, and seemed not to remember she had seen the prince. We walked out together, and I spoke to her about Alamir: I told her I thought he had viewed her earnestly; she answered, she had not perceived it. I tried to discover whether she had observed the tenderness he expressed towards me; but she seemed not to have had the least surmise of it; and I was so astonished and confounded at the difference between what the sight of Alamir had produced in Zayde and in me, that I heaped reproaches on myself which were but too just.

Some days after, Alamir made us a visit; when he came, Alasynthia and Belenia were gone out. He appeared to me more amiable than ever. As Zayde was not in the way, it was my ill fortune to see him, when he had no other object to engage his attention but myself; he expressed so much affection, that the inclination I had for him made me firmly believe I pleased him as he did me. He went away before Zayde came in, and in a manner which gave me ground to flatter myself he did not desire to see her. In a few days he came again, to bring Alasynthia news of the war which the emperor Leo intended to make in Cyprus. This news, which was so very important, furnished him with a pretence to see us frequently; and still when he came, he continued to express to me the same sentiments he had at first declared. I stood in need of all my reason, not to let him see the disposition I had to him; and my reason perhaps would have been ineffectual, if the concern I perceived in him sometimes for Zayde, had not assisted to restrain me. However, I imputed all he did to please her to his natural politeness; and his artful conduct hid from me that which would have given me another opinion.

We were informed that the emperor's navy was near our coast; upon which Alamir persuaded our mothers to remove: and though our religion made us apprehend

nothing from the imperial troops, our alliance to the Arabians, and the usual disorders of war, prevailed on us to follow his counsel, and go to Famagusta. I rejoiced at it, because I expected to be in the same place with Alamir, and that Zayde and I should not be together in one lodging. Her beauty was so formidable to me, that I was extremely pleased Alamir had seen me without seeing her. I believed I should now satisfy myself entirely concerning his sentiments to me, and discover whether I ought to surrender myself to those which I had for him. But to dispose of my heart had long been beyond my power: however, I fancy if I had understood Alamir's temper then, as well as I have done since, I should have been able to preserve myself from the inclination I had to him; but as I was sensible only of his amiable qualities, and he seemed to have a tenderness for me, it was difficult to resist a passion which was so violent and so natural.

The day we arrived at Famagusta, he came to us; Zayde's charms shone out so illustriously, that she appeared the same to Alamir's eyes, as he appeared to mine; that is, the only object of love. I perceived the extraordinary attention with which he looked at her. Alafintha and Belenia withdrew, and Alamir followed Zayde, without so much as framing a pretence for leaving me. I was pierced through with a grief till then unknown, the violence of which convinced me of the real affection I had for that prince. This discovery augmented my sorrow, and I had in view the dreadful calamity into which I was plunged by my own fault; but after I had lamented severely, some ray of hope broke in upon me; I flattered myself, like all persons in love, and supposed this displeasing accident might arise from some reasons of which I was not aware. This feeble hope did not continue long; Alamir chose to let Zayde and me believe for a time that he loved us both, in order to determine himself according to the manner in which either of us treated him; but the beauty of Zayde,  
unassisted

unassisted by any encouragement, conquered him entirely. He forgot now that he had affected to make me believe he had a passion for me; I scarcely saw him after this, and he visited me only for the sake of visiting Zayde.

I do not know whether it is necessary to tell you what I suffered, and the different motions which agitated my heart. I could not bear to see him with Zayde, and yet was so deeply enamoured; and on the other hand, I could not live without him. I had rather therefore see him with her, than not see him at all. His behaviour to her, instead of lessening my affection, encreased it. All his words and actions were so adapted to please me, that if I had been to instruct a lover in his conduct, I should have prescribed him that of Alamir to Zayde. There is also such a contagion in love, that it is dangerous to see it, though it is not addressed to one's self. Zayde told me the passion he had for her, and how far she was from returning it. Several times, when she was talking of it, I was on the point to open my heart to her, in order to engage her thereby not to suffer the prince to continue his amour; but I was afraid of doing him disservice; and I was so sensible of the misery of not being loved, that I would not contribute to make him feel it, whom I loved so dearly. And the coldness of Zayde toward him, perhaps, might assist to support me in this resolution.

The emperor's troops were so strong, that it was not questioned but Cyprus would soon fall into his hands. Upon the report of the siege, Zulema and Osmin awakened out of the deep oblivion in which they had lain so long. The Caliph began to fear them, and seemed to have a design to send them out of the way. They agreed to prevent him, and asked to command the succours which were to be sent to Cyprus; and arrived when we least expected them. This was a sensible joy to Alasinthia and Belenia; and would have been to me,

if I had been capable of it; but I was overwhelmed with grief, and Zulema's arrival gave me new trouble, lest he should approve Alamir's designs. What I apprehended happened; for Zulema, who by his residing in Africk was become more fixed in his religion than ever, was extremely desirous Zayde should change hers. He left Tunis with an intention to carry her thither, and marry her to the prince of Fez, of the house of the Idri's; but the prince of Tarsus seemed so worthy of his daughter, that he allowed his addresses. I then clearly perceived, if I did not take measures to prevent Zayde from loving him, the thing I most dreaded would befall me, to see him happy by possessing her.

His passion proceeded to that violence, that Mulziman, whom I mentioned before, and whom I conversed with sometimes, because he was Alamir's friend, made me fancy by the amazement he expressed at it, that the prince had never been subject to the like till now. Alamir acquainted Zulema with his thoughts concerning Zayde; and Zulema let Zayde understand it was his desire she should marry him. She had been under some apprehension of this; and the moment she knew it, she told it me with the highest tokens of uneasiness. I confess, I could not see what reason she had to be troubled, and thought it impossible it should be such affliction to be appointed to pass her life with Alamir.

He had so perfectly forgot his professions to me, that when Zulema informed him of the aversion Zayde expressed for him, he came to me to complain, and to implore my assistance. All my reason and constancy were ready to desert me, and I felt a grief and emotion, which he would have easily discerned, if he had not been himself assaulted with the same passion as tortured me. After a silence, which perhaps spoke but too much---I am extremely amazed, said I, at the repugnance Zayde shews to Zulema's choice, and am the unfittest person in the world to try to change her mind; for I should speak against my own judgment; and I know  
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the misfortune of being engaged with one of your nation so well, that I can never advise Zayde to run the hazard.

Alamir was highly troubled to find me so little disposed to serve him, and hoped to prevail by shewing me all his anguish, and the fulness of his passion for Zayde. What he said threw me into despair, and yet I could not forbear condoling him, through the conformity of our distresses: it was a perfect war in my thoughts. Zayde's dislike of him gave me a certain joy from the pleasure of revenge, which I tasted very strongly; and it abashed my triumph, to see her despise a man whom I adored.

I resolved to declare the condition of my heart to Zayde: before I did it, I pressed her to consider, whether she should be able always to resist Zulema's intention of marrying her to Alamir. There was no extremity, she told me, which she would not embrace, rather than consent to marry a man whose religion was so opposite to her own, and whose law allowed him to take as many wives as he pleased; but she did not believe Zulema would think of forcing her to it; and if he should, her mother would find means to prevent it. This answer of Zayde filled me with all the gladness I was capable of, and I began to have a mind to acquaint her with what I designed; but I found more difficulty in it than I imagined: at length I surmounted all the motives of pride and shame which stood in my way, and with a flood of tears informed her of my case. She was astonished, and seemed as intimately touched with my unhappy state as I could wish. Why, said she, have you concealed your sentiments so studiously from him who occasioned them? I don't question, if he had discovered them at first, but he would have placed his affection upon you; and I am persuaded, if he knew any thing of the matter, the hope of being loved by you, and my treatment of him, would very soon induce him to relinquish me. Are you willing, added she, embracing me, that I should endeavour to convince him,

him, he would do better to address himself to you than to me?---Ah! Zayde, replied I, do not take from me the only circumstance which prevents my dying of grief; I should not survive what I suffer, if Alamir were to know my thoughts; I should be inconsolable on account of my honour, and should be more so for the sake of my love. As I am, I can flatter myself, that if he knew I loved him, he would love me: I am sensible indeed, that one is not always loved for loving; yet it is a kind of hope; and slender as it is, I would not part with it, for it is all I have left me. I added also so many other reasons, to shew her that I ought not to discover my sentiments to Alamir, that she came into my opinion; and I felt a great relief by having unbosomed myself to her, and made my complaints.

In the mean time the war proceeded, and it was plain that it could not continue long. The flat country was all conquered, and Famagusta was the only town which was not surrendered. Alamir exposed himself perpetually with a valour which bordered upon despair. Mulziman spoke of it to me with extreme concern: he so frequently testified his surprize at the prince's ardent fondness of Zayde, that I could not but ask him the cause, and urge him to tell me, whether Alamir had ever been in love before he saw Zayde? He was very backward to own the reason of his wonder; but I conjured him so earnestly, that at last he related that prince's adventures.---I will not give you the particulars of them, because it would be tedious. I will only apprise you of what is necessary to make you understand Alamir, and my misfortune.

THE HISTORY OF ALAMIR, PRINCE  
OF TARSUS.

I Have already told you this prince's birth; and what I have said of his person, and my sentiments concerning him, may satisfy you that he is as amiable as a man can be. It was his ambition also, even from the first opening of his youth, to make himself beloved; and though the manner in which the Arabian women live admits not of galantry, Alamir's address, and the pleasure of surmounting difficulties, made that easy to him which would have been impossible to another. As this prince is not married, and his religion permits him to have several wives, there was not a young woman at Tarsus who did not flatter herself with the hope of that honour. This hope readily disposed them to receive him favourably; but he was very far, by his temper, from entering into an engagement which he could not break off. All he aimed at was the pleasure of being loved; as for that of loving, he knew it not. He never had any real passion; but without feeling it, he understood the art of feigning it so well, that he made all whom he thought worthy believe he was sincerely smitten. It is true also, that while he was striving to please, a desire of procuring himself to be loved supplied him with an ardour which might easily be taken for a true flame: but the moment he had accomplished his purpose, as his wishes were fully answered, and he was not enamoured enough to take any delight in love itself, separated from difficulties and amusements, his whole care was to withdraw from her whom he had pursued, and apply his courtship to another.

One of his favourites, called Selemin, was the confidant of all his amours, and was himself also concerned in several as little in earnest as his master's. The  
Arabians

Arabians celebrate certain festivals at different seasons of the year; this is the only time in which the women have any liberty; they are permitted then to walk abroad in the towns and gardens; and are present, though always veiled, at the publick plays which are performed during those days. Alamir and Selemir expected this season impatiently. It never arrived but they discovered beauties they had not known before, and found means to speak to them, and establish a sort of intelligence with them.

At one of these feasts, Alamir saw a young widow, called Naria, whose beauty, riches, and virtue, were uncommon. By accident he saw her unveiled, as she was talking to one of her slaves; the charms of her face surpris'd him, and the sight of the prince discomposed her, and she stood still a while to look at him. He perceived it; he followed her, and endeavoured to make her observe that he did so: in a word, the seeing so fair a person, and the having had a look from her, was sufficient to inspire him both with love and hope. The account he received of her virtue and her wit, heightened his ambition to gain her love, and see her, again. He sought after her diligently, and was perpetually passing to and fro by her lodging, but without perceiving her, though not without thinking she might see him; at last he met her as she was going to the baths. He was so happy two or three times as to have a view of her face; and every time he saw it, it appeared so enchanting, that he was wounded, and believed Naria was destined to put an end to his incon-  
stancies.

Several days passed, without his receiving any token by which he could judge that Naria approved his love; and he began to have an uneasiness, which disturbed his usual joy. However, he did not abandon his design of soliciting the affection of two or three others, and especially of Zeromade, who was very considerable by her father's quality, and by her beauty. The difficulties of  
seeing

of seeing her exceeded, if possible, those of seeing Naria; but he was certain Zoromade would have surmounted them, if she had not been in the power of a mother, who watched her with the utmost care. He was not therefore so eager to vanquish these obstacles, as to conquer the resistance of Naria, which proceeded wholly from herself. He had attempted several times, in vain, to gain her slaves, in order to know her days of going out, and the places where he might see her; but at length one of them, who had refused him the most obstinately, promised to inform him of all her motions. Two days after, he told the prince she was going to a garden she had out of the city, and that if he would walk round by the garden-wall, the rising ground in some places would help him to a sight of her. Alamir was not wanting to improve this intelligence; he repaired thither in disguise, and staid all the afternoon by the garden.

Toward the evening, just as he was ready to return, he saw a door open, and the slave, who was in his interest, make him a signal to approach. He fancied Naria was walking, and that he should see her at the door; he went up, and was brought into a noble summer-house, which was furnished with the richest ornaments; but nothing struck him like the sight of Naria, who was sitting under a magnificent canopy, like the figure of the Goddess of Love, with two or three of her women placed at the corner of the room. Alamir instantly threw himself at her feet, with such an air of transport and wonder, as increased the modest confusion of this beautiful woman.

I don't know, said she to him, causing him to rise, whether I ought to discover at once the inclination I have had for you, after having concealed it so long. I believe I should have hid it all my life-time, if you had been less diligent to shew me that which you have for me. But I confess, I was not able to resist a passion, which prevailed on me so fiercely, though supported by  
so



so little hope. You pleased me the first moment I saw you ; I have taken more pains to see you without being seen, than you have used to meet with me : in brief, I have been desirous to know the passion you have for me, and to be assured of it by your words, as you have assured me of it by your actions.

What assurances, O Heavens ! did Naria not receive from the words of Alamir ! She little understood this deceiving charmer. He exceeded all the hopes she had conceived of his love, and by his flattering and insinuating wit took full possession of her unwary heart. She appointed him to meet her again in the same place. He returned to Tarsus, with the pleasing reflection of being the most happy man in the whole world, and almost brought Mulziman and Selemin into the same opinion. He visited Naria often, who expressed the greatest tenderness and most sincere affection possible ; but she also apprised him, that she knew the disposition he had to change, and that she could not bear to divide his heart with another ; and therefore, if he would retain hers, he must regard that alone, and that she would break with him upon the first occasion of jealousy he gave her. Alamir answered with so many oaths and such art, that Naria depended upon an eternal fidelity. But the thought of such a strict engagement troubled him, and as he had now no difficulty nor hindrance to see her, his love began to cool. However, he always declared the same fondness. As she had no other intention than to marry him, she so little expected any objection on his part, since she loved him, and he returned her love, that she began to talk to him about their marriage. Alamir was surprised at the discourse, but had the cunning to hide it ; and Naria believed in a few days it would be accomplished.

As his love to Naria was declining, he doubled his application to Zoromade, and by the help of an aunt of Selemin, who was engaged by her nephew to assist the prince's amours, he found means to write to her. The impossi-

impossibility to see her was still the same; and thereby his flame was continually augmented.

All his hope was in a festival which was held at the beginning of the year; it was the custom at that time to make magnificent presents, and nothing is seen in the streets but slaves carrying along all sorts of rarities. Alamir sent presents to several: as Naria was haughty and stately, she resolved not to receive any which were of value. He sent her perfumes of Arabia, which were so rare, that nobody had any of them beside himself, and accompanied them with all the decorations which could make them pleasing.

Naria's passion for the prince was never more inflamed; and if she had pursued the dictates of her heart, she would have kept at home to think of him, and have forsaken all diversions where he was not present. Yet as Zoromade's mother pressed her to come to an entertainment at their house during the festival, she could not refuse her. She went, and as she entered the room, was surprised to smell the same perfumes as Alamir had presented to her. She stopped with astonishment, to ask whence came that agreeable scent; Zoromade, who was very young, and unpractised to conceal any thing, blushed and stood confounded. Her mother, seeing she made no answer, took the word, and said it was a present to her daughter from an aunt of Selemin. This reply put Naria out of doubt that it came from the prince. It had the same ornaments, she saw, as attended her's, and even more. This discovery so pierced her heart, that she pretended herself ill, and went home as really disordered as she affected to seem to be. She was high-spirited and of quick sense; the thought of being deceived by a man whom she adored, made her extremely miserable; but before she resigned herself to despair, she resolved to have plain demonstration of his treachery.

She sent him word she was ill, and could not go to any of the public diversions during the festival. Alamir came to see her, and assured her, he would be at  
none

none himself, since she should not be there; and spoke so that she almost believed she had been unjust to suspect him. Notwithstanding, as soon as he was gone, she rose, and disguised herself so, that it was impossible for him to know her. She went to the places where she supposed he would be; and the first object she encountered was Alamir in disguise; but he could not disguise himself to her. She saw he followed Zoromade, and was inseparable from her while the sports continued; the next day she watched him again, and instead of seeing him attending on Zoromade, she found him in a different disguise pursuing another woman. She mixed among the women who accompanied her whom he addressed, and came so near him, that as she passed by the place where they stood, she heard Alamir talk to her with the same air and the same expression, as had drawn herself to believe his love. Judge now what a condition Naria was in, and the cruel torture she suffered. She would have been happy at that moment, if she could have believed Zoromade was the only person he admired; she might then have imagined, his inclination for that beautiful person was the cause of his change, and have flattered herself that he had loved her before he fancied Zoromade: but when she saw him capable of using the same assiduity and the same words to two or three at one time, she discerned that she had engaged his wit, and not his heart; and had only diverted him, without making herself happy.

She went home overwhelmed with sorrow, and found there a letter from Alamir, in which he protested he had not stirred abroad, and could not bear to see any thing since he could not see her. This deceit made her understand what price to set upon all his past actions, and she was ready to die for shame of having pleased herself so long in an affair which was a mere treachery. She presently concluded what to do; she writ to him in the most pathetic manner which grief, affection, and despair could inspire; and without apprising him of her late adventure,

adventure, bid him farewell for ever. He was amazed at the letter, and even troubled; for Naria's wit and beauty were so great, that they made the inconstancy of Alamir himself regret his loss.

He related the matter to Mulziman, who reproached him for his conduct. You deceive yourself, said he, if you fancy the manner in which you have treated the women, is consistent with the principles of true honour. ---I desire, answered Alamir, stung with the reproof, to justify myself to you, and have too high an esteem for you, to let you remain in so false an opinion of me. Do you think I was to blame in not loving faithfully one who never loved me with sincerity?---But do you think, interrupted Mulziman, to justify yourself by accusing those you have loved? Has any of them deceived you? And did not Naria love you with an undissembled and real passion?---Naria, replied Alamir, thought she loved me; whereas she loved my rank, and the dignity to which I could exalt her. I have found nothing but vanity and ambition in all the women; they have loved the prince, and not Alamir. A proud desire to make a shining conquest, to raise themselves, and escape from that uneasy state of life to which they are subjected, has excited in them that which you call love; as the pleasure of being loved, and a zeal to break through difficulties, has produced that in me which in their eyes seemed a passion.

I believe you wrong Naria, answered Mulziman, and that she truly loved your person.---Naria talked of marrying me, said Alamir, as well as the rest; but I do not know whether her passion was more sincere.---What, returned Mulziman, you would have a woman love you then, and not think of marrying you!--Yes, said Alamir; I would not have them entertain such a thought, since I am above those who pretend to me. I would allow them to imagine it, if they did not know me for what I am, and thought it would be a fault in them to marry me. But while they regard me as a prince, who can bestow both promotion and liberty, I shall never think

think myself much obliged to them for forming such a design, nor take it for love. You would see, added he, I am not incapable of loving sincerely, if I could find a person who loved me, without knowing who I am.--- You require an impossible thing, replied Mulziman, in order to shew your fidelity; and if you were capable of constancy, you would have it, without waiting for such an extraordinary occasion.

Alamir's impatience to know how things stood with Naria, made him break off the conversation; he went to her house, and was told she was set out for Mecca, and it was uncertain what road she had taken, or when she would return. This was sufficient to cause him to forget Naria; he now thought only of Zoromade, who was guarded so strictly, that all his invention was in a manner ineffectual. Being at a loss how to procure a sight of her, he resolved to run the hazard of the most daring attempt in the world, namely, to conceal himself in one of the houses where the women go to bathe.

He wrote to Zoromade, and informed her what hazard he was determined to run to see her, and begged her to instruct him what he should do to speak with her. Zoromade could hardly consent to his undertaking this dangerous attempt; but at last, being pushed on by the passion she had for him, and forced to it by the insupportable constraint in which the Arabian women live, she sent him word, That if he found means to get into the bathing-house, he should take care to distinguish the apartment she used, in which there was a closet where he might conceal himself; that she would not bathe, but that while her mother was in the bath, she would talk with him. Alamir was overjoyed at having so difficult an enterprize to execute; he gained the master of the baths by noble presents, and learned the day when Zoromade would be there; he went in by night, and was led to the apartment with the closet, and waited there for the morning with all the impatience of a man truly in love.

Near



Near the hour when Zoromade was to come, he heard a noise in the chamber of several persons coming in; and in a little while the noise abated, and somebody opened the closet-door. He expected to see Zoromade; but instead of her he saw a strange woman, richly dressed, and whose beauty was in all the flower and simplicity of youth. She was as surprised at seeing Alamir, as he at seeing her. He was no less qualified than she, to create wonder by the amiableness of his person, and the magnificence of his habit; and it was such an extraordinary thing to see a man in that place, that if he had not made a sign to her not to speak, she had cried out, and brought in all the company in the chamber upon him. She went up to Alamir, who was charmed with the adventure; and asked him, by what accident he came there? It would be too long, he answered, to tell her; but he intreated her not to speak of it, nor ruin a man, who valued not the danger he was in, since it had given him the view of the most beautiful person in the whole world. She blushed with an air of innocence and modesty, sufficient to touch a heart less sensible than that of Alamir.---I should be very sorry, answered she, to do any thing which may hurt you; but you have run a great risque by coming in here, and I do not know how you will escape.---I know it, madam, said he; but this is not the greatest danger with which I am threatened to-day.

After these words, the sense of which he presumed she understood, he begged her to tell him who she was, and how she happened to come to that closet.---My name, said she, is Elfiberi; I am daughter of the governor of Lemnos; my mother has been at Tarsus but two days, and was never here before. She is now bathing; I chose not to bathe, and came to this closet by chance.---But I conjure you, added she, to inform me also who you are.---Alamir was pleased to meet a young woman who did not know him. He told her he was called Selemin; as he spoke he heard a noise; Elfiberi went to the closet-

door to keep any one from entering; Alamir followed her a few steps, not heeding the extreme hazard he run by it.---May not one hope, madam, said he, to see you again?---I cannot tell, replied she much agitated, but I think it is not impossible.---Thus saying, she went out, and shut the door.

Alamir was charmed with his adventure; he had never seen any thing so beautiful and enchanting as Elfibéri; he believed he had not displeased her; she did not know him to be the prince of Tarsus; in short, there was every circumstance in her, which could move him; and he stay'd in the closet till night, without reflecting that he came thither to see Zoromade, so full was he of the idea of Elfibéri.

Zoromade was not so easy; she loved Alamir entirely, and the hazard to which she knew he was exposed, and her not being able to improve that opportunity, gave her the highest vexation: for her mother not being very well did not care to bathe, and the apartment she generally used was given to the mother of Elfibéri.

At his return Alamir found a letter from Zoromade, which informed him of what I have told you, and acquainted him also, that there was a talk of marrying her; but this she said gave her no apprehensions, since he might hinder the marriage, by discovering his intention concerning her to her father. He shewed the letter to Mulziman, to convince him that all the women were actuated only by the prospect of marrying him; he related the adventure at the bath, and magnified Elfibéri's charms, and expressed his joy to think, that without knowing he was the prince, she admired his person. He assured him he had at last met with one who deserved to engage his heart, and it should now be seen whether he had not a sincere affection for Elfibéri. Finally, he resolved to forsake all gallantries, and devote himself wholly to her. It was almost impossible for him to see her, especially since he would not make himself known to be the prince of Tarsus. The first thing he thought of,

of, therefore, was to conceal himself in the bathing-house ; but he heard Elfiberi's mother was ill, and that her daughter did not stir from her.

In the mean time Zoromade's marriage advanced, and the despair to see herself deserted by the prince, induced her to consent to it. As her father was very considerable, and the person she espoused was not less, it was agreed to celebrate the nuptials in great form. Alamir understood that Elfiberi was to be there. The manner in which a wedding is performed among the Arabians, gave him no ground to hope he should be able to see her, the women being placed a-part from the men both at the mosque and at the feast. He resolved, however, to attempt a thing as dangerous as what he had lately hazarded for Zoromade. He feigned himself ill upon the day, in order to excuse his assisting publicly at the ceremony ; and dressing in women's clothes with a large veil over his head, as they always wear when they go abroad, he went to the mosque with Selemin's aunt. He saw Elfiberi come in ; and though she was veiled, her shape had something so particular, and her habit was so different from the habit of Tarsus, that he was confident he was not mistaken. He followed her just to the place where the marriage was performed, and stood so near Zoromade, that he could not resist the sudden impulse of his natural temper to discover himself, and tell her he had put on that disguise only for the sake of seeing her. The sight of him so discomposed Zoromade, that she drew back, and turning toward Alamir, It is inhuman, said she, to trouble my peace, by an action which might persuade me you loved me, if I did not know the contrary too well ; but I hope I shall not suffer the evils you have plunged me in long. She could say no more, and Alamir could not make her an answer. The rites were finished, and the women withdrew to their apartment.

Alamir minded not the grief of Zoromade ; all his concern was, how to speak to Elfiberi. He kneeled

down by her, and began to make his prayers aloud, after the custom of the Arabians. Amidst the confused murmurs of a multitude of people who are all speaking at once, it is difficult to hear what any one says, unless one is close by. Alamir, without turning his head toward Elfiberi, or changing his prayer-tone, called to her several times; she turned that way, and when he discerned that she looked at him, he let fall a book; and as he took it up, he opened his veil a little, and discovered to her a face whose youth and beauty did not ill-become the habit he had on. His disguise, he perceived, did not prevent her knowing him; however, he asked her, whether he was so happy as to be known. Elfiberi, whose veil was not brought quite over her face, cast her eyes toward him, and without moving her head, I know you too well, said she, but I tremble at your danger. ---There is nothing to which I would not expose myself, answered he, rather than not see you.---It was not to see me, said she, that you ventured into the bathing-house, and perhaps it is not on my account you are here. ---It is for you alone, madam, replied he, and you shall see me run the same hazard every day, if you do not afford me the means of speaking with you.---To-morrow, said she, I go to the Caliph's palace with my mother; do you be there with the prince; my veil will be open, because it is the first time of my going. She said no more, lest she should be heard by the women who were near her.

Alamir was strangely embarrassed at her appointing him that place of meeting. He knew very well, that the first time women of quality are brought to the caliph's palace, if the caliph, or the princes his children, enter the room where they are, they do not let down their veils; but after that, they are veiled whenever they go thither. Thus was Alamir certain of seeing Elfiberi; but to see her, he must discover himself to be the prince of Tarsus, which was what he could not be willing to do. The pleasure to be loved for his person alone,

alone, was so sensible, that he would not quit it; and yet it troubled him to lose an opportunity of seeing Elfibéri, and an opportunity which she herself had given him. The jealousy she had intimated at finding him in the bath-house, since he was not there on her account, obliged him also to neglect nothing which might convince her of the truth of his affection. This embarrassment made him stand a long time without answering; at last he asked, if he might not write to her.--I dare not trust to any body, said she; but try if you can gain a slave called Zabelec.

Alamir was satisfied with these words; the company left the temple, and he went to change his habit, and consider what to do the next day. As difficult as it seemed to hide his quality from Elfibéri, and what trouble soever it gave him, by obliging him to avoid her whom he had the greatest desire to see, he resolved to undertake it; and discover whether he was really loved, without the recommendation of his birth. Having determined in what manner to proceed, he wrote Elfibéri the following letter :

“ IF I had any merit to plead with you, or you had  
“ given me any hope, I should not perhaps request the  
“ thing I am going to ask of you, though I think I  
“ should have much more reason to desire it. But,  
“ madam, as you scarcely know me, I dare not flatter  
“ myself with having made any impression in your heart;  
“ you are engaged to me neither by your sentiments,  
“ nor your words; and you will go to-morrow to a  
“ place, where you will see a prince, who never beheld  
“ a beauty which he did not love. What ought I not  
“ to fear, madam, from this interview? I can have no  
“ doubt of Alamir’s loving you; and though it is fan-  
“ tastical, perhaps, to be afraid so much as I am, of  
“ your seeing the prince, and of his being happy enough  
“ to please you, I cannot forbear intreating you not to  
“ see him. Why will you refuse it me, madam? It is



“ no favour that I ask you ; and it may be, I am the  
“ only man who has ever sued for such a thing. I am  
“ sensible it must seem very odd to you ; but it seems  
“ more so to myself. Do not deny this kindness to a  
“ man who has exposed even his life, to be able merely  
“ to tell you he loves you.”

Having writ this letter, he put on a disguise in order to go himself with some in whom he confided, to find out the slave Elfiberi had mentioned. He watched about the governor of Lemnos's house so sharply, that at last he met with an old slave who undertook to bring Zabelec to him. He saw him coming at a distance, and was surprised at the fine shape of the youth, and the sweetness of his aspect. Alamir had planted himself privately in a blind corner of a portico, and Zabelec made up briskly to him, as if he had been one of his acquaintance. When he drew near, the prince, without shewing himself in the light, began to speak to him about Elfiberi. The slave hearing a voice he did not know, changed countenance at once ; and having fetched a deep sigh, cast down his eyes, and stood silent, in so sorrowful a posture, that Alamir could not forbear asking him the reason.---I thought, answered he, I had known the person who sent for me, and did not imagine it was somebody who wanted to talk to me about Elfiberi : but make an end ; for whatever relates to Elfiberi, touches me nearly, Alamir was embarrassed at the manner in which the slave answered ; however, he finished what he was going to say, and gave him a letter, discovering himself to him only by the name of Selemin. The concern and beauty of the slave made the prince fancy he was some lover of Elfiberi, who was disguised in order to be near her person. The trouble he saw him in when he spoke of getting him to deliver a letter, would not let him doubt it ; yet he thought if Elfiberi had known this slave was her lover, she would not have chosen him to convey to her a rival's letter. In short,  
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this accident perplexed him; and taking it in any view, this slave appeared too handsome, and had an air too much above his condition, for him to bear his being with Elfiberi without uneasiness.

He expected the next day with variety of restless thoughts, and went early to the apartment of the Princess his mother; never had a lover been so impatient to see his mistress, as Alamir was now desirous not to see his; and never had a lover so much reason to wish not to see her. If Elfiberi did not come to the palace, he concluded it was in compliance with his request, and that it was a sign also she had received the letter he had put into Zabelec's hands; and that if the slave had delivered it, he could not be a rival; and her not accompanying her mother, would shew he had fixed a good intelligence with her, and had no rival, and might hope she loved him. He was full of these thoughts, when word was brought him that Elfiberi's mother was arrived; and he had the pleasure to see she was not attended by her daughter. Never was transport equal to his. He withdrew, not being willing his mistress's mother should know his face, and went home to wait till the hour came which he had appointed to speak with Zabelec.

The handsome slave returned to meet him, with the same sadness in his aspect as he had shewn the day before, and brought him Elfiberi's answer. The prince was charmed with the letter, which expressed a decent modesty mingled with much affection. She assured him, she had the complaisance for him not to see the prince of Tarsus, and could grant him such a favour without any reluctance; she prayed him also to run no risque to see her, because her natural fearfulness, and the manner in which she was guarded, would render any thing he could undertake ineffectual.

Though Alamir was highly satisfied with the letter, he could not reconcile himself to the beauty and dejectedness of this slave; he asked him several questions concerning what means he should employ to see Elfiberi;

but the slave answered him very coldly. This increased the prince's suspicions; and as he found himself more touched with Elfibéri's beauty than he had ever been with any other, he was afraid of falling into the same condition as that into which he had brought all those whom he had loved, and of being engaged with one who had an inclination to another. However, he wrote to her every day, and obliged her to inform him of the places whither she went; and his love made him so careful to avoid her in public, where she might know him for the prince, that he was studious to contrive ways of seeing her in private. He viewed all the avenues of the house where she lodged narrowly, and observed, that at the head of the terrace there was a sort of balcony over a little street, which was so narrow, that one might hold discourse at the balcony from a house on the other side of the way. He easily possessed himself of that house; and wrote to Elfibéri, conjuring her that she would be upon the terrace at night, and acquainting her he should be able to talk with her there. She came, and Alamir conversed with her without being overheard, and it was not so dark, but he had the pleasure to distinguish those beauties which so inflamed his heart.

They entered into a long conversation about their mutual sentiments for each other. Elfibéri desired him to explain what occasion had carried him to the bathing-house. He confessed the truth to her, and told her all that had passed between Zoromade and himself. Young persons are too much delighted with this sort of treachery, to fear the consequences of it for themselves. Elfibéri had a passionate inclination for Alamir, and this conversation took intire possession of her; and they agreed to meet again in the same place. Just as he was going away, he happened to turn his head, and was strangely surprised to see, in a corner of the balcony, that handsome slave, who had already given him so much disturbance.

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He could not conceal his uneasiness; and resuming the discourse, If I expressed a jealousy, said he to Elfibéri, the first time I wrote to you, shall I presume to shew it also, madam, the first time I talk with you? Persons of your quality, I know, have always slaves about them; but I think not of the age and air as he whom I see with you. I own that what I know of Zabelec's person and wit, renders him as formidable to me as if he were the prince of Tarsus. Elfibéri smiled at his words, and calling the handsome slave, Come hither, Zabelec, said she, and cure Selemin of the jealousy you give him; for I will not venture to do it without your consent.-- I should be glad, madam, answered Zabelec, if you could prevail on yourself to leave him under it. I do not wish it for my own interest, but for yours, and for fear of those misfortunes into which, I see clearly, you are plunging yourself. But, sir, continued the slave, addressing himself to the prince, taking him only for Selemin, it is not just to leave you in a suspicion of Elfibéri's virtue.

I am an unhappy woman who came into her service by accident. I am a Christian, a Greek, and of a birth far above the condition in which you see me. My beauty, such as it was, of which perhaps there are no tokens remaining, procured me several lovers in my youth; but I found in them so little sincerity, and so much deceit, that I regarded them with contempt. One more faithless than the rest, who yet understood to dissemble better, engaged my love. I broke off, for his sake, a marriage very advantageous for my fortune; my relations persecuted us; he was obliged to withdraw; he married me, and I disguised myself in a man's habit, and followed him. We embarked, and in the same vessel was a very handsome woman, whom some extraordinary occasions obliged likewise to go to Asia. My husband fell in love with her; we were attacked by the Arabians, and taken; they divided the slaves; and it was offered my husband, and one of his relations, to be among the slaves which

fell to the share of the lieutenant of the ship, or of the captain. The lot had given me to the last, and by an ingratitude without example, I saw him chuse to go with the lieutenant, for the sake of accompanying the woman whom he loved. Neither my presence, nor my tears, nor what I had done for him, nor the condition in which he left me, was able to move him. You may imagine my grief: I was brought hither; and my good fortune put me into the hands of Elfibéri's father. Though I had seen my husband's faithlessness, I could not quite lay aside the hope of his returning; and it was this which caused those alterations you observed in my countenance, the first day I talked with you. I was in hope it was he who sent for me; and as groundless as my hope was, I was not able to lose it without sorrow. I do not oppose the inclination Elfibéri has for you, knowing, by a bitter experience, how vain it is to contradict such sort of sentiments; but I lament it, and foresee the sharp trouble you will occasion her. She has never had a passion, and is going to have for you an affection as sincere and true as any man, who has ever been loved, can deserve.

When Zabelec had done, Elfibéri told Alamir, that her father and mother knew her quality, her sex, and her merit; but for reasons which she had to keep herself unknown, they caused her to be treated in appearance as a slave. The prince was surprised at Zabelec's wit and virtue; and was overjoyed to understand his jealousy was thus without foundation. He perceived also so many charms, and such sincerity in the sentiments of Elfibéri, that he was persuaded she was the only person who had loved him. She loved him with no other design than to love him, and without thinking what would be the end of her passion. She did not inform herself of his fortune or his intention; and put all to hazard to see him, and blindly did whatever he could wish. To another person, the conduct he desired of her would have been a constraint; for as he designed she should still take him for Selemin, he was forced to hinder her

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her being at some public feasts, where he was obliged to appear as the prince: but she thought nothing difficult to please him.

Alamir was happy for a time in being loved merely for his own sake; at last it came into his mind, that though Elfiberi had loved him without knowing he was the prince of Tarsus, she would not scruple, perhaps, to leave him for a man who should appear under that quality. He resolved to put her heart to this trial, and to make the true Selemin personate the prince, and profess love to her, and to see with his own eyes after what manner she would treat him. He imparted his intention to Selemin, and they concerted the proper means to execute it. Alamir made a horse-race, and told Elfiberi, that in order to give her some part of that diversion, he would get the prince to pass along with the whole troop before her window; that they would both have on the same habit, and ride side by side; and though he was always apprehensive of her seeing Alamir, he thought himself too sure of her heart to fear the prince's drawing her eyes, especially when he should be near enough to share them with him.

Elfiberi was persuaded hereby, that he whom she should see with her lover, was the prince of Tarsus; and the next day seeing the real Selemin with Alamir, she made no question of his being the prince. She discerned also that her lover had abused her in representing Alamir as such a formidable man, and thought he was not so agreeable as he whom she believed to be his favourite. She did not forget to tell Alamir her opinion; but this was not sufficient to satisfy him; and he resolved to try, whether this sham prince would not win her heart, if he seemed to be in love with her, and proposed to marry her.

At one of the feasts of the Arabians, where the prince was not obliged to appear in public, he told Elfiberi that Alamir would disguise himself in order to come into her company; he did so literally, and took

Selemin with him. They drew near Elfiberi, and Selemin called to her twice or thrice. As she was thinking of Alamir, she concluded this was he, and taking a time when nobody minded her, she lifted up her veil, to let him see her, and to talk to him; but she was surprised to find at her elbow the man who, she thought, was the prince of Tarsus. Selemin appeared extremely touched with her beauty, and would have spoke to her, but she would not hear him; and made up close to her mother in great disturbance, so that Selemin could not fall in with her again all that day.

At night Alamir met her at the terrace, and she told him all that had happened with so exact a truth, and such a wonderful fear lest he should suspect she had contributed to it, that he ought to have been entirely easy. Nevertheless he was not contented; he engaged the old slave, whom he had found very obnoxious to presents, to deliver her a letter from the prince. When the slave would have put it into her hand, she rejected it, and reprimanded him severely. She gave Alamir an account of it, who knew it before, and rejoiced exceedingly in his deceit. To finish what he had designed, he brought Selemin to the terrace, where he used to meet Elfiberi, and hid himself, so that she could not see him, while he could hear all they said. Elfiberi's surprize was incredible, when she saw upon the terrace him whom she believed to be the prince. Her first inclination was to retire; but a suspicion that her lover made a sacrifice of her to the prince, and a desire to discover it, kept her there a few moments. I will not say, madam, cried Selemin, whether it is by my own artifice, or the consent of him whom you expected to find here, that I supply the place appointed for him; nor will I say, whether he is ignorant of the sentiments I have for you, or not; you may judge of that by the probability of it, and by the power which the quality of the prince is able to give me over him. I shall only say, that by one view alone you have done that in me,  
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which the longest passions have not been able to effect. I was always against entering into any engagements, and propose to myself no other happiness at present than that of prevailing on you to accept the same dignity as I possess. You are the only person to whom I will offer it. Consider it, madam, before you refuse me ; and think that in refusing the prince of Tarsus, you refuse the only thing which can deliver you from that eternal captivity to which you are destined.

Elisberi did not hear all the imaginary prince said to her ; but as soon as he gave her ground to believe her lover had sacrificed her to his ambition, without replying to what he had said, I don't know, sir, cried she, what accident brought you hither ; but however it happened, I can converse with you no longer ; and I desire you will not take it ill that I leave you. At this she quitted the terrace immediately, with Zabelec, who had attended her, and withdrew to her chamber, not less disturbed, than Alamir was delighted and pleased. He saw with joy, that she despised the offer of so exalted a fortune, at the same time as she had reason to conclude, he had deceived her ; and he could no longer doubt she was proof to the impressions of ambition which he had suspected. On the morrow he attempted again to get a letter delivered to her from the prince, to see whether she had not altered her mind ; but the old slave who went to give it her, was rebuffed as smartly as before.

Elisberi passed the night with inexpressible grief ; in all appearance her lover had betrayed her ; nobody else could have communicated their intelligence, and the place of their meeting ; yet the tenderness she had for him, would not suffer her to condemn him without a hearing. She saw him the next day ; and he knew so well how to make her believe he had been betrayed by one of his servants, and that the caliph, at his son's desire, had detained him part of the night to prevent his being at the terrace, that he justified himself completely, and persuaded her he was extremely concerned

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at the prince's passion. But the beautiful slave was not satisfied so easily as Elfiberi; her experience of the deceitfulness of men would not let her give credit to the words of the pretended Selemin. She endeavoured in vain to shew Elfiberi that he imposed upon her; but a little after, chance furnished her with an opportunity to accomplish it.

The true Selemin was not so busied with the prince's amours, as to have none of his own. The person with whom he was in love, had for her confidant a young female slave, who was violently impassioned of Zabelec, whom she took for a man. She told Zabelec the intrigue of Selemin and her mistress, and the manner of their interviews. Zabelec, who knew Alamir by no other name than that of Selemin, informed herself by this slave of all which might convince Elfiberi of her lover's unfaithfulness, and went to acquaint her with it the same moment. No affliction could exceed that of Elfiberi; whose grief, as pungent as it was, did not carry her into a rage against him who caused it. Zabelec did all she could, to make her see Alamir no more, and not to listen to his justifications, which would be only so many new delusions; and Elfiberi would willingly have followed her counsel, but she was not able.

Alamir met her the same evening upon the terrace, and was astonished when Elfiberi began their conversation with a torrent of tears, and then with such tender reproaches as would have pierced even one who did not love her, to the heart. He could not conceive what she could accuse him of, nor to what fantastical accident it was owing, that as he had never been faithful unless to herself, she was almost the only person who had taxed him with falshood. He defended himself with all the force of truth; but as much inclined as Elfiberi was to believe him innocent, she could not trust his words. He pressed her to name the woman with whom she accused him of being in love. She did, and related the circumstances of their correspondence at large. Alamir

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was surpris'd when he found it was only the name of Selemin which made him appear culpable, and was exceedingly embarrassed after what manner to clear himself. He could not resolve upon the spot; and only affirmed his innocence with new oaths, without entering into any other excuses. His perplexity, and such general expressions, left Elfiberi fully persuaded of his treachery.

In the mean time the prince went to report his misfortune to Selemin, and consult the measures with him to vindicate his innocence. I would for your sake, said Selemin, break off with the person I love, if it would do you any service; but though I should forbear to see her, Elfiberi will always believe you was once unfaithful, and will accordingly distrust you. If you would cure her absolutely of her suspicions, I am of opinion, you must own to her who you are, and who I am. She has loved you, and your quality has had no share in her passion; she has believed me to be the prince of Tarsus, and has despised me for your sake: and this, I think, is all that you desired.---You are in the right, my dear Selemin, cried the prince, but I know not how to declare my birth to Elfiberi; I shall lose by it that which has charmed me, and shall hazard the only real pleasure I ever had; and I can't tell whether the passion I have for her will not entirely vanish.---Consider, sir, replied Selemin, that by continuing to pass under my name, you will lose Elfiberi's heart, and in losing that, you will certainly lose all the pleasure which your mistaken imagination makes you idly fear you shall not know again.

Selemin spoke with so much strength of argument, that Alamir agreed to declare the truth of the case to Elfiberi. He informed her of it the same evening; and never did any one pass in a moment from a condition so deplorable to one so happy; she perceived the marks of a very sincere and delicate passion in all those things which had seemed deceptions, and had the pleasure to demonstrate.



monstrate she loved Alamir sincerely, without knowing he was the prince ; in a word, her heart could scarcely contain her joy ; she shewed it all to Alamir ; but he suspected it, and fancied the prince of Tarsus had some part in it, and that her gladness to find she had him for her lover, was what transported her so much. However, he hid it from her, and visited her constantly. Zabelec was surpris'd to see herself mistaken in distrusting the love of men, and envied Elfiberi's good fortune in meeting with one who was faithful.

She had not reason to envy her long. It was impossible but such extraordinary things as Alamir had done for Elfiberi, should give a new vivacity to her passion : The prince perceived it ; this increase of love appeared fallacious to him, and occasioned him the same uneasiness as an abatement of it would have done. In short, he was so persuaded that the prince of Tarsus was better loved than Alamir had been under the name of Selemin, that his affection began to cool, though he had no new object to divert it. He had been in so many amours, and the present had at first something so engaging in it, as made him regardless of all others. Elfiberi insensibly put an end to his love ; and though she endeavoured to deceive herself, she was not able to doubt of her misfortune, when she understood the prince was going to travel over Greece, and heard of his design before he told it her. The disquiet he met with at Tarsus inspired him with this resolution ; nor could the intreaties and tears of Elfiberi prevail on him not to execute it.

The beautiful slave now saw that her destiny was not more unhappy than that of Elfiberi, and all the consolation Elfiberi had was to mingle complaints with her. Zabelec heard that her husband was killed ; and notwithstanding his horrible falshood to her, she was heartily concerned. As her reasons for concealing herself ceased with his death, she begged Elfiberi's father to give her the freedom he had offered her so often. He did ; and she resolved to return, and pass the remainder of her life

life in her own country, withdrawn from all conversation with men. She had talked several times to Elfiberi of the Christian religion; and Elfiberi being moved with what she said, and with Alamir's inconstancy, for which she expected no relief, determined to become a Christian and follow Zabelec, and live with her in a profound forgetfulness of all earthly passions. Accordingly she went away, giving her relations no other notice, than by a letter which she left behind.

Alamir had begun his travels, and understood by a letter from Selemin what I have told you about Elfiberi. In what place soever she is, it would perhaps be a comfort to her to know how well she is revenged of Alamir's treachery, by the violent passion the beauty of Zayde has given him.

He arrived in Cyprus, and fell in love with that princess, as I told you, after he had been wavering for a while between her and me: he loved her with a passion so different from any he experienced before, that he was beside himself. He had always declared his love the very moment it began, and was never in fear of offending by it those whom he addressed; but he scarcely dared to let Zayde even conjecture this which he had for her. This alteration amazed him; but when the vehemence of his love forced him to own it to her, and he perceived her indifference served only to enrage it, and saw this treatment made him desperate, without extinguishing his love, and that he had no prospect it would ever cease, he felt a sorrow not to be described.

After Zayde's father arrived, and she had so strongly declared her resolution not to marry him, his despair augmented, and put him upon seeking after death with joy.

This is the sum, continued Felima, of what I learned from Mulziman: perhaps I have been too particular; but you will forgive me, remembering the pleasure which persons in love find in talking of those they love, though at the same time the subject may be disagreeable.

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Don Olmond assured her she was so far from standing in need to excuse the length of her story, that he was under great obligations to her for informing him of Alamir's adventures; and desiring her to proceed, she thus resumed the discourse,

You may believe that what I knew of the actions and temper of Alamir gave me no hope, since I understood the only way to be loved by him was not to love him. Yet I did not love him the less for it; the dangers to which he exposed himself every day, troubled me excessively; I fancied every blow would fall upon his head, and that nobody was in hazard but he. I was so overwhelmed, that I thought my miseries could receive no addition; but Fortune overtook me with a calamity more terrible than all I had already suffered.

Some days after Mulziman had told me Alamir's adventures, I spoke of them to Zayde, and reflected so deeply on my wretched destiny, that my face was bathed in tears. One of Zayde's women passed through the room where we were, and, unperceived by me, left the door open. I must own I am very unhappy, said I to Zayde, in being fond of a man who is in all respects so unworthy of the sentiments I have for him. As I finished these words, I heard somebody in the chamber, and thought it was the woman who went through; but how was I surpris'd and troubled when I saw it was Alamir, and that he was so near me that I could not doubt his overhearing my last expressions! My concern, and the tears which ran down my cheeks, deprived me of the means of preventing his perceiving that what I had said was true. My spirits failed me; I lost my speech; I wished to die, and was in a disorder not to be uttered. To complete my distress, the princess Alasinthia entered the room accompanied with several ladies, who all went up to Zayde; so that I was left alone with Alamir.

The prince looked on me with an air which shewed he was afraid to increase the confusion in which he saw me: I am very sorry, madam, said he, that I came in

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at a time when I believe you would have been heard only by Zayde. But, madam, since it has happened otherwise, suffer me to ask, whether it is possible a man who is happy enough not to displease you, can provoke you to say he is in all respects unworthy of the kindness you have for him. I am very sensible, there is no man who can deserve the least degree of your favour; but is there any one who can give you reason to complain of his sentiments? Be not displeased, madam, that I have entered into some part of your confidence; you shall not find me unworthy of it; and as careful as you have been to conceal what I have now discovered, I shall be highly thankful for a thing which I owe wholly to chance.

Alamir would have spoke long enough, if he had waited till I had strength to interrupt him: I was so beside myself, and so assailed with the fear of letting him know it was he of whom I complained, and with grief to have him think I loved another, that it was impossible for me to answer him. Alamir imputed all my embarrassment to my uneasiness at his imagining I was in love. I see, madam, replied he, that you are much concerned at my being your confidant; but you do me injustice. Can any one have more respect for you than I have, or be more interested to please you? You have an absolute power over the beautiful princess, on whom my destiny depends: let me know, madam, who he is you complain of; and if I have as much influence over him, as you have over her I adore, you shall see whether I shall not make him understand his own happiness, and render him worthy of your goodness.

Alamir's words heightened my trouble and disorder; he pressed me again to tell him of whom I complained; but all those reasons which made him earnest to know it, made me think him very unworthy to be informed. At last Zayde, who guessed what a perplexity I was in, came up and interrupted us; nor had I the power to say so much as a single word to Alamir. I went away without looking at him. My body not being able to support the

the agitation of my spirits, I fell ill the same night, and my indisposition lasted a long time.

When I began to be well enough to admit company, I avoided as much as I could all occasions of seeing Alamir; when I saw him, I perceived he observed me strictly, to discover by my actions who was the person I spoke of. The more I saw he observed me, the worse I treated those who loved me. Though there were several whose quality and merit I ought not to have been ashamed of, there was not one whom my vanity did not despise. I could not bear that Alamir should believe I loved without having my love returned, for by this I should have seemed less worthy of him.

The emperor's troops pressed Famagusta so hard, that the Arabians were universally of opinion they must abandon it. Zulema and Osmin resolved to put us on board with the princesses Alafintha and Bellenia; Alamir also determined to leave Cyprus, both in order to follow Zayde, and to quit a place where he could be no longer serviceable. He had still a restless curiosity to know who the person was he heard me speak of; and when we were just ready to depart, and he saw my concern did not increase, Though you forsake Cyprus, said he, without shewing new marks of affliction, it is impossible, madam, but your departure must affect you; do me the favour then to acquaint me, who it is you have at heart. There is not a man here whom I cannot easily engage to go to Africk, and you will have the pleasure to see him, without his knowing that you have desired it.---I have not been solicitous, answered I, to remove an opinion which you embraced upon appearances probable enough; but I assure you, notwithstanding, that those appearances are deceitful. I leave no person behind me at Famagusta whom I regard; nor does this arise from any change which has happened in my heart.---I understand you, madam, replied Alamir; he who has been so happy as to please you, is not here; I should in vain look for him among your admirers; for he left  
Cyprus



Cyprus undoubtedly before I had the honour to see you. ---It was neither before you saw me, nor since you came hither, answered I shortly, that any one has been happy enough to please me; and I beg you will speak to me no more about a thing which offends me.

Alamir observing I answered him in anger, said no more of it, and assured me he would not mention it again; and I was very glad to put an end to a conversation in which I was always in danger of letting that be seen which I so ardently desired to conceal. We embarked, and our voyage was so prosperous at first, that we had no reason to expect it would end in a wreck so unhappy as that which we suffered upon the coast of Spain, as I shall tell you presently.

Felima was going on in her story, when word came that her mother was worse than ordinary. Though I have much more to tell you, said she to Don Olmond at leaving him, I have told you enough to make you sensible that my life is involved in Alamir's, and to engage you to keep the promise you have given me.--- I will keep it exactly, madam, replied he; but I desire you will remember also that you are to relate to me the rest of your adventures.

The next day he went to the king; who the moment he saw him, being willing to satisfy the impatience and uneasiness which appeared in Gonsalvo's face, took them both into his closet, and ordered Don Olmond to say if he had seen Felima, and whether she had told him what interest she had in saving Alamir. Don Olmond, without seeming to enter into the reasons of the king's curiosity after that prince's adventures, made an exact recital of all he had learned by Felima of her passion for Alamir, and of Alamir's for Zayde, and of what had befallen them till their leaving Cyprus. When he had done, he judged rightly that his presence would be a constraint upon the conversation between the king and Gonsalvo, and in order to leave them at liberty, he pretended he was obliged to return to Oropeze.

As soon as he was gone, the king looking on his favourite with an air which expressed the sentiments he had for him, Do you think now, said he, that Zayde loves Alamir, and that it was she who made Felima write? Don't you see how groundless your fears were?--- No, sir, answered Gonfhalvo sorrowfully; all Don Olmond has related, does not satisfy me that I have not reason to be afraid. Zayde, perhaps, did not love Alamir at first, or concealed it from Felima, seeing the love she had for him; but whom should she lament, when she was shipwrecked on the coast of Spain, unless it was Alamir, who she believed was dead? Whom can I resemble, but this prince? Felima has mentioned no other in her story: Zayde has deceived her, sir, or has not owned to her the sentiments she had for him till since she was at Alphonso's. What I have heard does not change my former opinion; and I am afraid what I have yet to hear will confirm it, rather than alter it.

It was so late when Gonfhalvo left the king, that he ought to have gone to rest; but his concern would not permit him. Felima's relation inflamed his curiosity, and left him still in that cruel uncertainty, under which he had been so long. Toward the morning an officer of the army, who was come back from Oropeze, brought him a letter from Don Olmond, which he opened, and found as follows;

“ FELIMA has kept her word, and told me the  
“ rest of her adventures. It is only her love of Alamir,  
“ which has made her so anxious for his life. Zayde  
“ does not interest herself in it; and if any one has an  
“ interest in Zayde, Alamir is not the man of whom  
“ he ought to be jealous.”

These lines threw Gonfhalvo into a new embarrassment, and made him think he was mistaken only in believing she loved Alamir, but not in judging that she was in love. The letter he saw her write at Alphonso's,

and what he had heard her say at Tortofa concerning a first inclination, and the note he had now received from Don Olmond, would not suffer him to doubt it; and since Zayde's heart was engaged, he thought he should be equally unhappy; however, as he could not conceive the person, it gave him some comfort, to learn it was not the prince of Tarsus.

In the mean time the Moors made proposals of peace, which were too advantageous to be rejected. Commissioners were named on each side to settle the articles, and a truce was granted. Gonsalvo had a share in all the counsels; yet as deeply employed as he was by the important affairs which the king committed to his care, his mind ran more upon discovering who was this secret rival whom he had never heard mentioned. He waited for Don Olmond with the most restless impatience; and at last desired the king either to send for him to the camp, or allow him to go to him at Oropeze. Don Garcia, who was curious to hear the sequel of Zayde's adventures, was willing to be present when Don Olmond made his rehearsal, and sent him orders to attend him immediately. When Gonsalvo saw him arrive, and considered him as a man who was going to inform him of the true sentiments of Zayde, he was almost on the point of hindering him from speaking; so much afraid was he of the certainty of his misfortune, though he wished to be resolved. Don Olmond, with the same prudence as he had observed before, not appearing to take notice of Gonsalvo's embarrassment, related, by the king's direction, what he had learned of Felima in their last conversation.

THE SEQUEL OF THE HISTORY OF  
FELIMA AND ZAYDE.

**P**RINCE Zulema and Osmin having left Cyprus with a design to go to Africk, and land at Tunis, Alamir followed them. Their voyage was smooth enough at first, when an impetuous wind drove them toward Alexandria. Zulema seeing they were very near it, had a mind to go on shore to see Albumazar, the great astrologer so celebrated over all Africk, whom he had known long ago. The princesses not being used to the fatigues of the sea, were glad to get to land and repose themselves; and the wind continuing contrary, kept them long in port.

One day as Zulema was shewing Albumazar several rarities he had collected in his travels, Zayde spied in a case a picture of a young man of extraordinary beauty, and a very agreeable air. The habit, which was equal to that of the Arabian princes, made her fancy it was the picture of one of the caliph's sons. She asked her father, whether she was mistaken; who answered, he did not know whose picture it was; that he had bought it of some soldiers, and preserved it for its beauty. Zayde seemed surpris'd at the gracefulness of it; and Albumazar observing how earnestly she looked at it, rallied her, and told her he saw clearly that the man who was like that picture might promise himself to please her. As the Greeks have a wonderful opinion of astrology, and young people are fond of knowing future events, Zayde begged that famous astrologer several times to tell her something of her destiny; but he always refused it: the little time he spared out of his study, he spent with Zulema, and seemed to decline shewing his extraordinary knowledge. At last, finding him one day in the chamber with her father, she pressed him more strongly than usual, to consult the stars about her fortune. It

is not necessary that I consult them, madam, said he smiling, to assure you that you are destined to him whose picture Zulema has shewn you. Few princes in Africk can equal him: you will be happy if you marry him; take care, therefore, you do not let another engage your heart. Zayde took these words of Albumazar only as reflecting upon the attention with which she had viewed the picture; but Zulema told her, with all the authority of a father, that she ought not to doubt of the truth of the prediction; that he did not doubt it himself, and by his consent she should marry no other than him for whom that picture was drawn.

Zayde and Felima could scarcely believe Zulema spoke his real sentiments; but they were convinced of it, when he told his daughter, he had no farther thought of espousing her to the prince of Tarsus. Felima felt no little joy in finding Zayde was not destined to Alamir; she expected a wonderful pleasure in telling him of it, and flattered herself that if he had no hope of winning Zayde, he would return to her. She prayed Zayde to allow her to acquaint Alamir with Albumazar's prediction, and Zulema's intention. There was no difficulty in getting her permission; Zayde readily yielded to every thing which might cure him of the passion he had for her.

Felima sought an opportunity of speaking to him; and without shewing how glad she was at what she had to tell him, she advised him to disengage himself from Zayde, since she was destined to another, and Zulema was against him. She informed him then of what had made Zulema change his mind, and shewed him the picture, which was to determine the fortune of Zayde. Alamir seemed overwhelmed at Felima's words, and being surpris'd at the beauty of the picture, stood silent a long time: at last lifting up his eyes, with an air which testified his grief, I believe, madam, said he, that he whom I see is destined for Zayde: He is worthy of her by his beauty; but he shall never possess her, and I will



have his life sooner than he shall pretend to take her from me.---If you undertake, answered Felima, to fight all who may resemble this picture, you may fight a great many without meeting with him, whose it is.---I shall not be so happy, said Alamir, as have a chance to be mistaken; the beauty of it is so great and so particular, that there are very few who can be like it. But, added he, these agreeable features may conceal a temper so offensive, and manners so opposite to those which will be pleasing to Zayde, that as handsome as this pretended rival is, perhaps Zayde may not love him: and as much as she and Fortune, and Zulema may be disposed to favour him, if he does not touch her heart, I shall not be altogether miserable. I shall be less desperate to see her in the arms of a man she does not love, than to see her love another she can never possess. In the mean time, madam, continued he, though this picture has made an impression on my mind, which will not be easily effaced, I conjure you to leave it with me a little, that I may consider it at leisure, and imprint the idea of it more strongly upon my memory.

Felima was so troubled to see that what she had said could not lessen Alamir's hopes, that she let him take the picture with him: and he restored it in a few days, as desirous as he was to keep it from Zayde's sight for ever.

After some stay in Alexandria, the wind came fair for sailing. Alamir received news from his father, which obliged him to return to Tarsus; but as he believed he should not have occasion to tarry there many days, he told Zulema he should be at Tunis almost as soon as he.

Alamir went to Tarsus, and Zulema and Osmin sailed in different ships to Tunis; Zayde and Felima did not care to separate, but went both on board Zulema's vessel. After some days sailing a terrible storm arose, and scattered all the ships: that in which Zayde was lost the main-mast, and Zulema thought there was no hope.

hope. As he knew they were near land, he resolved to throw himself into the boat; he made his wife and daughter and Felima get into it, and took with him what was of most value; but as he was just going to get down to it himself, a gust of wind broke the rope, which held it to the ship, and the boat was beat to pieces by the waves. Zayde was cast upon the coast of Catalonia half dead; and Felima, who was supported upon a plank, was driven upon the same shore, after having seen the princess Alasinthia perish. When Zayde came to her senses, she was astonished to find herself among persons she did not know, and whose language she did not understand.

Two Spaniards, who lived near the coast, had found her in a swoon, and carried her home; the fishermen did the same by Felima. Zayde was overjoy'd to see her again, but was extremely grieved when she acquainted her with the death of the princess her mother. After she had shed a flood of tears at her loss, she thought of leaving the place where she was, and made signs that she desired to go to Tunis, where she hoped to find Osmia and Bellenia.

As she looked at the youngest of the Spaniards, who was called Theodoric, she perceived he resembled the picture she was so fond of. This resemblance surprised her, and made her look at him with greater attention. She searched along the beach for the case, in which the picture was, and which she believed she had taken with her in the boat. Her labour was in vain, and she was very much fretted that she could not find it. In a few days Theodoric seemed to have a passion for her; and though she could not judge of it by his words, he had such an air in his actions as made her suspect it; and this suspicion did not displease her.

Some time after, she fancied she was mistaken; she saw him melancholic without having given him any cause for it, and he often left her to go and muse by himself; by which she imagined he had some other love which rendered him unhappy. This gave her an un-

easiness, which made her as melancholic as Theodoric appeared to be. Though Felima was busied enough with thoughts of her own, she knew love too well not to perceive that which Theodoric had for Zayde, and the inclination Zayde had for him. She often spoke to her of it, and as unwilling as she was to own it, she could not avoid confessing it to Felima.

It is true, said she, I have sentiments for Theodoric which I cannot controul; but, Felima, is not he the person Albumazar spoke of to me? and was not the picture we had, drawn for him? There is no appearance of it, answered Felima; Theodoric's fortune and country have no relation to Albumazar's words. Consider, madam, you never believed this prediction before, and are going to believe it, by imagining Theodoric may be he who is destined for you, and judge by that what are the sentiments you have for him. I never took Albumazar's sayings, replied Zayde, for a true prophecy 'till now; but since I have seen Theodoric, I own they begin to make an impression upon my mind. There is something extraordinary, I think, in finding a man who resembles that picture, and in feeling one's self have an inclination for him. I am surprised when I reflect that Albumazar forbid me to let my heart be engaged; he seems to have foreseen the sentiments I have for Theodoric; and his person pleases me so much, that if I am destined for another who is like him, that which ought to be the happiness will be the misfortune of my life. There is no way, continued she, to avoid this misfortune, but to leave a place where I am in so much danger, and where decency itself does not allow us to remain.---We have it not in our power to leave it, answered Felima, we are in a strange country, where our language is not understood. We must wait for shipping, and remember, that as concerned as you are to leave Theodoric, you will not easily efface the impression he has made in your heart.

A few days after this conversation, Zayde saw Theodoric at a distance looking very attentively upon something

thing he had in his hands. Jealousy made her imagine it was a picture. She resolved to know, and approached him as silently as possible; this could not be done so quietly, but he heard a noise, and looking behind him, concealed that which was in his hand, so that she only saw some jewels glitter. She made no doubt that it was a picture-case, and though she had suspected it before, the certainty she believed there was of it now, so troubled her, that she could not hide her grief, nor look at Theodoric. She was pierced to the heart at having so strong an inclination for a man who was fighting after another. By chance, Theodoric dropped the thing he had conveyed out of sight, and she saw it was a buckle of diamonds which was fastened to a bracelet of her hair, which she had lost some days ago. Her joy at being mistaken, would not suffer her to shew any anger; she took the bracelet, and gave Theodoric back the jewels, who immediately threw them into the sea, to let her understand, that he despised them when they were divided from her hair. This action convinced Zayde of the love and magnificence of the Spaniard, and had no little effect upon her heart.

Afterwards, he informed her by means of a picture, where he had caused a beautiful woman to be drawn weeping over a dead man, that he believed her neglect of him proceeded from the affection she had for another man whom she lamented. This was a sensible grief to Zayde, to see that Theodoric thought she loved another; she in a manner doubted of his love no longer, and loved him with a tenderness which she did not endeavour to overcome.

The time for her departure drew near; and being at a loss how to leave him without letting him know that she loved him, she told Felima she was resolved to put her whole mind into writing, and not to give him the paper till the moment when she embarked. I will not apprise him, added she, of the inclination I have for him, 'till I am certain not to see him again. It will be

a consolation to me, that he will know I thought only of him, when he imagined I was only calling another to mind. There will be an infinite pleasure in explaining to him all my actions, and in telling him without reserve how well I have loved him. I shall have this pleasure without being wanting to my duty : he does not know who I am ; he will see me no more ; and what signifies his knowing he has touched the heart of the stranger whom he saved from shipwreck ? You have forgot, said Felima, that Theodoric does not understand your language ; so that what you write will be useless to him.---Ah ! Felima, replied Zayde, if he has a passion for me, he will find means at last to interpret what I write ; if he has not, I shall have the comfort that he does not know I love him. I am resolved also to leave him with the letter the bracelet of my hair, which I took from him so cruelly, and which he deserves but too well.

The next day Zayde began to write what she designed to impart to Theodoric : he surprised her as she was writing, and she perceived the letter gave him jealousy. If she had followed the emotions of her heart, she had immediately made him sensible that she was writing only to himself ; but her prudence, and the little knowledge she had of his quality and fortune, obliged her not to do any thing which he might construe as an engagement, and to conceal from him that which she wished him to know when he should see her no more.

A little before she was to depart, Theodoric left her, and gave her to understand he would come back again the next day. The day following she went to take a walk with Felima upon the sea-shore, not without being impatient for Theodoric's return. This impatience made her more thoughtful than ordinary ; so that seeing a sloop approach the shore, instead of being curious to know who were in it, she turned her steps another way ; but was much surprised when she heard herself called, and knew it was the voice of the prince her father. She ran towards him with a great deal of joy ; and he was



as much transported in meeting her. After she had informed him how she had escaped the wreck, he told her in few words that his ship was stranded on the coast of France, from whence he had not been able to get away 'till within a few days, and that he was come to Tarragona to wait for the ships that were to sail for Africk. In the mean time he had determined to traverse the coast where Alafintha, Felima, and she had been shipwrecked, to see if by chance some one of them might not have been saved. At the name of Alafintha, Zayde could not forbear crying; her tears gave Zulema to understand the loss he had sustained; and after having employed some time in bewailing it, he commanded these young princesses to go on board his sloop in order to go with him to Tarragona. Zayde was very much embarrassed how to persuade her father not to take her away that moment; she told him the obligations she had to the Spaniards who had entertained her in their house, in order to get him to consent that she might first bid them adieu; but whatever reasons she was able to use, he thought it was not proper to venture her in the power of the Spaniards again, and made her go on board in spite of all her resistance. She was so touched with the opinion Theodoric would have of her ingratitude in leaving him; or, to speak more justly, she was so touched with leaving him without hope of seeing her again, that not being able to command her grief, she was forced to say she was ill. The only comfort she had in her affliction was, to see her father had saved from the wreck the picture she had so much fancied, and which proved to be that of her lover. But this consolation was not strong enough to enable her to bear Theodoric's absence; she could not support it, and fell dangerously ill, and Zulema was in fear a long time of seeing his lovely daughter die in the early bloom of her youth and beauty. At length her life was out of hazard; but she was too weak to bear yet a while the fatigue of the sea. She applied herself wholly to learn the Spanish tongue; and as she had in-

terpreters, and saw none but Spaniards, she easily learned it during the winter she stayed in Catalonia. She would needs have Felima understand it also, and took pleasure in speaking no other language.

In the mean time the large vessels sailed from Tarragona for Africk ; and though Zulema was ignorant of what had befallen Osmin, when the tempest separated them, he had wrote to inform him of his wreck, and other reasons which detained him in Catalonia. The ships were returned from Africk before Zayde had recovered her health. Osmin sent word to the prince, his brother, that he was happily arrived at home, and found the caliph was still in the design of keeping them at a distance ; and that Abderame, king of Cordova, having sent to him for generals, he had appointed them to go to Spain, and had dispatched orders to the king accordingly. Zulema readily judged it would be dangerous not to obey the caliph ; he resolved to take a brigantine to sail directly to Valentia and join the king, and as soon as the princess his daughter was better, he conveyed her to Tortosa. He stay'd there several days to give her some repose, but she was far from finding it. While she lay ill, and since she began to mend, a desire to let Theodoric hear of her, and the difficulty of doing it, had kept her very uneasy. She could not forgive herself, that the day she came away she had the letter she writ for him about her, and had not left it in a place where it might have happened to fall into his hands. The evening of her departure from Tortosa, she could not resist her impatience to send it him ; she trusted it to one of Zulema's squires, and made him apprehend the place where Theodoric dwelt, by naming the port which was near it. She enjoined him not to tell who had given him the letter, and to take care that nobody followed him, and that he was not discovered. Though she had no hope of seeing Theodoric, she felt a fresh grief in leaving the country where he lived, and spent part of the night in the fine gardens of the house where she lodged,  
in

in lamenting herself with Felima. The next day as she was ready to embark, the messenger, who had set out before the break of day, came back, and told her he had been at the place she described, and heard Theodoric went thence the day before, and would not return. Zayde was sadly affected with this unhappy accident, which deprived her of the only consolation she had sought after, and her lover of the only favour she had ever done him. She went on board with the utmost sorrow, and arrived at Cordova in a few days. Osmin and Belenia waited for her there, and the prince of Tarsus was there also; he had heard she was in Spain, and made use of the pretence of the war to go in search of her. Felima, upon the sight of Alamir, did not find that absence had extinguished her passion; Alamir perceived his was increased by the severities of Zayde, and Zayde perceived her aversion for him was doubled.

The king of Cordova put into Zulema's hands the general command of his troops, with the government of Talavera, and that of Oropenze he gave to Osmin. Not long after, both these princes had an occasion of complaint against Abderame, and not being willing to let their resentments appear, they retired to their governments under colour of viewing the fortifications. Alamir followed Zulema in order to be near Zayde, but the war soon called him back to Abderame. I set out at the same time to look after Gonsalvo; I was taken prisoner by the Arabians, and was carried to Talavera. Belenia and Felima went to Oropenze, and Zayde refused to leave the prince her father.

After Gonsalvo had taken Talavera, and while the last truce was proposed, Alamir informed Zulema he designed to improve the opportunity of the truce to make him a visit, and that he would take Oropenze in his way. Zayde hearing this from her father, wrote Felima word she had found Theodoric, and would by no means have him think it was the prince of Tarsus, whom he suspected she lamented at Alphonso's, and therefore she desired

she would from her forbid that prince to come to Talavera.

Felima had no reluctance to deliver this injunction to Alamir. The next day after the truce, Belenia, who was indisposed, was willing to use the liberty then allowed her of going out of the town, and went to take the air in a large wood not far off. As she was walking there with Osmin and Felima, they met the prince of Tarsus, and were overjoy'd to see him; and having talked together a long time, Felima found means to speak with him apart.

I am very sorry, said she, I am to acquaint you with a thing which will prevent the journey you intended; but Zayde desires you will not go to Talavera, and desires it in such a manner as amounts to a command.---By what an excess of cruelty, cried Alamir, would Zayde take from me the only joy her severity had left me, which is to see her?---I believe, said Felima, she is willing to put an end to the passion you express for her. You know her aversion to marry a man of your religion, and that she has ground also to believe she is not destined for you, and that Zulema has altered his mind.---All these obstacles, replied Alamir, will not alter mine, no more than the continuance of Zayde's unkindness; and notwithstanding a destiny, and the manner in which she treats me, I will never abandon the hope of being loved by her. Felima was more than ordinarily moved at the obstinacy of Alamir's passion, and argued with him against it for a long time upon the reasons he had to suppress it; but seeing all she offered was ineffectual, she fell into a rage, and could not at the first heat command herself. If the decrees of Heaven, and Zayde's severities, said she, do not make you cease to hope, I know not what will.---This, answered the prince; to see that another had touched her heart.---Then you will hope no longer, returned Felima; there is a man who has the happiness to please Zayde, and who loves her vehemently.---Who is this fortunate man? cried Alamir.---A Spaniard,

Spaniard, answered she, who resembles the picture you have seen; he is not probably the person it was drawn for, and whom Albumazar mentioned; but as you are afraid only of one who is able to please Zayde, and not of one who is to marry her, it is sufficient to tell you, that Zayde loves him, and that it is her fear to give him jealousy, which makes her refuse to see you.---What you say, replied Alamir, is impossible; Zayde's heart is not so easily touched. If any one had really touched it, you would not have told me; Zayde would have engaged you to secrecy, and you have no reasons which could have obliged you to reveal it to me.---I have too many, said Felima, hurried away by her passion, and you---She was going to proceed, but recollected herself in an instant: she reflected with amazement on all she had said; she was troubled, and was sensible of it, and this increased her confusion; she stood speechless for a while, and like one distracted; at last she cast her eyes upon Alamir, and fancying she perceived by his, he had discovered part of the truth, she exerted all her power, and putting on a countenance which shewed more tranquillity than she had within, You are right, said she, to believe that if Zayde loved any one, I would not tell it you; I only meant to frighten you. It is true, we have met with a Spaniard who is in love with Zayde, and is like the picture, and you have convinced me it was a fault in me to let you know it, and I am exceedingly fretted lest Zayde should take it amiss.

There was something so natural in what Felima said, that she imagined her words had in some measure produced the effect she wished; yet her embarrassment had been so great, and what she had said was so remarkable, that there was nothing but the trouble she saw Alamir was in, to encourage her to hope he had not found out her sentiments. Osmin came up this moment and broke off their conversation; and Felima not being able to restrain her sighs and tears, went into the wood to hide her sorrow, and relieve herself by relating it to one in whom



she had an entire confidence. The princess her mother sent to her to return; she did not dare to lift her eyes upon Alamir, lest she should see in him too great a grief at what she had told him of Zayde, and too much knowledge of what she had mentioned about herself: she observed, however, he took the road to the camp, and it was some joy to her to think he did not go to visit Zayde.

Here the king could not forbear interrupting Don Olmond.---I no longer wonder, said he to Gonfalso, at the sadness you found Alamir in, when you met him after he had parted from Felima. What she had said to him, made him know you, and now I understand his words to you at drawing his sword, which you thought so obscure, and which gave me so much curiosity. Gonfalso answered the king only with his eyes, and Don Olmond thus pursued his discourse.

It is easy to judge in what a condition Felima passed the night, and with what variety of sorrow her heart was divided. She considered she had betray'd Zayde, and was afraid she had thrown Alamir into despair; and in spite of her jealousy she was grieved she had made him so miserable. She wished, notwithstanding, to have him know Zayde's inclination was placed on another, and feared she had too well removed the opinion she had first given him of it; and above all, she was apprehensive she had discovered her own passion for him. The next day a new distress effaced all the former; she heard of Alamir's duel with Gonfalso, and was overwhelmed with fear of losing him. She sent every day to the castle where he was, to enquire after him; and when she began to have some hope of his recovery, she understood the king had appointed his execution, in revenge of the death of the prince of Galicia. You have seen the letter she wrote to me some days ago, to get me to try to save him; I have informed her of what Gonfalso did at her request; and have nothing more to add, but that I never saw in the same person so much love, so much sense, and so much sorrow.

Don

Don Olmond here finished his story; and while it lasted, Gonsalvo felt that which cannot be expressed. To understand that Zayde loved him, and to find marks of tenderness in every thing which he had construed as a token of indifference, was such an excess of happiness as put him beside himself, and made him taste in one moment all the pleasures which other lovers enjoy by interruption, and at several times.

The certainty of being loved, inspired him with so earnest a desire to see Zayde, that he begged the king would give him leave to go to Talavera. Don Garcia gladly assented, and Gonsalvo set forward, in expectation of having, from the beautiful eyes of Zayde, a confirmation of all he had heard from Don Olmond. When he arrived, he understood that Zulema was ill; Zayde met him at the entrance of the apartment of the prince her father, and acquainted him how concerned he was at not being in a condition to see him. Gonsalvo was so surprised and entranced at her charms, that he stood still, and could not forbear shewing his astonishment. She observed it, and blushed; and was in a modest confusion which brightened all her graces. He led her home, and spoke to her of his love with less fear than in their first conversation; but as he perceived she answered him with a prudence and reserve which would have concealed the sentiments of her soul, if he had not learned them by Don Olmond, he resolved to let her know he was partly apprised of them.

Will you never explain to me, madam, said he, the reason which made you wish I could be the person I resemble?---Don't you know, answered she, it is a secret not in my power to tell you?---Is it possible, replied Gonsalvo, looking upon her, that the passion I have for you, and the obstacles which you are sensible withstand my happiness, do not make you pity me enough to let me see you are desirous at least that my destiny were fortunate? It is only a mere wish for my repose which you conceal from me. Ah! madam, is this too much  
for

for a man who has adored you from the first moment he saw you, to prefer him even by wishes alone to some African whom you never saw ?

Zayde was so surprised at Gonsalvo's discourse, that she could not answer. Do not be amazed, madam, said he, fearing she should accuse Felima of discovering her sentiments, be not amazed, that I have happened to know what I have told you : I overheard you in the garden the evening before you left Tortosa, and understood from yourself that which you have the cruelty to conceal.---How, Gonsalvo ! cried Zayde, did you overhear me in the garden at Tortosa ? You were near me then, and never spoke to me.---Ah ! madam, answered Gonsalvo, throwing himself on his knees, what a joy do you give me by this reproach ! and what a charm is it to me to see you forget my having overheard you, to call to mind that I did not speak to you ! Do not repent, madam, added he, (seeing she was troubled at having let the sentiments of her heart appear) do not repent of having given me some joy, and suffer me to believe that I am not altogether indifferent to you. But to justify myself from the reproach you have cast on me, I must acquaint you, that I overheard you at Tortosa without knowing it was you, and my imagination was so full of being separated from you by whole seas, that though I heard your voice, as it was night and I did not see you, and you spoke the Spanish tongue, I never suspected I was so near you. I saw you the next day in a barge ; but though I saw you, and knew you, I was not in a condition to speak to you, for they whom the king had sent to search after me, had me in their power.---Since you overheard me, answered Zayde, it will be in vain to go to give my words another turn ; but I beg you would ask no more, and that you will allow me to leave you ; for I own that the shame of what you heard without my knowledge, and of what I have told you without designing it, puts me in such confusion, that if I have any interest in you, I conjure you to retire.

ture.---Gonsalvo was so pleased with what had passed, that he would not press her to make a more open declaration of her thoughts. He left her, as she desired, and returned to the camp, full of the hope of inducing her very soon to change the resolution she had taken.

Don Garcia's forces and the valour of Gonsalvo were become so formidable, that the Moors agreed to all the articles of peace, as readily as the king could wish. The treaty was signed on either side ; and as some remote places were to be given up, it was resolved that Don Garcia should keep all the prisoners who were in his hands, for his security, till the whole was executed. The king in the mean time chose to visit the places he had conquered, and went to Almaras, which had been yielded to him by the Moors. The queen, who loved her husband passionately, had hardly ever left him since the war began ; during the siege of Talavera, she abode at a small distance, and was detained there by a slight indisposition ; but as she was to meet him very soon, Gonsalvo, who was impatient to see Zayde, begged the king to order the queen to go to Talavera, under pretence of viewing the new conquest, and to take with her all the Arabian ladies who were prisoners. The queen knew how much her brother interested himself in Zayde, and was very willing, by serving him in that passion, to make him amends for the disappointment she had occasioned him with Nugna Bella. She went to Talavera, and the ladies were all very well pleased to spend the time they were to stay in Spain, with her. Zulema, who was prisoner at Talavera, could hardly agree to Zayde's leaving him, and the rank he always held, gave him great uneasiness to see the princess his daughter obliged to follow the queen, like the other women. However he consented, and Gonsalvo had the joy to know he should shortly behold that exquisite beauty which had so inflamed his heart. The day the queen arrived, the king went out two leagues to meet her ; he found her on horseback with all the ladies of her train. As soon

as she was come near enough, she presented Zayde to him, whose charms were augmented by the care she had taken to adorn herself, which was owing perhaps to an ambition of appearing in Gonsalvo's eyes with all her lustre. The graces of her person, the agreeableness of her wit, and her modesty surprised every one. She was treated as befitting a princess of her birth, merit and beauty, and in a few days she became the delight and admiration of the court of Leon. Gonsalvo looked on her with transport, and the assurance of being loved made him forget all the obstacles which opposed his happiness. If he had loved her merely by seeing her beauty, the knowledge of her wit and virtue fired him with higher raptures. He sought an opportunity of talking with her in private, as studiously as she avoided it. At last, meeting her one evening in the queen's closet, with hardly any company, he conjured her so ardently, and with so much respect, to tell him the sentiments she had for him, that she could not refuse it.

If it were possible for me to conceal my mind from you, said she, I would do it, as much as I esteem you; and I would spare myself the shame of shewing an inclination to a man, to whom I am not destined. But since you have, in spite of me, discovered my thoughts, I am willing to own them, and explain to you that which you have known very confusedly. She told him then all he had learned from Don Olmond of the prediction of Albumazar, and Zulema's resolutions. You see, added she, that all I am able to do, is to lament you, and afflict myself; and you are too reasonable to ask me not to follow my father's will.---Allow me, madam, said he, at least to believe, that if he were capable of altering his mind, you will not oppose it.---I can't say, whether I should oppose it, answered she; but I think I ought to do it, since it concerns the happiness of my whole life.---If you believe, madam, replied Gonsalvo, the making me happy will make you miserable, you do right to persist in the resolution you have embraced; but I dare  
2 affirm,



affirm, if you have those sentiments for me, with which you permit me to flatter myself, there is nothing which can give you cause to imagine you can be unhappy. You deceive yourself, madam, when you think you have any good will for me; and I deceived myself at Alphonso's, when I imagined I saw in you a favourable disposition towards me.---Speak no more, answered Zayde, about what either of us had ground to believe while we were in that solitude; and do not make me call to mind those things which afford me reason to conclude, you were then possessed with other sorrows than those which could arise from me. I have understood, since I saw you at Talavera, what it was which obliged you to leave the court; and I doubt not but you employed all the time you were in my company, in thinking on Nugna Bella.

Gonsalvo was well enough pleased that Zayde gave him an opportunity to satisfy all her scruples about his passion. He informed her of the real condition his heart was in, when he knew her first, and of all he had suffered by not understanding her language, and of his whole affliction. I was not altogether mistaken, added he, when I fancied I had a rival, and have since been apprised of the prince of Tarsus's passion for you.---It is true, said Zayde, Alamir has declared he loves me, and my father had resolved to give me to him before he saw the picture, so strongly is he persuaded that my happiness depends upon my marrying him for whom that picture was drawn. Very well, madam, replied Gonsalvo, you are resolved to consent to it, and yield yourself to him whom I resemble. If you have in truth no aversion to me, you ought to believe, you will have none for him: thus, madam, the assurance I have that I do not displease you, is a demonstration to me, that you will marry my rival without reluctance. This is a sort of misfortune no man beside myself ever felt, and it is unaccountable my condition does not provoke your pity.---Do not complain of me, said she; complain of  
your

your being a Spaniard. Though I were for you as much as you can desire, and though my father were not prepossessed, our country would always be an invincible obstacle to your wishes, and Zulema would never consent to my being yours.---At least permit me, madam, said Gonsalvo, to declare my mind to him. The dislike you have expressed of Alamir, ought to make him lay down all expectation of marrying you to a person of his religion; perhaps also he is not so devoted to Al-bumazar's words, as you imagine. In short, madam, allow me to try every thing to compass a happiness without which it is impossible for me to live.---I consent to what you mention, answered Zayde, and would also have you believe that I am afraid all your attempts will be in vain.

Gonsalvo waited directly on the king, to intreat him to assist him in his design to discover Zulema's sentiments, and endeavour to engage him in his favour. They resolved to give it in commission to Don Olmond, whose address and friendship for Gonsalvo rendered him more capable of succeeding in it than any man. The king writ by him to Zulema, and asked Zayde of him for Gonsalvo, in the same manner as if he had asked her for himself. Don Olmond's journey and the king's letter were to no purpose. Zulema answered, that the king did him too much honour; that his daughter was indeed in his hands, and he was able to dispose of her; but by his consent she should never marry a man of a religion so contrary to his own. This answer gave Gonsalvo the utmost grief; as Zayde loved him, he would not let her know it, as much as it troubled him, lest her being assured it was impossible for her to be his, might alter the disposition she had expressed toward him: he only told her, he did not despair of gaining Zulema, and obtaining from him what he wished with so much ardor.

The princess Belenia, Felima's mother, was taken ill at Oropeze, and died soon after the peace. Osmin was sent to Talavera with Zulema, to stay till the time came  
which

which was fixed for releasing the prisoners, and Felima was carried to court. She did not appear there in the perfection of her charms; for the indisposition of her mind so affected her body, that it impaired her beauty. But it was easy to perceive, that the bad state of her health was the cause of the change. She was extremely surprised to find that Gonsalvo, whom she did not think she knew, and whom she could not hear named without anguish, because of the condition into which he had brought the prince of Tarsus, was that Theodoric she had seen at Alphonso's, and whom Zayde admired. It inflamed her affliction to reflect, that what she had told Alamir in the wood at Oropeze, had made him know Gonsalvo so as to occasion their duel.

The prince was carried to Almaras; she had the comfort of hearing from him every day, and of giving vent to her sorrow, which was imputed to the death of her mother. Alamir, whose youth had prolonged his life for a time, was at length so weak, that the physicians despaired of his life. Felima was with Zayde and Gonsalvo, when news came that a gentleman of this unhappy prince desired to speak with Zayde. She blushed, and after a short confusion sent for him in, and asked him aloud what the prince of Tarsus wanted. My master, madam, said he, is just expiring, and begs the honour of seeing you before he dies, and hopes the condition he is in, will prevent your refusing him this favour. Zayde was moved with his words, and surprised, and could not presently make an answer; when turning her eyes toward Gonsalvo, as if to ask him what he would have her do, and observing he was silent, and concluding by the air of his countenance, that he was against her seeing Alamir, I am exceedingly sorry, said she to the gentleman, that I cannot gratify your master's desire. If I thought my presence could contribute to his cure, I would visit him gladly; but as I am persuaded it will signify nothing, I beseech him not to take it ill that I do not see him, and conjure you to assure him,

him, I am heartily grieved at his condition. At this the messenger withdrew, and Felima stood overwhelmed with a consternation, which she testified only by her silence. Zayde shared in her sadness, and also pitied the wretched fortune of the poor prince of Tarsus; and Gonsalvo was divided between his joy to see the regard Zayde had to his sentiments, though he had not declared them in words, and his grief in having deprived the unhappy Alamir of the sight of her he so dearly loved.

As the whole company was engaged with such different thoughts, Alamir's gentleman came back and told Felima that his master desired to see her, and she had no moments to lose, if she would vouchsafe him that favour. Felima rose up from the place where she was sitting, and had just life enough in her to walk. She gave the gentleman her hand, and went to the prince of Tarsus, accompanied by her women. She sat down by his bed-side, and saying nothing, looked at him without making the least motion.---I am very happy, madam, said Alamir, that Zayde's example has not taught you the cruelty of denying me the consolation of a visit. This is the only satisfaction I can hope for, since I am deprived of that which I presumed to desire. I beg, madam, you will be pleased to tell Zayde, that she has rightly judged me unworthy of the honour Zuléma would have done me. My heart was burnt with such various flames, and been depraved with so many false passions, that it did not deserve her regard. But if an inconstancy, to which the sight of her immediately put an end, may be repaired by a passion which has made me perfectly another man, and by an affection which is attended with the greatest veneration that ever was, I believe, madam, I have atoned for all my former crimes. Assure her, I conjure you, that I die not so much by the wounds I received by Gonsalvo, as by the sorrow of knowing she loves him. You told me the truth in the wood at Oropeze, when you informed me that her heart was touched. I believed it too well,  
though

though at first I told you I did not believe it. I had just parted from you, and was full of the idea of that happy Spaniard, when I met Gonsalvo. His resemblance of the picture I had seen, and what you had then told me, struck me presently, and I made no hesitation to conclude he was the person you spoke of. I gave him to understand I was Alamir. He attacked me with the fierceness of one who knew I was his rival. I have understood since, that I was not mistaken in believing him to be the man who had been so successful as to please Zayde; he deserves her favour; and I envy him his happiness, without thinking him unworthy of it. I die overwhelmed with my misfortunes, and do not murmur; if I did, I should complain only of the inhumanity of Zayde in refusing a sight of herself to a man, who is going to lose her for ever.

It is easy to imagine with what mortal sorrow Alamir's words wounded the heart of Felima; twice or thrice she went to speak to him, and was hindered by her sobbings and her tears; at last, transported by a tenderness which she could not command, Believe me, said she, with a voice interrupted by sighs, if I had been in Zayde's place, no other man would have been preferred to the prince of Tarsus. Notwithstanding her grief, she was sensible of the force of these words, and turned her head away, to hide the abundance of her tears, and avoid Alamir's eyes. Alas, madam, replied the expiring prince, is it possible that what you intimate is true! I own that the day I talked with you in the wood, I believed part of what I presume to believe at present; but I was so troubled, and you had the skill to put another sense upon your words so dexterously, that they made but a light impression on me. Forgive me, madam, what I dare to think, and pardon my having been the cause of a misfortune, which has been heavier to me than to you. I did not deserve to be happy; I should have been so too much, if----

His



His weakness would not let him proceed ; he lost his speech, and turning his eyes toward Felima, as if to bid her adieu, he closed them for ever, and expired almost in a moment. Felima's tears were stopped, she was thunder-struck with sorrow, and looked on Alamir as he expired with immoveable eyes. Her women seeing her keep fixed in the place where she sat, led her out of a room where there were only objects of death. She let them remove her, without pronouncing a word ; but when she came into her own chamber, the sight of Zayde enraged her grief, and gave her power to speak. You are satisfied, madam ! said she with a feeble voice ; Alamir is dead. Alamir is dead ! continued she, as if she were telling it to herself ; then I shall never see him more. I have lost for ever the hope of being loved by him. It is not in the power of love to make him like me : my eyes shall meet his no more : his presence, which sweetened all my sufferings, is a blessing I cannot enjoy again. Ah ! madam, said she to Zayde, is it possible any one should be able to please you, and that Alamir did not do it ? What an inhumanity was yours ? Why did you not love him ? He adored you : what was wanting in him to make him amiable ?---But you know, answered Zayde very gently, I should have increased your trouble, if I had loved him ; and that it was the thing you most dreaded. It is true, madam, replied she, it is true, I was unwilling you should make him happy, but I did not desire you should take away his life. Ah ! wherefore did I so cautiously conceal my passion from him ? Perhaps he would have been touched by it ; perhaps it might have given some diversion to the fatal love he had for you. What did I fear ? Why was I unwilling he should know that I adored him ? The only comfort which is left me, is, that he conjectured something of it. Yet if he had known it, he would only have feigned to love me, and would have deceived me : and what if he had deceived me, as he did at the beginning ? Those precious moments in which he af-  
fected

fects to let me imagine he loved me, are still dear to my memory. Is it possible, that after so many evils as I have suffered, there should yet remain such severe ones for me to endure? I hope at least my grief will be so great, that I shall not have strength to bear it.

As she was thus speaking, Gonsalvo shewed himself at her chamber-door. He thought she was in another room, and came to inquire in what condition she had found Alamir. He stepped back immediately, that he might not enrage her sorrow by his presence; but he was not nimble enough to prevent her perceiving him; she shrieked out so piteously at the sight of him, as would have pierced the hardest heart. Dear madam, said she to Zayde, take care I may not see Gonsalvo. I cannot bear to look upon a man from whose hand Alamir has received his death, and who has deprived him of what he valued beyond his life.

The violence of her grief took away both her speech and understanding; and as her health was already extremely broken, she was evidently in very great danger. The king and queen hearing of her illness, came to see her, and procured her all the assistance they could. After she had lain in a kind of lethargy for five or six hours, the force of medicines brought her to her senses: but she knew no object about her but Zayde, who wept over her with the utmost anguish. Do not grieve for me, said she to her, with so low a voice that she could scarcely be heard; I should have been worthy of your friendship no longer, for I could never have loved one who had caused the death of Alamir. She could speak no more, but relapsed into her fits; and the next day, at the same hour as she saw the prince of Tarsus expire, she finished a life which was made miserable by love.

The death of two persons of such extraordinary merit, drew such compassion, that the whole court of Leon was afflicted. Zayde was overwhelmed; she loved Felima tenderly, and the manner in which she died, added to her sorrow. Several days passed, before the care and  
intreaties

intreaties of Gonsalvo were able to moderate her grief: at last the fear of going from Spain, and leaving Gonsalvo, made her put some stop to her tears, and gave her a concern of another kind. The king returned to Leon; and there was so little wanting to the full execution of the peace, that, in all appearance, Zulema would very shortly pass over to Afric. However, he was not in a condition to travel; he was dangerously ill at the time of Felima's death, and they had concealed the hazard of his case from Zayde, that she might not be oppressed with too many distresses at once. Gonsalvo was inexpressibly uneasy, and considered nothing, but how to bring Zulema to consent to his happiness, or induce Zayde to continue in Spain with the queen, since decency did not permit her to follow a father, who seemed resolved to make her change her religion. Some days after their arrival at Leon, Gonsalvo went one evening into the queen's closet; Zayde was there, but so engaged in looking upon a picture of Gonsalvo, that she did not see him come in. I may well be destined, madam, said he, to be jealous of a picture, since I am so of my own, and envy the attention with which you view it.---Your picture! answered Zayde, in the highest astonishment.---Yes, madam, replied Gonsalvo, my picture; I perceive you can scarcely believe me, because of its beauty, but I assure you, this was painted for me.---Gonsalvo, said she, was there not another done for you like this?---Ah! madam, cried he, with the trouble which arises from uncertain joy, can I believe that which you give me ground to imagine, and which I dare not presume to mention to you? Yes, other pictures like this you look on, have been drawn for me; but I dare not venture to believe what I am sensible you really think, and what I should myself have thought long since, if I had supposed myself worthy of the prediction which was made you, and if you had not always told me that the picture I resembled was an African's.---I judged so, answered Zayde, by the habit, and  
Albumazar's

Albumazar's words confirmed me in the opinion. You know how much I wished you could be the person you resembled ; but what amazes me is, that having wished it so much, my prepossession has hindered me from believing it. I spoke of it to Felima, as soon as I saw you at Alphonso's : when I saw you again at Talavera, and knew your birth, the same thought revived in my mind, and I esteemed it merely as the effect of my own wishes. But how difficult will it be, added she, sighing, to persuade my father of the truth of this ! And how am I afraid that those predictions which have appeared true to him when he thought they belonged to a man of his own religion, will seem false when they relate to a Spaniard !

As she was speaking, the queen came into the closet ; Gonsalvo imparted his joy to her, and she would not delay a moment to declare it to the king. She went to tell him this discovery, and the king came the same instant to know of Gonsalvo what remained to perfect his happiness. After having consulted a long time in what manner Zulema might be gained, they resolved to send for him to Leon. An express was immediately dispatched to Talavera, to acquaint him the king desired he would appear at court ; and as his health was perfectly recovered, he arrived there very soon. The king received him with the greatest marks of esteem, and led him into his closet. You have not been willing, said he, to grant me Zayde, for the man whom I most value ; but I hope, you will not refuse her to him who owns this picture, and to whom, I know, she is destined by Albumazar's prediction.

At these words, he shewed him the picture of Gonsalvo, and presented to him Gonsalvo himself, who was at a small distance. Zulema looked upon one and the other, and seemed in a profound trance. The king thought his silence proceeded from his uncertainty. If you are not satisfied, said he, by the likeness, that this picture is Gonsalvo's, I will give you so many other proofs of it, that you shall not be able to doubt it. The picture which you have, and which is just such an

one as this, must have fallen into your hands, since the battle which Nugnez Fernando, the father of Gonsalvo, lost against the Moors. He had it done by an eminent painter, who had travelled over all the world, and fancied the African habits made such an handsome appearance, that he drew all his pictures in them.---It is true, sir, replied Zulema, I met with that picture after the time you mention ; and by what you say, and by the exact resemblance, I cannot doubt its being Gonsalvo's ; but this is not what causes my silence and amazement. I admire the decrees of Heaven, and the effects of its providence. I never had any prediction made me ; and the words of Albumazar, which I see you have heard mentioned, have been taken by my daughter in another sense than they ought. But since you have the goodness to interest yourself in her fortune, suffer me, sir, to inform you of what you can know only by myself, and to acquaint you with the beginning of a life, the happiness of which at present depends upon you alone.

The just pretensions of my father to the caliph's empire, occasioned him to be banished to Cyprus. I went thither with him ; and fell in love with Alasinthia, and married her. She was a Christian, and I resolved to embrace her religion, which I esteemed the only one which ought to be followed ; but the austerity of it frightened me, and delayed the execution of my design. I returned to Africk, where pleasures and dissoluteness of manners fixed me more than ever in my own religion, and gave me a new aversion to the Christians. I forgot Alasinthia for several years ; but having a desire at last to see her again, and Zayde, whom I had left in her infancy, I resolved to go and look after her in Cyprus, in order to make Zayde change her religion, and marry her to the prince of Fez of the house of the Idris. He had heard of her, and had a passion for her, and his father had an intimate friendship for me. The war in Cyprus obliged me to hasten my design. When I arrived, I found the prince of Tarsus in love with Zayde ; I thought him handsome, and did not doubt but the liked him, and believed she would readily agree to marry him.



him. I was not absolutely engaged to the prince of Fez. Her mother being a Christian, I was afraid she would be a hindrance of my intention to make Zayde change her religion. I consented therefore to Alamir's addresses, but was greatly surpris'd at the aversion she express'd to me for him; and while the siege of Famagusta lasted, all the endeavours I us'd could not prevail on her to accept of him for her husband. I did not care to undertake to conquer an aversion which seem'd to be in-born, and resolv'd to give her to the prince of Fez as soon as we were in Africk. He wrote to me after I was in Cyprus; and I understood his mother was dead; so that there was nothing to delay the marriage. We left Famagusta, and landed at Alexandria, where I found Albumazar, whom I had known a long time. He observ'd that my daughter look'd with great attention and pleasure upon a picture, the fellow of this before us. The next day I was speaking to him of her aversion to Alamir, and the resolution I had to marry her to the prince of Fez, how much soever she might be against it.

I fancy she has no prejudice against his person, said Albumazar; the picture she seems so pleas'd with, is so like that prince, that I believe it was drawn for him.---I can make no judgment of it, said I, because I have never seen him. It is not impossible but it may be his; but I don't know whom it was done for, and obtained it by accident. I wish Zayde may fancy him, and though she should not, I shall not shew her the same complaisance, as I did with respect to the prince of Tarsus.

A few days after, my daughter begg'd Albumazar to inform her about her fortune. As he knew my intention, and believ'd that picture was the prince of Fez's, he told her, without any design of making his words pass for a prediction, that she was destin'd for the man whose picture she had seen. I pretended to believe that Albumazar spoke by a particular knowledge of futurity, and have always seem'd to Zayde to be of the same opinion. When I left Alexandria, Albumazar assur'd me I should not succeed in my design relating to

my daughter; yet I could not despair of it. During my late illness, the thought I once had of embracing the true religion came back so strong upon my mind, that it has been my whole application since my recovery, to confirm myself in that resolution. I freely own this pious intention was not so firm as it ought to have been; but I resign myself to what Heaven has done in my favour; which by the same means as I employ'd to marry my daughter to a man of my religion, leads me to marry her to one of her own. Albumazar's words, which were spoken without design, and concerning a resemblance in which he was mistaken, have proved a real prediction; and this prediction is fulfilled by my daughter's happiness in marrying a man who is the admiration of his age. It only remains, sir, that I ask the grace of you to receive me into the number of your subjects, and permit me to end my days in your kingdom.

The king and Gonsalvo were so surpris'd and moved with Zulema's discourse, that they embraced him without saying any thing, not being able to find words to utter their thoughts. After they had expressed their joy, they wonder'd for a long time at all the circumstances of so strange an adventure. Gonsalvo, however, was not so much surpris'd that Albumazar was deceived by the resemblance of the prince of Fez; several persons, he knew, had committed the same mistake; and he inform'd Zulema that the mother of that prince was sister to Nugnez Fernando, his father, who was taken prisoner in an irruption of the Moors, and carried into Africk, where her beauty rais'd her to be lawful wife to the prince of Fez.

Zulema went to give his daughter an account of what had pass'd; and by the manner in which she received the news, it was easy to judge she was not insensible of Gonsalvo's merit. A few days after, Zulema embraced the Christian religion publicly; and the preparations were hasten'd for the nuptials, which were celebrated with all the gallantry of the Moors, and all the politeness of Spain.

T H E E N D.

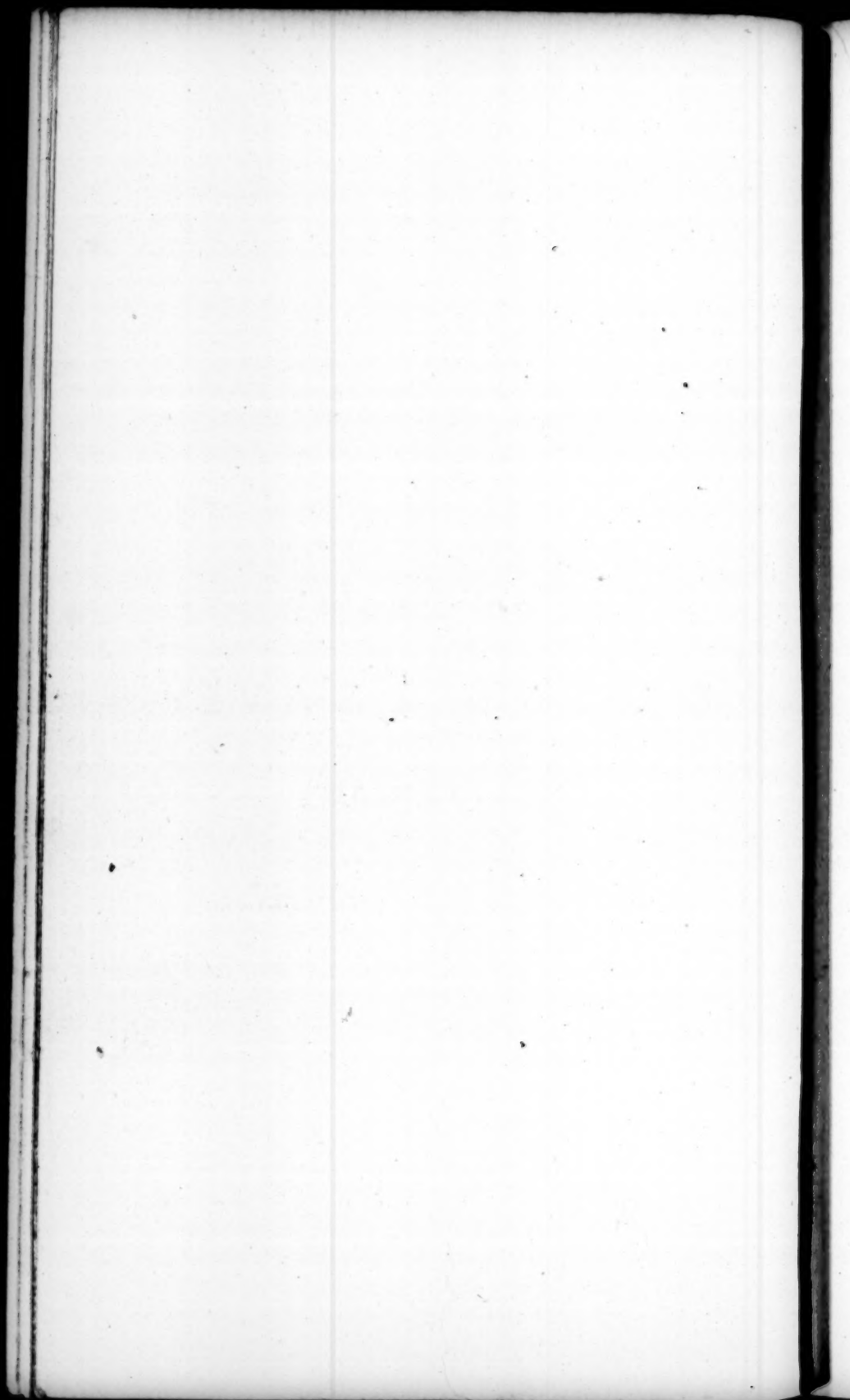
O R O O N O K O;

OR, THE

R O Y A L S L A V E:

WRITTEN BY

Mrs. B E H N.



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CHARACTER OF OROONOKO,  
AND  
ANECDOTES OF ITS AUTHOR,  
BY THE EDITOR.

THE story of Oroonoko has been long so popular, that the Editor of this work could not be excused from admitting it into the Collection. It was written by Mrs. Aphra Behn\*, and, as the writer of her life informs us, at the particular desire of King Charles the Second, who honoured her

\* Mrs. Aphra Behn, the Author of this, and several other writings, was descended from a respectable family in Kent. Her father, whose name was Johnson, having been a great Royalist, and a near relation to Lord Willoughby, was by Charles the Second appointed Lieutenant-General of the forces at Surinam, and in the adjacent isles, then in possession of the English.

The General took his daughter with him, who was then very young; he died on the passage, but the rest of his family arrived at Surinam. There Mrs. Behn became acquainted with Oroonoko, and from him learned those circumstances of his story which had passed before his arrival there, and was herself a witness to the rest.

In the early part of her life she discovered a strong inclination to Poetry, but applied herself also so sedulously to the study of other sciences, particularly that of politics, in



## CHARACTER OF OROONOKO, &c.

her with his confidence and esteem. She declares herself a witness of the extraordinary transactions she relates, and from thence they have acquired the authenticity of facts. Yet I should hope, for the honour of human nature in general, and of our countrymen in particular, that the author has a good deal exaggerated the cruelties which she reports to have been exercised upon the gallant Moor who is the subject of the piece.

From the adventures of this unfortunate Prince we may deduce this humiliating reflection: That Europeans, though enlightened by Christianity, have, in this, and many other instances, shewn less regard to the laws of truth and humanity, than the most ignorant savages; whom we boldly traduce by styling them barbarians, at the same time that we practise their most atrocious vices, and appear to be too frequently deficient in their natural virtues.

Mr. Southern has founded a very affecting Tragedy upon this story, in which he has strongly illustrated the heroic virtues of the noble Moor.

which she acquired so much reputation, that after her return to England, where she married Mr. Behn, a Dutch Merchant, King Charles was induced to employ her in some negotiation in Flanders, which required sense and address, and in which she acquitted herself to the satisfaction of the Ministry.

Besides her poems, novels, and plays, she translated Fontenelle's *Plurality of Worlds*, and wrote a criticism upon it. She died in 1689.

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THE  
H I S T O R Y  
O F  
O R O N O K O.

**I** DO not pretend, in giving you the history of this Royal Slave, to entertain my reader with the adventures of a feigned hero, whose life and fortunes Fancy may manage at the Poet's pleasure; nor in relating the truth, design to adorn it with any incidents, but such as arrived in earnest to him: and it shall come simply into the world, recommended by its own proper merits, and natural intrigues; there being enough of reality to support it, and to render it diverting, without the addition of invention.

I was myself an eye-witness to a great part of what you will find here set down; and what I could not be witness of, I received from the mouth of the chief actor in this history, the hero himself, who gave us the whole transactions of his youth: and I shall omit, for brevity's sake, a thousand little articles of his life, which, however pleasant to us, where history was scarce, and adventures very rare, yet might prove tedious and heavy to my reader, in a world where he finds diversions for every minute, new and strange. But we who were perfectly charmed with the character of this great man, were curious to gather every circumstance of his life.

The scene of the last part of his adventures lies in a colony in America, called Surinam, in the West-Indies.

But before I give you the story of this gallant Moor, 'tis fit I tell you the manner of bringing slaves to these new colonies; those they make use of there, not being natives of the place: for those we live with in perfect amity, without daring to command them; but, on the contrary, caress them with all the brotherly and friendly affection in the world; trading with them for their fish, venison, buffaloes skins, and little rarities; as marmosets, a sort of monkey, as big as a rat or weasel, but of a marvellous and delicate shape, having a face and hands like a human creature; and cousheries, a little beast in the form and fashion of a lion, as big as a kitten, but so exactly made in all parts like that noble beast, that it is one in miniature: then for little paraketoes, great parrots, mackaws, and a thousand other birds and beasts of wonderful and surprizing forms, shapes, and colours: for skins of prodigious snakes, of which there are some threescore yards in length; as is the skin of one that may be seen at his majesty's antiquary's; where are also some rare flies, of amazing forms and colours, presented to them by myself; some as big as my fist, some less; and all of various excellencies, such as art cannot imitate. Then we trade for feathers, which they order into all shapes, make themselves little short habits of them, and glorious wreaths for their heads, necks, arms and legs, whose tinctures are inconceivable. I had a sett of these presented to me, and I gave them to the king's theatre; it was the dress of the Indian queen, infinitely admired by persons of quality; and was inimitable. Besides these, a thousand little knacks, and rarities in nature; and some of art, as their baskets, weapons, aprons, &c. We dealt with them with beads of all colours, knives, axes, pins and needles, which they used only as tools to drill holes with in their ears, noses and lips, where they hang a great many little things; as long beads, bits of tin, brass or silver beat thin, and any shining trinket. The beads they weave into aprons about a quarter of an ell long, and of the  
same

same breadth ; working them very prettily in flowers of several colours ; which apron they wear just before them, as Adam and Eve did the fig-leaves ; the men wearing a long stripe of linen, which they deal with us for. They thread these beads also on long cotton-threads, and make girdles to tie their aprons to, which come twenty times, or more, about the waist, and then cross, like a shoulder-belt, both ways, and round their necks, arms and legs. This adornment, with their long black hair, and the face painted in little specks or flowers here and there, makes them a wonderful figure to behold. Some of the beauties, which indeed are finely shaped, as almost all are, and who have pretty features, are charming and novel ; for they have all that is called beauty, except the colour, which is a reddish yellow ; or after a new oiling, which they often use to themselves, they are of the colour of a new brick, but smooth, soft and sleek. They are extreme modest and bashful, very shy, and nice of being touched. And though they are all thus naked, if one lives for ever among them, there is not to be seen an indecent action, or glance ; and being continually used to see one another so unadorn'd, so like our first parents before the Fall, it seems as if they had no wishes, there being nothing to heighten curiosity. Not but I have seen a handsome young Indian dying for love of a very beautiful young Indian maid ; but all his courtship was, to fold his arms, pursue her with his eyes, and sighs were all his language : while she, as if no such lover were present, or rather as if she desired none such, carefully guarded her eyes from beholding him ; and never approached him, but she looked down with all the blushing modesty I have seen in the most severe and cautious of our world. And these people represented to me an absolute idea of the first state of innocence, before man knew sin : and 'tis most evident and plain, that simple Nature is the most harmless, inoffensive and virtuous mistress. 'Tis she alone, if she were permitted, that better instructs the

world, than all the inventions of man: controversial religion would here but destroy that tranquillity they possess by ignorance; and laws would but teach them to know offences, of which now they have no notion. They once made mourning and fasting for the death of the English governor, who had given his hand to come on such a day to them, and neither came nor sent; believing, when a man's word was past, nothing but death could or should prevent his keeping it: and when they saw he was not dead, they asked him what name they had for a man who promised a thing he did not do? The governor told them, such a man was a liar, which was a word of infamy to a gentleman. Then one of them replied,---Governor, you are a liar, and guilty of that infamy. They have a native justice, which knows no fraud; and they understand no vice, or cunning, but what they are taught by the white men. They have plurality of wives; which, when they grow old, serve those that succeed them, who are young, but with a servitude easy and respected; and unless they take slaves in war, they have no other attendants.

Those on that continent where I was, had no king; but the oldest war-captain was obey'd with great resignation.

A war-captain is a man who has led them on to battle with conduct and success; of whom I shall have occasion to speak more hereafter, and of some other of their customs and manners, as they fall in my way.

With these people, as I said, we live in perfect tranquillity, and good understanding, as it behoves us to do; they knowing all the places where to seek the best food of the country, and the means of getting it; and for very trifles, supplying us with what it is almost impossible for us to get: for they do not only in the woods, and over the savana's, in hunting, supply the parts of hounds, by swiftly scouring through those almost impassable places, and by mere speed run down  
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the nimblest deer, and other eatable beasts; but in the water, one would think they were gods of the rivers, or fellow-citizens of the deep; so rare an art they have in swimming, diving, and almost living in water; by which they command the less swift inhabitants of the floods. And then for shooting, what they cannot take or reach with their hands, they do with arrows; and have so admirable an aim, that they will split almost an hair, and at any distance that an arrow can reach: they will shoot down oranges, and other fruit, and only touch the stalk with the dart's point, that they may not hurt the fruit. So that they being on all occasions very useful to us, we find it absolutely necessary to caress them as friends, and not to treat them as slaves; nor dare we do otherwise, their numbers so far surpassing ours in that continent.

Those then whom we make use of to work in our plantations of sugar, are negroes, or black-slaves, who are transported thither in this manner:

Those who want slaves make a bargain with a master, or a captain of a ship, and contract to pay him so much a-piece, a matter of twenty pounds a-head, for as many as he agrees for, and to pay for them when they shall be delivered on such a plantation: so that when there arrives a ship laden with slaves, they who have so contracted go aboard, and receive their number by lot; and perhaps in one lot that may be for ten, there may happen to be three or four men, the rest women and children. Or be there more or less of either sex, you are obliged to abide by your lot.

Coramantin, a country of blacks so called, was one of those places in which they found the most advantageous trading for these slaves, and thither most of our great traders in that merchandize traffick; for that nation is very warlike and brave: and having a continual campaign, being always in hostility with one neighbouring prince or other, they had the fortune to take a great many captives: for all they took in battle  
were

were sold as slaves ; at least those common men who could not ransom themselves. Of these slaves so taken, the general only has all the profit ; and of these generals our captains and masters of ships buy all their freights.

The king of Coramantin was a man of an hundred and odd years old, and had no son, though he had many beautiful black wives : for most certainly there are beauties that can charm of that colour. In his younger years he had had many gallant men to his sons, thirteen of whom died in battle, conquering when they fell ; and he had only left him for his successor, one grand-child, son to one of these dead victors, who, as soon as he could bear a bow in his hand, and a quiver at his back, was sent into the field, to be trained up by one of the oldest generals to war ; where, from his natural inclination to arms, and the occasions given him, with the good conduct of the old general, he became, at the age of seventeen, one of the most expert captains and bravest soldiers that ever saw the field of Mars : so that he was adored as the wonder of all that world, and the darling of the soldiers. Besides, he was adorned with a native beauty, so transcending all those of his gloomy race, that he struck an awe and reverence, even into those that knew not his quality ; as he did into me, who beheld him with surprise and wonder, when afterwards he arrived in our world.

He had scarce arrived at his seventeenth year, when, fighting by his side, the general was killed.

'Twas then that Oroonoko, which was his name, was proclaimed general in the old man's place : and it was at the finishing of that war, which had continued for two years, that the prince came to court, where he had hardly been a month together, from the time of his fifth year to that of seventeen : and 'twas amazing to imagine where it was he learned so much humanity ; or to give his accomplishments a juster name, where it was he got that real greatness of soul, those refined notions

notions of true honour, that absolute generosity, and that softness, that was capable of the highest passions of love and gallantry, whose objects were almost continually fighting men, or those mangled or dead, who heard no sounds but those of war and groans. Some part of it we may attribute to the care of a Frenchman of wit and learning, who finding it turn to a very good account to be a sort of royal tutor to this young black, and perceiving him very ready, apt, and quick of apprehension, took a great pleasure to teach him morals, language and science; and was for it extremely beloved and valued by him. Another reason was, he loved when he came from war, to see all the English gentlemen that traded thither; and did not only learn their language, but that of the Spaniard also, with whom he traded afterwards for slaves.

I have often seen and conversed with this great man, and been a witness to many of his mighty actions; and do assure my reader, the most illustrious courts could not have produced a braver person, both for greatness of courage and mind, a judgment more solid, a wit more quick, and a conversation more sweet and diverting. He knew almost as much as if he had read much: he had heard of and admired the Romans; he had heard of the late civil wars in England, and the deplorable death of our great monarch; and would discourse of it with all the sense and abhorrence of the injustice imaginable. He had an extreme good and graceful mien, and all the civility of a well-bred great man. He had nothing of barbarity in his nature, but in all points addressed himself as if his education had been in some European court.

This great and just character of Oronoko gave me an extreme curiosity to see him, especially when I knew he spoke French and English, and that I could talk with him. But though I had heard so much of him, I was as greatly surprised when I saw him, as if I had heard nothing of him; so beyond all report I found him. He came into the room, and addressed himself to me, and  
some

some other women, with the best grace in the world. He was pretty tall, but of a shape the most exact that can be fancied : the most famous statuary could not form the figure of a man more admirably turned from head to foot. His face was not of that brown rusty black which most of that nation are, but a perfect ebony, or polished jet. His eyes were the most awful that could be seen, and very piercing ; the white of them being like snow, as were his teeth. His nose was rising and Roman, instead of African and flat : his mouth the finest shaped that could be seen ; far from those great turned lips, which are so natural to the rest of the negroes. The whole proportion and air of his face was so noble and exactly formed, that, bating his colour, there could be nothing in nature more beautiful, agreeable and handsome. There was no one grace wanting, that bears the standard of true beauty. His hair came down to his shoulders, by the aid of art, which was by pulling it out with a quill, and keeping it combed ; of which he took particular care. Nor did the perfections of his mind come short of those of his person ; for his discourse was admirable upon almost any subject : and whoever had heard him speak, would have been convinced of their error, that all fine wit is confined to white men, especially to those of Christendom ; and would have confessed that Oroonoko was as capable even of reigning well, and of governing as wisely ; had as great a soul, as politic maxims, and was as sensible of power, as any prince civilised in the most refined schools of humanity and learning, or the most illustrious courts.

This prince, such as I have described him, whose soul and body were so admirably adorned, was (while yet he was in the court of his grandfather, as I said) as capable of love, as it was possible for a brave and gallant man to be ; and in saying that, I have named the highest degree of love ; for sure great souls are most capable of that passion.

I have.

I have already said, the old general was killed by the side of this prince, in battle; and that Oroonoko was made general. This old dead heroe had one only daughter left of his race, a beauty, that to describe her truly, one need say only, she was female to the noble male; the beautiful black Venus to our young Mars; as charming in her person as he, and of delicate virtues. I have seen a hundred white men fighting after her, and making a thousand vows at her feet, all in vain and unsuccessful. And she was indeed too great for any but a prince of her own nation to adore.

Oroonoko coming from the wars (which were now ended) after he had made his court to his grandfather, he thought in honour he ought to make a visit to Imoinda, the daughter of his foster-father, the dead general, to present her with those slaves that had been taken in this last battle, as the trophies of her father's victories. When he came, attended by all the young soldiers of any merit, he was infinitely surprised at the beauty of this fair queen of night, whose face and person were so exceeding all he had ever beheld, that lovely modesty with which she received him, that softness in her look and sighs, upon the melancholy occasion of this honour that was done her by so great a man as Oroonoko, and a prince of whom she had heard such admirable things; the awfulness wherewith she received him, and the sweetness of her words and behaviour while he staid, gained a perfect conquest over his fierce heart, and made him feel the victor could be subdued. So that having made his first compliments, and presented her an hundred and fifty slaves in fetters, he told her with his eyes, that he was not insensible of her charms; while Imoinda, who wished for nothing more than so glorious a conquest, was pleased to believe she understood that silent language of new-born love; and, from that moment, put on all her additions to beauty.

The prince returned to court with quite another humour than before; and though he did not speak  
much



much of the fair Imoinda, he had the pleasure to hear all his followers speak of nothing but the charms of that maid; insomuch that, even in the presence of the old king, they were extolling her, and heightening, if possible, the beauties they had found in her: so that nothing else was talked of, no other sound was heard in every corner where there were whisperers, but Imoinda! Imoinda!

It will be imagined Oroonoko staid not long before he made his second visit; nor, considering his quality, not much longer before he told her, he adored her. I have often heard him say, that he admired by what strange inspiration he came to talk things so soft, and so passionate, who never knew love, nor was used to the conversation of women; but (to use his own words) he said, Most happily, some new, and, till then, unknown power instructed his heart and tongue in the language of love; and at the same time, in favour of him, inspired Imoinda with a sense of his passion.--- She was touched with what he said, and returned it in such answers as went to his very heart, with a pleasure unknown before. He turned all his happy moments to the best advantage; and as he knew no vice, his flame aimed at nothing but honour, if such a distinction may be made in love; and especially in that country, where men take to themselves as many females as they can maintain; and where the only crime and sin against a woman, is, to turn her off, to abandon her to want, shame and misery: such ill morals are only practised in christian countries, where they prefer the bare name of religion; and, without virtue or morality, think that sufficient. But Oroonoko was none of those professors; but as he had right notions of honour, so he made her such propositions as were not only and barely such, but, contrary to the custom of his country, he made her vows, she should be the only woman he would possess while he lived; that no age or wrinkles should incline him to change; for her  
soul

foul would be always young; and he should have an eternal idea in his mind of the charms she now bore; and should look into his heart for that idea, when he could find it no longer in her face.

After a thousand assurances of his lasting flame, and her eternal empire over him, she condescended to receive him for her husband; or rather, receive him as the greatest honour the gods could do her.

There is a certain ceremony in these cases to be observed, which I forgot to ask how it was performed; but it was concluded on both sides, that in obedience to him, the grandfather was to be first made acquainted with the design: for they pay a most absolute resignation to the monarch, especially when he is a parent also.

On the other side, the old king, who had many wives, and many concubines, wanted not court-flatterers to insinuate into his heart a thousand tender thoughts for this young beauty; and who represented her to his fancy, as the most charming he had ever possessed in all the long race of his numerous years. At this character, his old heart, like an extinguished brand, most apt to take fire, felt new sparks of love, and began to kindle; and now grown to his second childhood, longed with impatience to behold this gay thing. But how he should be confirmed she was this wonder, before he used his power to call her to court, (where maiden never came, unless for the king's private use) he was next to consider; and while he was so doing, he had intelligence brought him, that Imoinda was most certainly mistress to the prince Oroonoko. This gave him some chagrin: however, it gave him also an opportunity, one day, when the prince was a-hunting, to wait on a man of quality, as his slave and attendant, who should go and make a present to Imoinda, as from the prince; he should then, unknown, see this fair maid, and have an opportunity to hear what message she would return the prince for his present,

present, and from thence gather the state of her heart, and degree of her inclination. This was put in execution, and the old monarch saw, and burned: he found her all he had heard, and would not delay his happiness, but found he should have some obstacle to overcome her heart; for she expressed her sense of the present the prince had sent her, in terms so sweet, so soft and pretty, with an air of love and joy that could not be dissembled, insomuch that it was past doubt whether she loved Oroonoko entirely. This gave the old king some affliction; but he salved it with this, that the obedience the people pay their king, was not at all inferior to what they paid their gods; and what love would not oblige Imoinda to do, duty would compel her to.

He was therefore no sooner got into his apartment, but he sent the royal veil to Imoinda; that is the ceremony of invitation: he sends the lady he has a mind to honour with his bed, a veil, with which she is covered, and secured for the king's use; and it is death to disobey; besides, held a most impious disobedience.

'Tis not to be imagined the surprize and grief that seized the lovely maid at this news and sight. However, as delays in these cases are dangerous, and pleading worse than treason; trembling, and almost fainting, she was obliged to suffer herself to be covered, and led away.

They brought her thus to court; and the king, who had caused a very rich bath to be prepared, was led into it, where he sat under a canopy, in state, to receive this longed-for virgin; whom he having commanded to be brought to him, they (after disrobing her) led her to the bath, and making fast the doors, left her to descend. The king without more courtship, bad her throw off her mantle, and come to his arms. But Imoinda, all in tears, threw herself on the marble, on the brink of the bath, and besought him  
to

to hear her. She told him, if she was a maid, how proud of the glory she should have been, of having it in her power to oblige her king: but as by the laws he could not, and from his royal goodness would not take from any man his wedded wife; so she believed she should be the occasion of making him commit a great sin, if she did not reveal her state and condition; and tell him she was another's, and could not be so happy to be his.

The king, enraged at this delay, hastily demanded the name of the bold man that had married a woman of her degree, without his consent. Imoinda seeing his eyes fierce, and his hands tremble, (whether with age or anger I know not, but she fancied the last) almost repented she had said so much, for now she feared the storm would fall on the prince; she therefore said a thousand things to appease the raging of his flame, and to prepare him to hear who it was with calmness: but before she spoke, he imagined who she meant, but would not seem to do so, but commanded her to lay aside her mantle, and suffer herself to receive his caresses, or by his Gods he swore, that happy man whom she was going to name should die, though it were even Oroonoko himself. Therefore (said he) deny this marriage, and swear thyself a maid. That (replied Imoinda) by all our powers I do; for I am not yet known to my husband. 'Tis enough, (said the king) 'tis enough both to satisfy my conscience and my heart. And rising from his seat, he went and led her into the bath; it being in vain for her to resist.

In this time, the prince, who was returned from hunting, went to visit his Imoinda, but found her gone; and not only so, but heard she had received the royal veil. This raised him to a storm; and in his madness, they had much ado to save him from laying violent hands on himself. Force first prevailed, and then reason: they urged all to him, that might oppose his rage; but nothing weighed so greatly with him as the king's  
old

old age, incapable of injuring him with Imoinda. He would give way to that hope, because it pleased him most, and flattered best his heart. Yet this served not altogether to make him cease his different passions, which sometimes raged within him, and softened into showers. 'Twas not enough to appease him, to tell him, his grandfather was old, and could not that way injure him, while he retained that awful duty which the young men are used there to pay to their grave relations. He could not be convinced he had no cause to sigh and mourn for the loss of a mistress he could not with all his strength and courage retrieve, and he would often cry, Oh, my friends! were she in walled cities, or confined from me in fortifications of the greatest strength; did enchantments or monsters detain her from me; I would venture through any hazard to free her: but here in the arms of a feeble old man, my youth, my violent love, my trade in arms, and all my vast desire of glory, avail me nothing. Imoinda is as irrecoverably lost to me, as if she were snatched by the cold arms of death: Oh! she is never to be retrieved. If I would wait tedious years, till fate should bow the old king to his grave, even that would not leave me Imoinda free; for still that custom that makes it so vile a crime for a son to marry his father's wives or mistresses, would hinder my happiness; unless I would either ignobly set an ill precedent to my successors, or abandon my country, and fly with her to some unknown world who never heard our story.

But it was objected to him, that his case was not the same: for Imoinda being his lawful wife by solemn contract, 'twas he was the injured man, and might, if he so pleased, take Imoinda back, the breach of the law being on his grandfather's side; and that if he could circumvent him, and redeem her from the Otan, which is the palace of the king's women, a sort of Seraglio, it was both just and lawful for him so to do.

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This reasoning had some force upon him, and he would have been comforted, but for the thought that she was possessed by his grandfather. However, he loved her so well, that he was resolved to believe what most favoured his hope, and to endeavour to learn from Imoinda's own mouth, what only she could satisfy him in, whether she was robbed of that blessing, which was only due to his faith and love. But as it was very hard to get a sight of the women, (for no man ever entered into the Otan, but when the king went to entertain himself with some one of his wives or mistresses; and 'twas death at any other time, for any other to go in) so he knew not how to contrive to get a sight of her.

While Oroonoko felt all the agonies of love, and suffered under a torment the most painful in the world, the old king was not exempted from his share of affliction. He was troubled, for having been forced, by an irresistible passion, to rob his son of a treasure, he knew, could not but be extremely dear to him; since she was the most beautiful woman that ever had been seen, and had, besides, all the sweetness and innocence of youth and modesty, with a charm of wit surpassing all. He found, that however she was forced to expose her lovely person to his withered arms, she could only sigh and weep there, and think of Oroonoko; and oftentimes could not forbear speaking of him, though her life were, by custom, forfeited by owning her passion. But she spoke not of a lover only, but of a prince dear to himself, and of the praises of a man, who, until now, filled the old man's soul with joy at every recital of his bravery, or even his name. And it was this dotage on our young hero, that gave Imoinda a thousand privileges to speak of him without offending; and this condescension in the old king, that made her take the satisfaction of speaking of him so very often.

Besides, he many times enquired how the prince bore himself: and those of whom he asked, being entirely attached to the merits and virtues of the prince, still  
answered.

answered what they thought conduced best to his service; which was, to make the old king fancy that the prince had no more interest in Imoinda, and had resigned her willingly to the pleasure of the king: that he diverted himself with his mathematicians, his fortifications, his officers, and his hunting.

This pleased the old lover, who failed not to report these things again to Imoinda, that she might, by the example of her young lover, withdraw her heart, and rest better contented in his arms. But however she was forced to receive this unwelcome news, in all appearance, with unconcern and content; her heart was bursting within, and she was only happy when she could get alone, to vent her griefs and moans with sighs and tears.

What reports of the prince's conduct were made to the king, he thought good to justify, as far as possibly he could, by his actions; and when he appeared in the presence of his father, he shewed a face not at all betraying his heart: so that in a little time, the old man, being entirely convinced that he was no longer a lover of Imoinda, he carried him with him, in his train, to the Otan, often to banquet with his mistresses. But as soon as he entered, one day, into the apartment of Imoinda with the king, at the first glance from her eyes, notwithstanding all his determined resolution, he was ready to sink in the place where he stood; and had certainly done so, but for the support of Aboan, a young man who was next to him; which, with his change of countenance, had betrayed him, had the king chanced to look that way. And I have observed, it is a very great error in those who laugh when one says, a negro can change colour: for I have seen them as frequently blush, and look pale, and that as visibly as ever I saw in the most beautiful white. And it is certain, that both these changes were evident, this day, in both these lovers; and Imoinda, who saw with some joy the change in the prince's face, and found

found it in her own, strove to divert the king from beholding either, by a forced careſs with which ſhe met him; which was a new wound in the heart of the poor dying prince. But as ſoon as the king was buſied in looking on ſome fine thing of Imoinda's making, ſhe had time to tell the prince, with her angry, but love-darting eyes, that ſhe reſented his coldneſs, and be-moaned her own miſerable captivity. Nor were his eyes ſilent, but answered her's again, as much as eyes could do, inſtructed by the moſt tender and moſt paſſionate heart that ever loved: and they ſpoke ſo well, and ſo effectually, as Imoinda no longer doubted but ſhe was the only delight and darling of his ſoul. And it was this powerful language alone that in an inſtant conveyed all the thoughts of their hearts to each other; that they both found there wanted but opportunity to make them entirely happy. But when he ſaw another door opened to Onahal (a former old wife of the king's, who now had charge of Imoinda), and ſaw the proſpect of a bed of ſtate made ready, with ſweets and flowers for the dalliance of the king, who immediately led the trembling viſtım from his ſight into that prepared re-poſe; what rage! what wild frenzies ſeized his heart! which forcing to keep within bounds, and to ſuffer without noiſe, it became the more inſupportable, and rent his ſoul with ten thouſand pains. He was forced to retire to vent his groans, where he fell down on a carpet, and lay ſtruggling a long time, and only breathing now and then, Oh Imoinda! when Onahal came forth, to wait till the king called; and hearing ſome one ſighing in the other room, ſhe paſſed on, and found the prince in that deplorable condition which ſhe thought needed her aid. She gave him cordials, but all in vain; till finding the nature of his diſeaſe, by his ſighs, and naming Imoinda, ſhe told him he had not ſo much cauſe as he imagined to afflict himſelf: for if he knew the king ſo well as ſhe did, he would not loſe a moment in jealousy; and that ſhe was con-

fidest that Imoinda bore, at this minute, part in his affliction. Aboan was of the same opinion, and both together persuaded him to re-assume his courage; and all sitting down on the carpet, the prince said so many obliging things to Onahal, that he half persuaded her to be of his party; and she promised him, she would thus far comply with his just desires, that she would let Imoinda know how faithful he was, what he suffered, and what he said.

This discourse lasted till the king called, which gave Oroonoko a certain satisfaction; and with the hope Onahal had made him conceive, he assumed a look as gay as it was possible a man in his circumstances could do: and presently after, he was called in with the rest who waited without. The king commanded musick to be brought, and several of his young wives and mistresses came all together by his command, to dance before him; where Imoinda performed her part with an air and grace as much surpassing all the rest, as her beauty was above them, and received the present ordained as a prize. The prince was every moment more charmed with the new beauties and graces he beheld in this fair one; and while he gazed, and she danced, Onahal was retired to a window with Aboan.

This Onahal, as I said, was one of the cast-mistresses of the old king; and it was these (now past their beauty) that were made guardians or governantes to the new and the young ones; and who now treated the triumphing happy ones with all the severity, as to liberty and freedom, that was possible, in revenge of the honours they rob them of; envying them those satisfactions, those gallantries and presents, that were once made to themselves, while youth and beauty lasted, and which they now saw pass, as it were, regardless by, and paid only to the bloomings. And certainly, nothing is more afflicting to a decayed beauty, than to behold in itself declining charms that  
were

were once adored; and to find those careffes paid to new beauties, to which once she laid claim; to hear them whisper, as she paffes by, That once was a delicate woman. Those abandoned ladies, therefore, endeavour to revenge all the despights and decays of time on these flourishing happy ones: and it was this severity that gave Oroonoko a thousand fears he should never prevail with Onahal to see Imoinda. But, as I said, she was now retired to a window with Aboan.

This young man was not only one of the best quality, but a man extremely well made, and beautiful; and coming often to attend the king to the Otan, he had subdu'd the heart of the antiquated Onahal, which had not forgot how pleasant it was to be in love. And tho' she had some decays in her face, she had none in her sense and wit; she was there agreeable still, even to Aboan's youth: so that he took pleasure in entertaining her with discourses of love. He knew also, that to make his court to these she-favourites was the way to be great; these being the persons that do all affairs and business at court. He had also observed, that she had given him glances more tender and inviting than she had done to others of his quality. And now, that he saw her favour could so absolutely oblige the prince, he fail'd not to sigh in her ear, and look with eyes all soft upon her, and gave her hope that she had made some impressions on his heart. He found her pleas'd at this, and making a thousand advances to him: but the ceremony ending, and the king departing, broke up the company for that day, and his conversation.

Aboan fail'd not that night to tell the prince of his success, and how advantageous the service of Onahal might be to his amour with Imoinda. The prince was overjoy'd with this good news, and besought him, if it were possible, to carefs her so, as to engage her entirely; which he could not fail to do, if he comply'd with her desires: for then (said the prince) her



life lying at your mercy, she must grant you the request you make in my behalf. Aboan understood him; and assur'd him he would make love so effectually, that he would defy the most expert mistress of the art, to find out that he dissembled. And 'twas with impatience they waited the next opportunity of going to the Otan.

The wars came on, the time of taking the field approached, and 'twas impossible for the prince to delay his going at the head of his army to encounter the enemy; so that every day seem'd a tedious year, till he saw his Imoinda: for he believed he could not live, if he were forced away without being so happy. 'Twas with impatience, therefore, that he expected the next visit the king would make; and, according to his wish, it was not long.

The parley of the eyes of these two lovers had not pass'd so secretly, but an old jealous lover could spy it; or rather, he wanted not flatterers who told him they observ'd it: so that the prince was hastened to the camp, and this was the last visit he found he should make to the Otan; he therefore urged Aboan to make the best of this last effort, and to explain himself so to Onahal, that she might make way for the prince to speak to Imoinda.

The whole affair being agreed on between the prince and Aboan, they attended the king, as the custom was, to the Otan; where, while the whole company was taken up in beholding the dancing, and antick postures the women made to divert the king, Onahal singled out Aboan, whom she found most pliable to her wish. When she had him where she believed she could not be heard, she sigh'd to him, and softly cried, Ah Aboan! when will you be sensible of my passion? I confess it with my mouth, because I would not give my eyes the lye; and you have but too much already perceived they have confessed my flame: nor would I have you believe, that because I am the  
abandoned

abandoned mistress of a king, I esteem myself altogether divested of charms: no, Aboan; I have still a rest of beauty enough engaging, and have learned to please too well, not to be desirable. I can have lovers still, but will have none but Aboan.---Madam, (reply'd the half-feigning youth) you have already, by my eyes, found you can still conquer; and I believe 'tis in pity of me you condescend to this kind confession. But, madam, words are used to be so small a part of our country courtship, that 'tis rare one can get so happy an opportunity as to tell one's heart; and those few minutes we have, are forced to be snatched for more certain proofs of love than speaking and sighing: and such I languish for.

He spoke this with such a tone, that she hoped it true, and could not forbear believing it; and being wholly transported with joy for having subdued the finest of all the king's subjects, she took from her ears two large pearls, and commanded him to wear them in his. He would have refused them, crying, Madam, these are not the proofs of your love that I expect; 'tis opportunity, 'tis a lone hour only that can make me happy. But forcing the pearls into his hand, she whispered softly to him; Oh! do not fear a woman's invention, when love sets her a-thinking. And pressing his hand, she cried, This night you shall be happy. Come to the gate of the orange-grove, behind the Otan, and I will be ready about midnight to receive you. 'Twas thus agreed; and she left him, that no notice might be taken of their speaking together.

The ladies were still dancing, and the king, laid on a carpet, with a great deal of pleasure was beholding them, especially Imoinda, who that day appeared more lovely than ever, being enlivened with the good tidings Onahal had brought her, of the constant passion the prince had for her. The prince was laid on another carpet at the other end of the room, with his

eyes fixed on the object of his soul; and as she turned or moved, so did they; and she alone gave his eyes and soul their motions. Nor did Imoinda employ her eyes to any other use, than in beholding, with infinite pleasure, the joy she produced in those of the prince. But while she was more regarding him than the steps she took, she chanced to fall, and so near him, as that leaping with extreme force from the carpet, he caught her in his arms as she fell; and 'twas visible to the whole presence, the joy wherewith he received her. He clasped her close to his bosom, and quite forgot that reverence that was due to the mistress of a king, and that punishment that is the reward of a boldness of this nature. And had not the presence of mind of Imoinda (sonder of his safety than her own) befriended him, in making her spring from his arms, and fall into her dance again, he had at that instant met his death; for the old king, jealous to the last degree, rose up in a rage, broke all the diversion, and led Imoinda to her apartment, and sent out word to the prince, to go immediately to the camp; and that if he were found another night in court, he should suffer the death ordained for disobedient offenders.

You may imagine how unwelcome this news was to Oroonoko, whose unseasonable transport and cares of Imoinda was blamed by all men that loved him: and now he perceived his fault; yet cried, That for such another moment he would be content to die.

All the Otan was in disorder about this accident; and Onahal was particularly concerned, because on the prince's stay depended her happiness; for she could no longer expect that of Aboan; so that ere they departed, they contrived it so, that the prince and he should both come that night to the grove of the Otan, which was all of oranges and citrons, and that there they would wait her orders.

They parted thus with grief enough 'till night, leaving the king in possession of the lovely maid. But  
nothing

nothing could appease the jealousy of the old lover; he would not be imposed on; but would have it, that Imoinda made a false step on purpose to fall into Oroonoko's bosom, and that all things looked like a design on both sides; and 'twas in vain she protested her innocence: he was old and obstinate, and left her more than half assur'd that his fear was true.

The king going to his apartment, sent to know where the prince was, and if he intended to obey his command. The messenger returned, and told him, he found the prince pensive, and altogether unprepared for the campaign; that he lay negligently on the ground, and answered very little. This confirmed the jealousy of the king, and he commanded that they should very narrowly and privately watch his motions; and that he should not stir from his apartment, but one spy or other should be employed to watch him: so that the hour approaching, wherein he was to go to the citron-grove, and taking only Aboan along with him, he leaves his apartment, and was watched to the very gate of the Otan; where he was seen to enter, and where they left him, to carry back the tidings to the king.

Oroonoko and Aboan were no sooner entered, but Onahal led the prince to the apartment of Imoinda; who, not knowing any thing of her happiness, was laid in bed. But Onahal only left him in her chamber, to make the best of his opportunity, and took her dear Aboan to her own; where he shewed the height of complaisance for his prince, when, to give him an opportunity, he suffered himself to be caressed by Onahal.

The prince softly wakened Imoinda, who was not a little surpris'd with joy to find him there; and yet she trembled with a thousand fears. Nothing now afflicted him, but his sudden departure from her; for he told her the necessity, and his commands; but should depart satisfied in this, that since the old king had hitherto not been able to deprive him of her heart, which only belonged to him, he would for the future be less unhappy;

so that, abating the scandal of the veil, which was no otherwise so, than that she was wife to another, he believed her safe, even in the arms of the king, and innocent; yet would he have ventured at the conquest of the world, and have given it all to have had her avoid that honour of receiving the royal veil. 'Twas thus, between a thousand caresses, that both bemoaned the hard fate of youth and beauty, so liable to that cruel promotion: 'twas a glory that could well have been spared here, tho' desired and aimed at by all the young females of that kingdom.

But while they were thus fondly employed, forgetting how time ran on, and that the dawn must conduct him far away from his only happiness, they heard a great noise in the Otan, and unusual voices of men; at which the prince, starting from the arms of the frightened Imoinda, ran to a little battle-ax he used to wear by his side; and having not so much leisure as to put on his habit, he opposed himself against some who were already opening the door: which they did with so much violence, that Oroonoko was not able to defend it; but was forced to cry out with a commanding voice, Whoever ye are that have the boldness to attempt to approach this apartment thus rudely, know that I, the prince Oroonoko, will revenge it with the certain death of him that first enters: therefore stand back, and know, this place is sacred to love and me this night; to-morrow 'tis the king's.

'This he spoke with a voice so resolved and assured, that they soon retired from the door; but cried, It is by the king's command that we are come; and being satisfied by thy voice, O prince! as much as if we had entered, we can report to the king the truth of all his fears, and leave thee to provide for thy own safety, as thou art advised by thy friends.

At these words they departed, and left the prince to take a short and sad leave of his Imoinda; who, trusting in the strength of her charms, believed she should appease the fury of a jealous king, by saying, she was

sur-



surprised, and that it was by force of arms he got into her apartment. All her concern now was for his life, and therefore she hastened him to the camp, and with much ado prevailed on him to go. Nor was it she alone that prevailed; Abqan and Onahal both pleaded, and both assured him of a lye that should be well enough contrived to secure Imoinda. So that at last, with a heart sad as death, Oroonoko departed, and took his way to the camp.

It was not long after, the king in person came to the Otan; where beholding Imoinda, with rage in his eyes, he upbraided her wickedness and perfidy; and threatening her royal lover, she fell on her face at his feet, bedewing the floor with her tears, and imploring his pardon for a fault which she had not with her will committed, as Onahal, who was also prostrate with her, could testify; that unknown to her, he had broke into her apartment. She spoke this much against her conscience; but to save her own life, it was absolutely necessary she should feign this falsity. She knew it could not injure the prince, he being fled to an army that would stand by him, against any injuries that should assault him. However, this excuse of Imoinda's changed the measures of his revenge; and whereas before he designed to be himself her executioner, he now resolved she should not die. Nor would he resign her to his grandson, because she had received the royal veil: he therefore removes her from the Otan; with Onahal; whom he put into safe hands, with order they should be both sold off as slaves to another country, either christian or heathen; it was no matter where.

This cruel sentence, worse than death, they implored might be reversed; but their prayers were vain, and it was put in execution accordingly; and that with so much secrecy, that none, either without or within the Otan, knew any thing of their absence, or their destiny.

The old king, nevertheless, executed this with a great deal of reluctancy; but he believed he had made a

very great conquest over himself, when he had once resolved, and had performed what he resolved. He believed now, that his love had been unjust; and that he could not expect the Gods, or Captain of the Clouds (as they call the Unknown Power) would suffer a better consequence from so ill a cause. He now begins to hold Oroonoko excused; and to say, he had reason for what he did. And now every body could assure the king how passionately Imoinda was beloved by the prince; even those confessed it now, who said the contrary before. So that the king being old, and not able to defend himself in war, and having no sons of all his race remaining alive, but only this, to maintain him on his throne; and looking on this as a man disobliged, first by the rape of his mistress, or rather wife, and now by depriving him wholly of her, he feared, might make him desperate, and do some cruel thing, either to himself or his old grandfather the offender, he began to repent him extremely of the contempt he had, in his rage, put on Imoinda. Besides, he considered he ought in honour to have killed her for this offence, if it had been one. He ought to have had so much value and consideration for a maid of her quality, as to have nobly put her to death, and not to have sold her like a common slave; the greatest revenge, and the most disgraceful of any, and to which they a thousand times prefer death, and implore it; as Imoinda did, but could not obtain that honour. Seeing therefore it was certain that Oroonoko would highly resent this affront, he thought good to make some excuse for his rashness to him; and to that end, he sent a messenger to the camp, with orders to treat with him about the matter, to gain his pardon, and endeavour to mitigate his grief: but that by no means he should tell him she was sold, but secretly put to death; for he knew he should never obtain his pardon for the other.

When the messenger came, he found the prince upon the point of engaging with the enemy; but as soon as he

he heard of the arrival of the messenger, he commanded him to his tent, where he embraced him, and received him with joy; which was soon abated by the down-cast looks of the messenger, who was instantly demanded the cause by Oroonoko; who, impatient of delay, asked a thousand questions in a breath, and all concerning Imoinda. But there needed little return; for he could almost answer himself of all he demanded, from his sight and eyes. At last the messenger, casting himself at the prince's feet, and kissing them with all the submission of a man that had something to implore which he dreaded to utter, besought him to hear with calmness what he had to deliver to him, and to call up all his noble and heroic courage to encounter with his words, and defend himself against the ungrateful things he had to relate. Oroonoko replied with a deep sigh, and a languishing voice, I am armed against their worst efforts; for I know they will tell me, Imoinda is no more; and after that, you may spare the rest. Then, commanding him to rise, he laid himself on a carpet, under a rich pavilion, and remained a good while silent, and was hardly heard to sigh. When he was come a little to himself, the messenger asked him leave to deliver that part of his embassy which the prince had not yet divined: and the prince cried, I permit thee. Then he told him the affliction the old king was in, for the rashness he had committed in his cruelty to Imoinda; and how he deigned to ask pardon for his offence, and to implore the prince would not suffer that loss to touch his heart too sensibly, which now all the gods could not restore him, but might recompense him in glory, which he begged he would pursue; and that death, that common revenger of all injuries, would soon even the account between him and a feeble old man.

Oroonoko bade him return his duty to his lord and master; and to assure him, there was no account of revenge to be adjudged between them: if there was, he was the aggressor, and that death would be just. And,

maugre his age, would see him righted; and he was contented to leave his share of glory to youths more fortunate and worthy of that favour from the gods: that henceforth he would never lift a weapon, or draw a bow, but abandon the small remains of his life to sighs and tears, and the continual thoughts of what his lord and grandfather had thought good to send out of the world, with all that youth, that innocence and beauty.

After having spoken this, whatever his greatest officers, and men of the best ranks could do, they could not raise him from the carpet, or persuade him to action, and resolutions of life; but commanding all to retire, he shut himself into his pavilion all that day, while the enemy was ready to engage: and wondering at the delay, the whole body of the chief of the army then addressed themselves to him, and to whom they had much ado to get admittance. They fell on their faces at the foot of his carpet, where they lay, and besought him with earnest prayers and tears to lead them forth to battle, and not let the enemy take advantage of them; and implored him to have regard to his glory, and to the world, that depended on his courage and conduct. But he made no other reply to all their supplications than this: That he had now no more business for glory; and for the world, it was a trifle not worth his care: Go, (continued he, sighing) and divide it amongst you, and reap with joy what you so vainly prize, and leave me to my more welcome destiny.

They then demanded what they should do, and whom he would constitute in his room, that the confusion of ambitious youth and power might not ruin their order, and make them a prey to the enemy. He replied, he would not give himself that trouble; but wished them to chuse the bravest man amongst them, let his quality or birth be what it would: For, oh, my friends! (says he) it is not titles make men brave or good; or birth that bestows courage and generosity, or makes the

owners

owner happy. Believe this, when you behold Oroonoko, the most wretched, and abandoned by fortune, of all the creation of the gods.---So turning himself about, he would make no more reply to all they could urge or implore:

The army beholding their officers return unsuccessful, with sad faces and ominous looks, that presaged no good luck, suffered a thousand fears to take possession of their hearts, and the enemy to come even upon them before they could provide for their safety by any defence: and though they were assured by some who had a mind to animate them, that they should be immediately headed by the prince; and that in the mean time Aboan had orders to command as general; yet they were so dismayed for want of that great example of bravery, that they could make but a very feeble resistance; and, at last, downright fled before the enemy, who pursued them to the very tents, killing them: nor could all Aboan's courage, which that day gained him immortal glory, shame them into a manly defence of themselves. The guards that were left behind about the prince's tent, seeing the soldiers fly before the enemy, and scatter themselves all over the plain, in great disorder, made such out-cries, as roused the prince from his amorous slumber, in which he had remained buried for two days, without permitting any sustenance to approach him. But, in spite of all his resolutions, he had not the constancy of grief to that degree, as to make him insensible of the danger of his army; and in that instant he leaped from his couch, and cried, Come, if we must die, let us meet Death the noblest way; and it will be more like Oroonoko to encounter him at an army's head, opposing the torrent of a conquering foe, than lazily on a couch to wait his lingering pleasure, and die every moment by a thousand racking thoughts; or be tamely taken by an enemy, and led a whining, love-sick slave to adorn the triumphs of Jamoan, that  
young



young victor, who already is entered beyond the limits I have prescribed him.

While he was speaking, he suffered his people to dress him for the field ; and sallying out of his pavilion, with more life and vigour in his countenance than ever he shewed, he appeared like some Divine Power descended to save his country from destruction : and his people had purposely put on him all things that might make him shine with most splendor, to strike a reverend awe into the beholders. He flew into the thickest of those that were pursuing his men ; and being animated with despair, he fought as if he came on purpose to die, and did such things as will not be believed that human strength could perform ; and such as soon inspired all the rest with new courage, and new ardor. And now it was that they began to fight indeed ; and so, as if they would not be out-done even by their adored hero ; who turning the tide of the victory, changing absolutely the fate of the day, gained an entire conquest : and Oroonoko having the good fortune to single out Jamoan, he took him prisoner with his own hand, having wounded him almost to death.

This Jamoan afterwards became very dear to him, being a man very gallant, and of excellent graces, and fine parts ; so that he never put him amongst the rank of captives, as they used to do without distinction, for the common sale, or market, but kept him in his own court, where he retained nothing of the prisoner but the name, and returned no more into his own country ; so great an affection he took for Oroonoko, and by a thousand tales and adventures of love and gallantry, flattered his disease of melancholy and languishment, which, I have often heard him say, had certainly killed him, but for the conversation of this prince and Aboan, and the French governor he had from his childhood, of whom I have spoken before, and who was a man of admirable wit, great ingenuity and learning ; all which he had infused into his young pupil. This Frenchman

was

was banished out of his own country for some heretical notions he held; and though he was a man of very little religion, yet he had admirable morals, and a brave soul.

After the total defeat of Jamoan's army, which all fled, or were left dead upon the place, they spent some time in the camp; Oroonoko chusing rather to remain a while there in his tents, than to enter into a palace, or live in a court where he had so lately suffered so great a loss. The officers, therefore, who saw and knew his cause of discontent, invented all sorts of diversions and sports to entertain their prince: so that what with those amusements abroad, and others at home, that is, within their tents, with the persuasions, arguments, and care of his friends and servants that he more peculiarly prized, he wore off in time a great part of that chagrin, and torture of despair, which the first efforts of Imoinda's death had given him; insomuch, as having received a thousand kind embassies from the king, and invitations to return to court, he obeyed, though with no little reluctance; and when he did so, there was a visible change in him, and for a long time he was much more melancholy than before. But time lessens all extremes, and reduces them to mediums; but no beauties, though all endeavoured it, could engage him in any sort of amour, though he had all the invitations to it, both from his own youth, and the ambitious designs of others.

Oroonoko was no sooner returned from this last conquest, and received at court with all the joy and magnificence that could be expressed to a young victor, who was not only returned triumphant, but beloved like a deity, than there arrived in the port an English ship.

The master of it had often before been in these countries, and was very well known to Oroonoko, with whom he had trafficked for slaves, and had used to do the same with his predecessors.

This

This commander was a man of a finer sort of address and conversation, better bred, and more engaging, than most of that sort of men are; so that he seemed rather never to have been bred out of a court, than almost all his life at sea. This captain, therefore, was always better received at court, than most of the traders to those countries were; and especially by Oroonoko, who was more civilized, according to the European mode, than any other had been, and took more delight in the white nations; and, above all, in men of parts and wit. To this captain he sold abundance of his slaves; and for the favour and esteem he had for him, made him many presents, and obliged him to stay at court as long as possibly he could: which the captain seemed to take as a very great honour done him, entertaining the prince every day with globes and maps, and mathematical discourses and instruments; eating, drinking, hunting, and living with him with so much familiarity, that it was not to be doubted but he had gained very greatly upon the heart of this gallant young man. And the captain, in return of all these mighty favours, besought the prince to honour his vessel with his presence some day or other at dinner, before he should set sail; which he condescended to accept, and appointed his day. The captain, on his part, failed not to have all things in a readiness, in the most magnificent order he could possibly: and the day being come, the captain in his boat, richly adorned with carpets and velvet cushions, rowed to the shore to receive the prince, with another long-boat, where was placed all his music and trumpets, with which Oroonoko was extremely delighted; who met him on the shore, attended by his French governor, Jamoan, Aboan, and about an hundred of the noblest of the youths of the court: and after they had first carried the prince on board, the boats fetched the rest; where they found a very splendid treat, with all sorts of fine wines; and were as well entertained, at it was possible in such a place to be.

The

The prince having drank hard of punch, and several sorts of wine, as did all the rest, (for great care was taken they should want nothing of that part of the entertainment) was very merry, and in great admiration of the ship, for he had never been in one before; so that he was curious of beholding every place where he decently might descend. The rest no less curious, who were not quite overcome with drinking, rambled at their pleasure fore and aft, as their fancies guided them: so that the captain, who had well laid his design before, gave the word, and seized on all his guests; they clapping great irons suddenly on the prince, when he was leaped down into the hold, to view that part of the vessel; and locking him fast down, secured him. The same treachery was used to all the rest; and all in one instant, in several places of the ship, were fast in irons, and betray'd to slavery. That great design over, they set all hands at work to hoist sail; and with as treacherous as fair a wind, they made from the shore with this innocent and glorious prize, who thought of nothing less than such an entertainment.

Some have commended this act, as brave in the captain; but I will spare my sense of it, and leave it to my reader to judge as he pleases. It may be easily guessed, in what manner the prince resented this indignity, who may be best resembled to a lion taken in a toil; so he raged, so he struggled for liberty, but all in vain: and they had so wisely managed his fetters, that he could not use a hand in his defence, to quit himself of a life that would by no means endure slavery; nor could he move from the place where he was tied, to any solid part of the ship, against which he might have beat his head, and have finished his disgrace that way. So that being deprived of all other means, he resolved to perish for want of food; and pleased at last with that thought, and toiled and tired by rage and indignation, he laid himself down, and sullenly resolved upon dying, and refused all things that were brought him.

This

This did not a little vex the captain ; and the more so, because he found almost all of them of the same humour ; so that the loss of so many brave slaves, so tall and goodly to behold, would have been very considerable : he therefore ordered one to go from him (for he would not be seen himself) to Oroonoko, and to assure him, he was afflicted for having rashly done so unhospitable a deed, and which could not be now remedied, since they were far from shore ; but since he resented it in so high a nature, he assured him he would revoke his resolution, and set both him and his friends ashore on the next land they should touch at ; and of this the messenger gave him his oath, provided he would resolve to live. And Oroonoko, whose honour was such, that he never had violated his word in his life, much less a solemn asseveration, believed in an instant what this man said ; but replied, he expected, for a confirmation of this, to have his shameful fetters dismissed. This demand was carried to the captain ; who returned him answer, that the offence had been so great which he had put upon the prince, that he durst not trust him with liberty while he remained in the ship, for fear, left by a valour natural to him, and a revenge that would animate that valour, he might commit some outrage fatal to himself, and the king his master, to whom the vessel did belong.---To this Oroonoko replied, he would engage his honour to behave himself in all friendly order and manner, and obey the command of the captain, as he was lord of the king's vessel, and general of those men under his command.

This was delivered to the still doubting captain, who could not resolve to trust a heathen, he said, upon his parole, a man that had no sense or notion of the God that he worshipped. Oroonoko then replied, he was very sorry to hear that the captain pretended to the knowledge and worship of any gods, who had taught him no better principles, than not to credit as he would be credited ; but they told him, the difference of their faith occasioned that distrust : for the captain had protested



tested to him upon the word of a Christian, and sworn in the name of a great God, which if he should violate, he must expect eternal torments in the world to come.--- Is that all the obligation he has to be just to his oath? (replied Oroonoko) Let him know, I swear by my honour; which to violate, would not only render me contemptible and despised by all brave and honest men, and so give myself perpetual pain, but it would be eternally offending and displeasing all mankind; harming, betraying, circumventing, and outraging all men. But punishments hereafter are suffered by one's self; and the world takes no cognizance whether this God has revenged them or not, 'tis done so secretly, and deferred so long; while the man of no honour suffers every moment the scorn and contempt of the honest world, and dies every day ignominiously in his fame, which is more valuable than life. I speak not this to move belief, but to shew you how you mistake, when you imagine, that he who will violate his honour, will keep his word with his gods. So, turning from him with a disdainful smile, he refused to answer him, when he urged him to know what answer he should carry back to his captain; so that he departed without saying any more.

The captain pondering and consulting what to do, it was concluded, that nothing but Oroonoko's liberty would encourage any of the rest to eat, except the Frenchman, whom the captain could not pretend to keep prisoner; but only told him, he was secured, because he might act something in favour of the prince; but that he should be freed as soon as they came to land. So that they concluded it wholly necessary to free the prince from his irons, that he might shew himself to the rest; that they might have an eye upon him, and that they could not fear a single man.

This being resolved, to make the obligation the greater, the captain himself went to Oroonoko; where, after many compliments, and assurances  
of

of what he had already promised, he receiving from the prince his parole, and his hand, for his good behaviour, dismissed his irons, and brought him to his own cabin; where, after having treated and reposed him a while (for he had neither eat nor slept in four days before), he besought him to visit those obstinate people in chains, who refused all manner of sustenance; and intreated him to oblige them to eat, and assure them of their liberty the first opportunity.

Oroonoko, who was too generous not to give credit to his words, shewed himself to his people, who were transported with excess of joy at the sight of their darling prince; falling at his feet, and kissing and embracing them; believing, as some divine Oracle, all he assured them. But he besought them to bear their chains with that bravery that became those whom he had seen act so nobly in arms; and that they could not give him greater proofs of their love and friendship, since it was all the security the captain (his friend) could have against the revenge, he said, they might possibly justly take for the injuries sustained by him. And they all, with one accord, assured him, that they could not suffer enough, when it was for his repose and safety.

After this, they no longer refused to eat, but took what was brought them, and were pleased with their captivity, since by it they hoped to redeem the prince, who, all the rest of the voyage, was treated with all the respect due to his birth, though nothing could divert his melancholy; and he would often sigh for Imoinda, and think this a punishment due to his misfortune, in having left that noble maid behind him, that fatal night, in the Otan, when he fled to the camp.

Possessed with a thousand thoughts of past joys with this fair young person, and a thousand griefs for her eternal loss, he endured a tedious voyage, and at last arrived at the mouth of the river of Surinam, a colony belonging to the king of England, and where they were to deliver some part of their slaves. There the merchants and gentlemen

gentlemen of the country going on board, to demand those lots of slaves they had already agreed on; and, amongst those, the overseers of those plantations where I then chanced to be; the captain, who had given the word, ordered his men to bring up those noble slaves in fetters, whom I have spoken of; and having put them, some in one, and some in other lots, with women and children, (which they call Pickaninies) they sold them off as slaves to several merchants and gentlemen; not putting any two in one lot, because they would separate them far from each other; nor daring to trust them together, lest rage and courage should put them upon contriving some great action, to the ruin of the colony.

Oroonoko was first seized on, and sold to our overseer, who had the first lot, with seventeen more of all sorts and sizes, but not one of quality with him. When he saw this, he found what they meant; for, as I said, he understood English pretty well; and being wholly unarmed and defenceless, so as it was in vain to make any resistance, he only beheld the captain with a look all fierce and disdainful, upbraiding him with eyes that forced blushes on his guilty cheeks; and cried, in passing over the side of the ship, Farewell, sir, 'tis worth my sufferings to gain so true a knowledge, both of you, and of your gods, by whom you swear. And desiring those that held him to forbear their pains, and telling them he would make no resistance, he cried, Come, my fellow-slaves, let us descend, and see if we can meet with more honour and honesty in the next world we shall touch upon. So he nimbly leapt into the boat, and shewing no more concern, suffered himself to be rowed up the river, with his seventeen companions.

The gentleman that bought him, was a young Cornish gentleman, whose name was Trefry; a man of great wit and learning, and was carried into those parts by the lord ----- Governor, to manage all his affairs. He reflecting on the last words of Oroonoko to  
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the captain, and beholding the richness of his vest, no sooner came into the boat, but he fixed his eyes on him ; and finding something extraordinary in his face, his shape and mien, a greatness of look, and haughtiness in his air, and that he spoke English, had a mind to enquire into his quality and fortune ; which, though Oroonoko endeavoured to hide, by only confessing he was above the rank of common slaves, Trefry soon found he was yet something greater than he confessed ; and from that moment began to conceive so vast an esteem for him, that he ever after loved him as his brother, and shewed him all the civilities due to so great a man.

Trefry was a very good mathematician, and a linguist ; could speak French and Spanish ; and in the three days they remained in the boat, (for so long were they going from the ship to the plantation) he entertained Oroonoko so agreeably with his art and discourse, that he was no less pleased with Trefry, than he was with the prince ; and he thought himself, at least, fortunate in this, that since he was a slave, he had a man of such excellent wit and parts for a master. So that before they had finished their voyage up the river, he made no scruple of declaring to Trefry all his fortunes, and most part of what I have here related, and put himself wholly into the hands of his new friend, who he found resented all the injuries that were done him, and was charmed with the greatness of his actions ; which were recited with such modesty, and delicate sense, as wholly subdued him to his interest. And he promised him, on his word and honour, if he would find the means, to re-conduct him to his own country again ; assuring him, he had a perfect abhorrence of so dishonourable an action ; and that he would sooner have died, than have been the author of such a perfidy. He found the prince was very much concerned to know what became of his friends, and how they took their slavery ; and Trefry promised that he should have an account of them.

Though,

Though, as Oroonoko afterwards said, he had little reason to credit the words of a Backearary \* ; yet he knew not why, but he saw a kind of sincerity in the face of Trefry ; he saw honesty in his eyes, and found him wise and sensible enough to understand honour : for it was one of his maxims, A man of genius could not be a knave or villain.

In their passage up the river, they put in at several houses for refreshment ; and ever when they landed, numbers of people would flock to behold this man : not but their eyes were daily entertained with the sight of slaves ; but the fame of Oroonoko was gone before him, and all the people were in admiration of his beauty. Besides, he had a rich habit on, in which he was taken, so different from the rest, and which the captain could not strip him of, because he was forced to surprise his person in the minute he sold him. When he found his habit made him liable, as he thought, to be gazed at the more, he begged Trefry to give him something more befitting a slave ; which he did, and took off his robes : Nevertheless, he shone through all, and his Ofenbrigs (a sort of brown Holland suit he had on) could not conceal the graces of his looks and mien ; and he had no less admirers than when he had his dazzling habit on : the royal youth appeared in spite of the slave, and people could not help treating him after a different manner, without designing it. As soon as they approached him, they venerated and esteemed him ; his eyes insensibly commanded respect, and his behaviour insinuated it into every soul. So that there was nothing talked of but this young and gallant slave, even by those who yet knew not that he was a prince.

I ought to tell you, that the Christians never buy any slaves but they give them some name of their own, their native ones being likely very barbarous, and hard to pronounce ; so that Mr. Trefry gave Oroonoko that of

\* A Christian.



Cæsar ; which name will live in that country as long as that (scarce more) glorious one of the great Roman : for it is most evident he wanted no part of the personal courage of that Cæsar, and acted things as memorable, had they been done in some part of the world replenished with people and historians, that might have given him his due. But his misfortune was, to fall in an obscure world, that afforded only a female pen to celebrate his fame ; though I doubt not but it had lived from others endeavours, if the Dutch, who immediately after his time took that country, had not killed, banished, and dispersed all those that were capable of giving the world this great man's life much better than I have done. And Mr. Trefry, who designed it, died before he began it, and bemoaned himself for not having undertook it in time.

For the future, therefore, I must call Oroonoko Cæsar ; since by that name only he was known in our Western World, and by that name he was received on shore at Parham-house, where he was destined a slave. But if the king himself (God blefs him) had come ashore, there could not have been greater expectation by the whole plantation, and those neighbouring ones, than was on ours at that time ; and he was received more like a governor than a slave : notwithstanding, as the custom was, they assigned him his portion of land, his house, and his business in the plantation. But as it was more for form, than any design to put him to his task, he endured no more of the slave but the name, and remained some days in the house, receiving all visits that were made him, without stirring towards that part of the plantation where the negroes were.

At last, he would needs go view his land, his house, and the business assigned him. But he no sooner came to the houses of the slaves, which are like a little town by itself, the negroes all having left work, but they all came forth to behold him, and found he was that prince who had, at several times, sold most of them to these parts ;

parts; and from a veneration they pay to great men, especially if they know them, and from the surprize and awe they had at the sight of him, they all cast themselves at his feet, crying out, in their language, Live, O king! Long live, O king! and kissing his feet, paid him even divine homage.

Several English gentlemen were with him, and what Mr. Trefry had told them was here confirmed; of which he himself before had no other witness than Cæsar himself: but he was infinitely glad to find his grandeur confirmed by the adoration of all the slaves.

Cæsar, troubled with their over-joy, and over-ceremony, besought them to rise, and to receive him as their fellow-slave; assuring them he was no better. At which they set up with one accord a most terrible and hideous mourning and condoling, which he and the English had much ado to appease: but at last they prevailed with them, and they prepared all their barbarous musick, and every one killed and dressed something of his own stock (for every family has their land apart, on which, at their leisure-times, they breed all eatable things), and clubbing it together, made a most magnificent supper, inviting their grandee captain, their prince, to honour it with his presence; which he did, and several English with him, where they all waited on him, some playing, others dancing before him all the time, according to the manners of their several nations, and with unwearied industry endeavouring to please and delight him.

While they sat at meat, Mr. Trefry told Cæsar, that most of these young slaves were in love with a fine female slave, whom they had had about six months on their land. The prince, who never heard the name of love without a sigh, nor any mention of it without the curiosity of examining further into that tale, which of all discourses was most agreeable to him, asked how they came to be so unhappy, as to be all enamoured of one fair slave? Trefry, who was naturally amorous, and de-

lighted to talk of love as well as any body, proceeded to tell him, they had the most charming Black that ever was beheld on their plantation, about fifteen or sixteen years old, as he guessed; that for his part he had done nothing but sigh for her ever since she came; and that all the white beauties he had seen, never charmed him so absolutely as this fine creature had done; and that no man, of any nation, ever beheld her, that did not fall in love with her; and that she had all the slaves perpetually at her feet; and the whole country resounded with the fame of Clemene, for so (said he) we have christened her; but she denies us all with such a noble disdain, that it is a miracle to see, that she who can give such eternal desires, should herself be all ice and all unconcern. She is adorned with the most graceful modesty that ever beautified youth; the softest sigher ---that, if she were capable of love, one would swear she languished for some absent happy man; and so retired, as if she feared a rape even from the God of Day, or that the breezes would steal kisses from her delicate mouth. Her task of work, some sighing lover every day makes it his petition to perform for her; which she accepts blushing, and with reluctance, for fear he will ask her a look for a recompence, which he dares not presume to hope; so great an awe she strikes into the hearts of her admirers. I do not wonder (replied the prince) that Clemene should refuse slaves, being, as you say, so beautiful; but wonder how she escapes those that can entertain her as you can do: or why, being your slave, you do not oblige her to yield? I confess (said Trefry) when I have, against her will, entertained her with love so long, as to be transported with my passion even above decency, I have been ready to make use of those advantages of strength and force nature has given me: but oh! she disarms me with that modesty and weeping, so tender and so moving, that I retire, and thank my stars she overcame me. The company laughed at his civility to a slave, and Cæsar only applauded the nobleness

nobleness of his passion and nature, since that slave might be noble, or, what was better, have true notions of honour and virtue in her. Thus passed they this night, after having received from the slaves all imaginable respect and obedience.

The next day, Trefry asked Cæsar to walk when the heat was allayed, and designedly carried him by the cottage of the fair slave; and told him, she whom he spoke of last night lived there retired: But (says he) I would not wish you to approach; for I am sure you will be in love as soon as you behold her. Cæsar assured him, he was proof against all the charms of that sex; and that if he imagined his heart could be so perfidious to love again after Imoinda, he believed he should tear it from his bosom. They had no sooner spoke, but a little shock-dog, that Clemene had presented her, which she took great delight in, ran out; and she, not knowing any body was there, ran to get it in again, and bolted out on those who were just speaking of her; when seeing them, she would have run in again, but Trefry caught her by the hand, and cried, Clemene, however you fly a lover, you ought to pay some respect to this stranger (pointing to Cæsar). But she, as if she had resolved never to raise her eyes to the face of a man again, bent them the more to the earth when he spoke, and gave the prince the leisure to look the more at her. There needed no long gazing, or consideration, to examine who this fair creature was; he soon saw Imoinda, he saw her face, her shape, her air, her modesty, and all that called forth his soul with joy at his eyes, and left his body destitute almost of life: it stood without motion, and for a minute knew not that it had a being; and, I believe, he had never come to himself, so oppressed he was with over-joy, if he had not met with this allay, that he perceived Imoinda fall dead in the hands of Trefry. This awakened him, and he ran to her aid, and caught her in his arms, where by degrees she came to herself; and 'tis needless to tell with what

transports, what extasies of joy, they both a while beheld each other, without speaking ; then snatched each other to their arms ; then gazed again, as if they still doubted whether they possessed the blessing they grasped : but when they recovered their speech, 'tis not to be imagined what tender things they expressed to each other ; wondering what strange fate had brought them together. They soon informed each other of their fortunes, and equally bewailed their fate ; but at the same time they mutually protested, that even fetters and slavery were soft and easy, and would be supported with joy and pleasure, while they could be so happy to possess each other, and to be able to make good their vows. Cæsar swore he disdained the empire of the world, while he could behold his Imoinda ; and she despised grandeur and pomp, those vanities of her sex, when she could gaze on Oroonoko. He adored the very cottage where she resided, and said, that little inch of the world would give him more happiness than all the universe could do ; and she vowed it was a palace, while adorned with the presence of Oroonoko.

Trefry was infinitely pleased to find that Clemene was the fair mistress of whom Cæsar had before spoken ; and was not a little satisfied, that Heaven was so kind to the prince, as to sweeten his misfortunes by so lucky an accident ; and leaving the lovers to themselves, was impatient to come down to Parham-house (which was on the same plantation) to give me an account of what had happened. I was as impatient to make these lovers a visit, having already made a friendship with Cæsar, and from his own mouth learned what I have related ; which was confirmed by his Frenchman, who was set on shore to seek his fortune, and of whom they could not make a slave, because a christian : and he came daily to Parham-hill to see and pay his respects to his pupil prince. So that interesting myself in all that related to Cæsar, whom I had assured of liberty as soon as the governor arrived, I hastened presently to the place where



where these lovers were, and was infinitely glad to find this beautiful young slave (who had already gained our esteem, for her modesty and extraordinary prettiness) to be the same I had heard Cæsar speak so much of. One may imagine then we paid her a treble respect; and tho' from her being carved in fine flowers and birds over her body, we took her to be of quality before, yet when we knew Clemene was Imoinda, we could not enough admire her.

I had forgot to tell you, that those who are nobly born of that country, are so delicately cut and raised all over the fore-part of the trunk of their bodies, that it looks as if it were jappanned, the works being raised like high point round the edges of the flowers. Some are only carved with a little flower, or bird, at the sides of the temples, as was Cæsar; and those who are so carved over the body, resemble our ancient Picts that are figured in the Chronicles; but these carvings are more delicate.

From that happy day Cæsar took Clemene for his wife, to the general joy of all people; and there was as much magnificence as the country could afford at the celebration of this wedding: and in a very short time after she conceived with child, which made Cæsar even adore her, knowing he was the last of his great race. This new accident made him more impatient of liberty, and he was every day treating with Trefry for his and Clemene's liberty, and offered either gold, or a vast quantity of slaves, which should be paid before they let him go, provided he could have any security that he should go when his ransom was paid. They fed him from day to day with promises, and delayed him till the lord governor should come; so that he began to suspect them of falshood, and that they would delay him till the time of his wife's delivery, and make a slave of the child too; for all the breed is theirs to whom the parents belong. This thought made him very uneasy, and his fullness gave them some jea-

lousies of him ; so that I was obliged, by some persons who feared a mutiny (which is very fatal sometimes in those colonies that abound so with slaves, that they exceed the whites in vast numbers), to discourse with Caesar, and to give him all the satisfaction I possibly could : They knew he and Clemene were scarce an hour in a day from my lodgings ; that they eat with me, and that I obliged them in all things I was capable. I entertained them with the lives of the Romans, and great men, which charmed him to my company ; and her, with teaching her all the pretty works that I was mistress of, and telling her stories of nuns, and endeavouring to bring her to the knowledge of the true God. These conversations so well diverted him, that he liked the company of us women much above the men, for he could not drink, and he is but an ill companion in that country that cannot. So that obliging him to love us very well, we had all the liberty of speech with him, especially myself, whom he called his great mistress ; and indeed my word would go a great way with him. For these reasons I had opportunity to take notice to him, that he was not well pleased of late, as he used to be ; was more retired and thoughtful ; and told him, I took it ill he should suspect we would break our words with him, and not permit both him and Clemene to return to his own kingdom, which was not so long away, but when he was once on his voyage he would quickly arrive there. He made me some answers that shewed a doubt, which made me ask, what advantage it would be to doubt ? It would but give us a fear of him, and possibly compel us to treat him so as I should be very loth to behold ; that is, it might occasion his confinement. Perhaps this was not so luckily spoke of me, for I perceived he resented that word, which I strove to soften again in vain : however, he assured me, that whatsoever resolutions he should take, he would act nothing upon the white people ; and as for myself, and those upon that  
plantation

plantation where he was, he would sooner forfeit his eternal liberty, and life itself, than lift his hand against his greatest enemy on that place. He besought me to suffer no fears upon his account, for he could do nothing that honour should not dictate; but he accused himself for having suffered slavery so long; yet he charged that weakness on love alone, who was capable of making him neglect even glory itself; and for which now he reproached himself every moment of the day. Much more to this effect he spoke, with an air impatient enough to make me know he would not be long in bondage; and tho' he suffered only the name of a slave, and had nothing of the toil and labour of one, yet that was sufficient to render him uneasy; and he had been too long idle, who used to be always in action, and in arms. He had a spirit all rough and fierce, and that could not be tamed to lazy rest: and tho' all endeavours were used to exercise himself in such actions and sports as this world afforded, as running, wrestling, pitching the bar, hunting and fishing, chasing and killing tygers of a monstrous size, which this continent affords in abundance; and wonderful snakes, such as Alexander is reported to have encountered at the river of Amazons, which Cæsar took great delight to overcome; yet these were not actions great enough for his large soul, which was still panting after more renowned actions.

Before I parted that day with him, I got, with much ado, a promise from him to rest yet a little longer with patience, and wait the coming of the lord governor, who was every day expected on our shore. He assured me he would, and this promise he desired me to know was given perfectly in complaisance to me, in whom he had an entire confidence.

After this, I neither thought it convenient to trust him much out of our view, nor did the country, who feared him; but with one accord it was advised to treat him fairly, and oblige him to remain within such a compass, and that he should be permitted, as seldom as

could be, to go up to the plantations of the negroes ; or, if he did, to be accompanied by some that should be rather, in appearance, attendants than spies. This care was for some time taken, and Caesar looked upon it as a mark of extraordinary respect, and was glad his discontent had obliged them to be more observant to him. He received new assurance from the overseer, which was confirmed to him by the opinion of all the gentlemen of the country, who made their court to him. During this time that we had his company more frequently than hitherto we had, it may not be unpleasant to relate to you the diversions we entertained him with, or rather he us.

My stay was to be short in that country ; because my father died at sea, and never arrived to possess the honour designed him, (which was lieutenant-general of six and thirty islands, besides the continent of Surinam) nor the advantages he hoped to reap by them : so that though we were obliged to continue on our voyage, we did not intend to stay upon the place. Though, in a word, I must say thus much of it ; that certainly had his late majesty, of sacred memory, but seen and known what a vast and charming world he had been master of in that continent, he would never have parted so easily with it to the Dutch. 'Tis a continent, whose vast extent was never yet known, and may contain more noble earth than all the universe beside ; for, they say, it reaches from east to west one way as far as China, and another to Peru. It affords all things, both for beauty and use ; 'tis there eternal spring, always the very months of April, May, and June ; the shades are perpetual, the trees bearing at once all degrees of leaves, and fruit, from blooming buds to ripe autumn : groves of oranges, lemons, citrons, figs, nutmegs, and noble aromatics, continually bearing their fragancies : the trees appearing all like nosegays, adorned with flowers of different kinds ; some are all white, some purple, some scarlet, some blue, some yellow ; bearing at the same time ripe fruit, and blooming young, or producing

ducing every day new. The very wood of all these trees has an intrinsic value, above common timber; for they are, when cut, of different colours, glorious to behold, and bear a price considerable, to inlay withal. Besides this, they yield rich balm, and gums; so that we make our candles of such an aromatic substance, as does not only give a sufficient light, but as they burn, they cast their perfumes all about. Cedar is the common firing, and all the houses are built with it. The very meat we eat, when set on the table, if it be native, I mean of the country, perfumes the whole room; especially a little beast called an Armadillo, a thing which I can liken to nothing so well as a Rhinoceros; 'tis all in white armour, so jointed, that it moves as well in it, as if it had nothing on: This beast is about the bigness of a pig of six weeks old. But it were endless to give an account of all the divers wonderful and strange things that country affords, and which he took a great delight to go in search of; tho' those adventures are oftentimes fatal, and at least dangerous. But while we had Cæsar in our company on these designs, we feared no harm, nor suffered any.

As soon as I came into the country, the best house in it was presented me, called St. John's Hill: It stood on a vast rock of white marble, at the foot of which, the river ran a vast depth down, and not to be descended on that side; the little waves still dashing and washing the foot of this rock, made the softest murmurs and purlings in the world; and the opposite bank was adorned with such vast quantities of different flowers eternally blowing, and every day and hour new, fenced behind them with lofty trees of a thousand rare forms and colours, that the prospect was the most ravishing that fancy can create. On the edge of this white rock, towards the river, was a walk, or grove, of orange and lemon-trees, about half the length of the Mall here, whose flowery and fruit-bearing branches met at the top, and hindered the sun, whose rays are very fierce



there, from entering a beam into the grove ; and the cool air that came from the river, made it not only fit to entertain people in, at all the hottest hours of day, but refreshed the blossoms, and made it always sweet and charming ; and sure the whole globe of the world cannot shew so delightful a place as this grove was : not all the gardens of boasted Italy can produce a shade to outvie this, which nature had joined with art to render so exceeding fine ; and it is a marvel to see how such vast trees, as big as English oaks, could take footing on so solid a rock, and in so little earth as covered that rock : but all things by nature there are rare, delightful, and wonderful. But to our sports.

Sometimes we would go surprising, and in search of young tygers in their dens, watching when the old ones went forth to forage for prey ; oftentimes we have been in great danger, and have fled apace for our lives, when surprised by the dams. But once, above all other times, we went on this design, and Cæsar was with us ; who had no sooner stolen a young tyger from her nest, but going off, we encountered the dam, bearing a buttock of a cow, which she had torn off with her mighty paw, and going with it towards her den : we had only four women, Cæsar and an English gentleman, brother to Harry Martin the great Oliverian ; we found there was no escaping this enraged and ravenous beast. However, we women fled as fast as we could from it ; but our heels had not saved our lives, if Cæsar had not laid down her cub, when he found the tyger quit her prey to make the more speed towards him ; and taking Mr. Martin's sword, desired him to stand aside, or follow the ladies. He obey'd him ; and Cæsar met this monstrous beast of mighty size, and vast limbs, who came with open jaws upon him ; and fixing his awful stern eyes full upon those of the beast, and putting himself into a very steady and good aiming posture of defence, ran his sword quite through her breast, down to her very heart, home to the hilt of the sword. The dying beast stretched  
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out her paw, and going to grasp his thigh, surprised with death in that very moment, did him no other harm than fixing her long nails in his flesh very deep, feebly wounded him, but could not grasp the flesh to tear off any. When he had done this, he halloed to us to return; which, after some assurance of his victory, we did, and found him lugging out the sword from the bosom of the tyger, who was laid in her blood on the ground. He took up the cub, and with an unconcern that had nothing of the joy or gladness of victory, he came and laid the whelp at my feet. We all wondered at his daring, and at the bigness of the beast, which was about the height of an heifer, but of mighty great and strong limbs.

Another time, being in the woods, he killed a tyger, that had long infested that part, and born away abundance of sheep and oxen, and other things that were for the support of those to whom they belonged. Abundance of people assailed this beast, some affirming they had shot her with several bullets quite through the body at several times; and some swearing they had shot her through the very heart; and they believed she was a devil, rather than a mortal thing. Cæsar had often said, he had a mind to encounter this monster, and spoke with several gentlemen who had attempted her; one crying, I shot her with so many poisoned arrows, another with his gun in this part of her, and another in that; so that he remarking all the places where she was shot, fancied still he should overcome her, by giving her another sort of a wound than any had yet done; and one day said (at the table) What trophies and garlands, ladies, will you make me, if I bring you home the heart of this ravenous beast, that eats up all your lambs and pigs?---We all promised he should be rewarded at our hands. So taking a bow, which he chose out of a great many, he went into the wood, with two gentlemen, where he imagined this devourer to be. They had not passed very far into it, but they heard a voice, growling

and grumbling, as if she were pleased with something she was doing. When they came in view, they found her muzzling in the belly of a new killed sheep, which she had torn open; and seeing herself approached, she took fast hold of her prey with her fore paws, and cast a very fierce raging look on Cæsar, without offering to approach him, for fear at the same time of losing what she had in possession; so that Cæsar remained a good while, only taking aim, and getting an opportunity to shoot her where he designed. 'Twas some time before he could accomplish it; and to wound her, and not kill her, would but have enraged her the more, and endangered him. He had a quiver of arrows at his side, so that if one failed, he could be supplied: at last, retiring a little, he gave her opportunity to eat, for he found she was ravenous, and fell to as soon as she saw him retire, being more eager of her prey, than of doing new mischiefs; when he going softly to one side of her, and hiding his person behind certain herbage, that grew high and thick, he took so good aim, that, as he intended, he shot her just into the eye, and the arrow was sent with so good a will, and so sure a hand, that it stuck in her brain, and made her caper, and become mad for a moment or two; but being seconded by another arrow, she fell dead upon the prey. Cæsar cut her open with a knife, to see where those wounds were that had been reported to him, and why she did not die of them. But I shall now relate, a thing that, possibly, will find no credit among men; because 'tis a notion commonly received with us, that nothing can receive a wound in the heart and live: but when the heart of this courageous animal was taken out, there were seven bullets of lead in it, the wound seamed up with great scars, and she lived with the bullets a great while, for it was long since they were shot: this heart the conqueror brought up to us, and it was a very great curiosity, which all the country came to see; and which gave Cæsar occasion to discourse of accidents in war, and strange escapes.

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At other times he would go a fishing; and discouraging on that diversion, he found we had in that country a very strange fish, called a numb-eel, (an eel of which I have eaten) that while it is alive, it has a quality so cold, that those who are angling, though with a line of ever so great a length, with a rod at the end of it, it shall in the same minute the bait is touched by this eel, seize him or her that holds the rod with a numbness, that shall deprive him of sense for a while; and some have fallen into the water, and others dropped as dead, on the banks of the rivers where they stood, as soon as this fish touches the bait. Cæsar used to laugh at this, and believed it impossible a man could lose his force at the touch of a fish; and could not understand that philosophy, that a cold quality should be of that nature; however, he had a great curiosity to try whether it would have the same effect on him it had on others, and often tried, but in vain. At last, the sought-for fish came to the bait, as he stood angling on the bank; and instead of throwing away the rod, or giving it a sudden twitch out of the water whereby he might have caught both the eel, and have dismissed the rod, before it could have too much power over him; for experiment's-sake, he grasped it but the harder, and fainting, fell into the river; and being still possessed of the rod, the tide carried him, senseless as he was, a great way, till an Indian boat took him up; and perceived when they touched him, a numbness seize them, and by that knew the rod was in his hand; which with a paddle, (that is a short oar) they struck away, and snatched it into the boat, eel and all. If Cæsar was almost dead, with the effect of this fish, he was more so with that of the water, and they found they had much ado to bring him back to life; but at last they did, and brought him home, where he was in a few hours well recovered and refreshed, and not a little ashamed to find he should be overcome by an eel, and that all the people who heard his defiance, would

would laugh at him. But we cheered him up; and he being convinced, we had the eel at supper, which was a quarter of an ell about, and most delicate meat; and was of the more value, since it cost so dear, as almost the life of so gallant a man.

About this time we were in many mortal fears, about some disputes the English had with the Indians; so that we could scarce trust ourselves, without great numbers, to go to any Indian towns, or place where they abode, for fear they should fall upon us, as they did immediately after my coming away; and the place being in the possession of the Dutch, they used them not so civilly as the English; so that they cut in pieces all they could take, getting into houses, and hanging up the mother, and all her children about her; and cut a footman I left behind me all in joints, and nailed him to trees.

This feud began while I was there; so that I lost half the satisfaction I proposed, in seeing and visiting the Indian towns. But one day, bemoaning our misfortunes upon this account, Cæsar told us, we need not fear, for if we had a mind to go, he would undertake to be our guard. Some would, but most would not adventure: about eighteen of us resolved, and took barge; and after eight days, arrived near an Indian town: but approaching it, the hearts of some of our company failed, and they would not venture on shore; so we polled, who would, and who would not. For my part, I said, if Cæsar would, I would go. He resolved; so did my brother, and my woman, a maid of good courage. Now none of us speaking the language of the people, and imagining we should have a half diversion in gazing only; and not knowing what they said, we took a fisherman that lived at the mouth of the river, who had been a long inhabitant there, and obliged him to go with us: but because he was known to the Indians, as trading among them, and being, by long living there, become a perfect Indian in colour, we, who had a mind to surprise them, by  
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making them see something they never had seen, (that is, white people) resolved only myself, my brother and woman should go: so Cæsar, the fisherman, and the rest, hiding behind some thick reeds and flowers that grew in the banks, let us pass on towards the town, which was on the bank of the river all along. A little distant from the houses, or huts, we saw some dancing, others busied in fetching and carrying of water from the river. They had no sooner spied us, but they set up a loud cry, that frightened us at first: we thought it had been for those that should kill us, but it seems it was of wonder and amazement. They were all naked; and we were dressed so as is most commodious for the hot countries, very glittering and rich; so that we appeared extremely fine; my own hair was cut short, and I had a taffety cap, with black feathers on my head; my brother was in a stuff-suit, with silver loops and buttons, and abundance of green ribbon. This was all infinitely surprising to them, and because we saw them stand still till we approached them, we took heart and advanced, came up to them, and offered them our hands; which they took, and looked on us round about, calling still for more company; who came swarming out, all wondering, and crying out Tepeeme; taking their hair up in their hands, and spreading it wide to those they called out to; as if they would say (as indeed it signified) numberless wonders, or not to be recounted, no more than to number the hair of their heads. By degrees they grew more bold, and from gazing upon us round, they touched us, laying their hands upon all the features of our faces, feeling our breasts and arms, taking up one petticoat, then wondering to see another; admiring our shoes and stockings, but more our garters, which we gave them, and they tied about their legs, being laced with silver-lace at the ends: for they much esteem any shining things. In fine, we suffered them to survey us as they pleased, and we thought they would never have done admiring us. When Cæsar and the  
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rest saw we were received with such wonder, they came up to us; and finding the Indian trader whom they knew, (for it is by these fishermen, called Indian traders, we hold a commerce with them; for they love not to go far from home, and we never go to them) when they saw him therefore, they set up a new joy, and cried in their language, Oh, here's our Tiguamy, and we shall know whether those things can speak. So advancing to him, some of them gave him their hands, and cried, *Amorà Tiguamy*; which is as much as, How do you do? or, Welcome, friend; and all, with one din, began to gabble to him, and asked, if we had sense and wit? if we could talk of affairs of life and war, as they could do? if we could hunt, swim, and do a thousand things they use?---He answered them we could. Then they invited us into their houses, and dressed venison and buffalo for us; and going out, gathered a leaf of a tree, called a Sarumbo leaf, of six yards long, and spread it on the ground for a tablecloth: and cutting another in pieces, instead of plates, set us on little low Indian stools, which they cut off one entire piece of wood, and paint in a sort of japanned-work. They serve every one their mess on these pieces of leaves; and it was very good, but too high-seasoned with pepper. When we had eat, my brother and I took out our flutes, and played to them, which gave them new wonder; and I soon perceived, by an admiration that is natural to these people, and by the extreme ignorance and simplicity of them, it were not difficult to establish any unknown or extravagant religion among them, and to impose any notions or fictions upon them. For seeing a kinsman of mine set some paper on fire with a burning-glass, a trick they had never before seen, they were like to have adored him for a god, and begged he would give them the characters or figures of his name, that they might oppose it against winds and storms: which he did, and they held it up in those seasons, and fancied it had a charm to conquer them,

them, and kept it like a holy relique. They are very superstitious, and called him the great Peeie, that is, Prophet. They shewed us their Indian Peeie, a youth of about sixteen years old, as handsome as nature could make a man. They consecrate a beautiful youth from his infancy, and all arts are used to compleat him in the finest manner, both in beauty and shape: he is bred to all the little arts and cunning they are capable of; to all the legerdemain tricks, and sleight of hand, whereby he imposes on the rabble; and is both a doctor in physick and divinity; and by these tricks makes the sick believe he sometimes eases their pains, by drawing from the afflicted part little serpents, or odd flies, or worms, or any strange thing; and though they have besides undoubted good remedies for almost all their diseases, they cure the patient more by fancy than by medicines, and make themselves feared, loved, and revered. This young Peeie had a very young wife, who seeing my brother kiss her, came running and kissed me. After this they kissed one another, and made it a very great jest, it being so novel; and new admiration and laughing went round the multitude, that they never will forget that ceremony, never before used or known. Cæsar had a mind to see and talk with their war-captains, and we were conducted to one of their houses, where we beheld several of the great captains, who had been at council: but so frightful a vision it was to see them, no fancy can create; no sad dreams can represent so dreadful a spectacle. For my part, I took them for hobgoblins, or fiends, rather than men. But however their shapes appeared, their souls were very humane and noble; but some wanted their noses, some their lips, some both noses and lips, some their ears, and others cut through each cheek, with long slashes, through which their teeth appeared: they had several other formidable wounds and scars, or rather dismemberings. They had comitia's or little aprons before them; and girdles of cotton, with their knives naked stuck

stuck in it; a bow at their back, and a quiver of arrows on their thighs; and most had feathers on their heads of divers colours. They cried *Amora Tiguamy* to us, at our entrance, and were pleased we said as much to them: they seated us, and gave us drink of the best sort, and wondered as much as the others had done before, to see us. Cæsar was marvelling as much at their faces, wondering how they should be all so wounded in war; he was impatient to know how they all came by those frightful marks of rage or malice, rather than wounds got in noble battle: they told by our interpreter, that when any war was waging, two men chosen out by some old captain whose fighting was past, and who could only teach the theory of war, were to stand in competition for the generalship, or great war-captain; and being brought before the old judges, now past labour, they are asked, What they dare do, to shew they are worthy to lead an army? When he who is first asked, making no reply, cuts off his nose, and throws it contemptibly on the ground; and the other does something to himself that he thinks surpasses him, and perhaps deprives himself of lips and an eye: so they slash on till one gives out: and many have died in this debate. And 'tis by a passive valour they shew and prove their activity, a sort of courage too brutal to be applauded by our black hero; nevertheless, he expressed his esteem of them.

In this voyage Cæsar begat so good an understanding between the Indians and the English, that there were no more fears or heart-burnings during our stay, but we had a perfect, open, and free trade with them. Many things remarkable, and worthy reciting, we met with in this short voyage; because Cæsar made it his business to search out and provide for our entertainment, especially to please his dearly adored *Imoinda*, who was a sharer in all our adventures; we being resolved to make her chains as easy as we could, and to compliment the prince in that manner that most obliged him.

As

As we were coming up again, we met with some Indians of strange aspects; that is, of a larger size, and other sort of features, than those of our country. Our Indian slaves, that rowed us, asked them some questions; but they could not understand us, but shewed us a long cotton string, with several knots on it, and told us, they had been coming from the mountains so many moons as there were knots: they were habited in skins of a strange beast, and brought along with them bags of gold dust; which, as well as they could give us to understand, came streaming in little small channels down the high mountains, when the rains fell; and offered to be the convoy to any body, or persons, that would go to the mountains. We carried these men up to Parham, where they were kept till the lord governor came: And because all the country was mad to be going on this golden adventure, the governor, by his letters, commanded (for they sent some of the gold to him) that a guard should be set at the mouth of the river of Amazons (a river so called, almost as broad as the river of Thames) and prohibited all people from going up that river, it conducting to those mountains of gold. But we going off for England before the project was further prosecuted, and the governor being drowned in a hurricane, either the design died, or the Dutch have the advantage of it: and it is to be bemoaned what his majesty lost, by losing that part of America.

Though this digression is a little from my story, however, since it contains some proofs of the curiosity and daring of this great man, I was content to omit nothing of his character.

It was thus for some time we diverted him; but now Imoinda began to shew she was with child, and did nothing but sigh and weep for the captivity of her lord, herself, and the infant yet unborn; and believed, if it were so hard to gain the liberty of two, it would be more difficult to get that for three. Her griefs were so many darts in the great heart of Cæsar, and taking his opportunity,



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opportunity, one Sunday, when all the Whites were overtaken in drink, as there were abundance of several trades, and slaves for four years, that inhabited among the Negro houses; and Sunday being their day of debauch, (otherwise they were a sort of spies upon Cæsar) he went, pretending out of goodness to them, to feast among them, and sent all his musick, and ordered a great treat for the whole gang, about three hundred negroes, and about an hundred and fifty were able to bear arms, such as they had, which were sufficient to do execution, with spirits accordingly: for the English had none but rusty swords, that no strength could draw from a scabbard; except the people of particular quality, who took care to oil them, and keep them in good order. The guns also, unless here and there one, or those newly brought from England, would do no good or harm; for 'tis the nature of that country to rust and eat up iron, or any metals but gold and silver. And they are very expert at the bow, which the Negroes and Indians are perfect masters of.

Cæsar, having singled out these men from the women and children, made an harangue to them, of the miseries and ignominies of slavery; counting up all their toils and sufferings, under such loads, burdens and drudgeries, as were fitter for beasts than men; senseless brutes, than human souls. He told them, it was not for days, months or years, but for eternity; there were no end to be to their misfortunes: they suffered not like men, who might find a glory and fortitude in oppression; but like dogs, that loved the whip and bell, and fawned the more they were beaten: that they had lost the divine quality of men, and were become insensible asses, fit only to bear burthens; nay worse; an ass, or dog, or horse, having done his duty, could lie down and rest, and rise to work again, and while he did his duty, endured no stripes; but men, villanous, senseless men, such as they, toiled on all the tedious week until black Friday; and then, whether they worked

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or not, whether they were faulty or meriting, they promiscuously, the innocent with the guilty, suffered the infamous whip, the sordid stripes from their fellow-slaves, until their blood trickled from all parts of their body; blood, whose every drop ought to be revenged with a life of some of those tyrants that impose it. And why (said he) my dear friends and fellow-sufferers, should we be slaves to an unknown people? Have they vanquished us nobly in fight? have they won us in honourable battle? and are we by the chance of war become their slaves? This would not anger a noble heart; this would not torture a soldier's soul: no, but we are bought and sold like apes or monkeys, to be the sport of women, fools and cowards; and the support of rogues and runaways, that have abandoned their own countries for rapine, murders, theft and villanies. Do you not hear every day how they upbraid each other with infamy of life, below the wildest savages? and shall we render obedience to such a degenerate race, who have no one human virtue left, to distinguish them from the vilest creatures? Will you, I say, suffer the lash from such hands?---They all replied with one accord, No, no, no; Cæsar has spoke like a great captain, like a great king.

After this he would have proceeded, but was interrupted by a tall negro, of some more quality than the rest: his name was Tuscan; who bowing at the feet of Cæsar, cried, My lord, we have listened with joy and attention to what you have said; and, were we only men, would follow so great a leader through the world: but O! consider we are husbands and parents too, and have things more dear to us than life; our wives and children, unfit for travel in those impassable woods, mountains and bogs. We have not only difficult lands to overcome, but rivers to wade, and mountains to encounter; ravenous beasts of prey.---To this Cæsar replied, That honour was the first principle in nature that was to be obeyed; but as no man would pretend

to that, without a sense of virtue, compassion, charity, love, justice and reason, he found it not inconsistent with that, to take equal care of their wives and children as they would of themselves; and that he did not design, when he led them to freedom, and glorious liberty, that they should leave that better part of themselves to perish by the hand of the tyrant's whip: but if there were a woman among them so degenerate from love and virtue, to chuse slavery before the pursuit of her husband, and with the hazard of her life to share with him in his fortunes; that such an one ought to be abandoned, and left as a prey to the common enemy.

To which they all agreed---and bowed. After this, he spoke of the impassable woods and rivers; and convinced them, the more danger the more glory. He told them, that he had heard of one Annibal, a great captain, had cut his way through mountains of solid rocks; and should a few shrubs oppose them, which they could fire before them? No, it was a trifling excuse to men resolved to die, or overcome. As for bogs, they are with a little labour filled and hardened; and the rivers could be no obstacle, since they swam by nature, at least by custom, from the first hour of their birth: that when the children were weary, they must carry them by turns, and the woods and their own industry would afford them food. To this they all assented with joy.

Tuscan then demanded, what he would do? He said, he would travel towards the sea, plant a new colony, and defend it by their valour: and when they could find a ship, either driven by stress of weather, or guided by Providence that way, they would seize it, and make it a prize, till it had transported them to their own countries: at least, they should be made free in his kingdom, and be esteemed as his fellow-sufferers, and men that had the courage and the bravery to attempt, at least, for liberty; and if they died in the attempt,



attempt, it would be more brave, than to live in perpetual slavery.

They bowed and kissed his feet at this resolution, and with one accord vowed to follow him to death; and that night was appointed to begin their march. They made it known to their wives, and directed them to tie their hammocks about their shoulders, and under their arms, like a scarf, and to lead their children that could go, and carry those that could not. The wives, who pay an entire obedience to their husbands, obey'd, and stay'd for them where they were appointed: the men stayed but to furnish themselves with what defensive arms they could get; and all met at the rendezvous, where Cæsar made a new encouraging speech to them, and led them out.

But as they could not march far that night, on Monday early, when the overseers went to call them all together, to go to work, they were extremely surprised, to find not one upon the place, but all fled with what baggage they had. You may imagine this news was not only suddenly spread all over the plantation, but soon reached the neighbouring ones; and we had by noon about 600 men, they call the militia of the country, that came to assist us in the pursuit of the fugitives: but never did one see so comical an army march forth to war. The men of any fashion would not concern themselves, though it were almost the common cause; for such revoltings are very ill examples, and have very fatal consequences oftentimes, in many colonies: but they had a respect for Cæsar, and all hands were against the Parhamites (as they called those of Parham-Plantation) because they did not in the first place love the lord-governor: and, secondly, they would have it that Cæsar was ill used, and baffled with: and it is not impossible but some of the best in the country was of his council in this flight, and depriving us of all the slaves; so that they of the better sort would not meddle in the matter. The deputy-governor, of whom I have had no  
great

great occasion to speak, and who was the most fawning, fair-tongued fellow in the world, and one that pretended the most friendship to Cæsar, was now the only violent man against him; and though he had nothing, and so need fear nothing, yet talked and looked bigger than any man. He was a fellow, whose character is fit to be mentioned with the worst of the slaves: this fellow would lead his army forth to meet Cæsar, or rather to pursue him. Most of their arms were of those sort of cruel whips they call cat with nine tails; some had rusty useless guns for show; others old basket hilts, whose blades had never seen the light in this age; and others had long staves and clubs. Mr. Trefry went along, rather to be a mediator than a conqueror in such a battle: for he foresaw and knew, if by fighting they put the negroes into despair, they were a sort of sullen fellows, that would drown or kill themselves before they would yield; and he advised that fair means was best: but Byam was one that abounded in his own wit, and would take his own measures.

It was not hard to find these fugitives; for as they fled, they were forced to fire and cut the woods before them: so that night or day they pursued them by the light they made, and by the path they had cleared. But as soon as Cæsar found he was pursued, he put himself in a posture of defence, placing all the women and children in the rear; and himself, with 'Tuscan by his side, or next to him, all promising to die or conquer. Encouraged thus, they never stood to parley, but fell on pell-mell upon the English, and killed some, and wounded a great many; they having recourse to their whips, as the best of their weapons. And as they observed no order, they perplexed the enemy so sorely, with lashing them in the eyes; and the women and children seeing their husbands so treated, being of fearful and cowardly dispositions, and hearing the English cry out, Yield, and live! yield, and be pardoned! they all run in amongst their husbands and fathers, and hung about them,

them, crying out, Yield! yield! and leave Cæsar to their revenge: that by degrees the slaves abandoned Cæsar, and left him only Tuscan and his heroic Imoinda, who, grown as big as she was, did nevertheless press near her lord, having a bow and quiver full of poisoned arrows, which she managed with such dexterity, that she wounded several, and shot the governor into the shoulder; of which wound he had like to have died, but that an Indian woman, his mistress, sucked the wound, and cleansed it from the venom: but however, he stirred not from the place till he had parlied with Cæsar, who he found was resolved to die fighting, and would not be taken; no more would Tuscan or Imoinda. But he, more thirsting after revenge of another sort, than that of depriving him of life, now made use of all his art of talking and dissembling; and besought Cæsar to yield himself upon terms which he himself should propose, and should be sacredly assented to, and kept by him. He told him, it was not that he any longer feared him; or could believe the force of two men, and a young heroine, could overthrow all them, and with all the slaves now on their side also; but it was the vast esteem he had for his person, the desire he had to serve so gallant a man, and to hinder himself from the reproach hereafter, of having been the occasion of the death of a prince, whose valour and magnanimity deserved the empire of the world. He protested to him, he looked upon his action as gallant and brave, however tending to the prejudice of his lord and master, who would by it have lost so considerable a number of slaves; that this flight of his should be look'd on as a heat of youth, and a rashness of a too forward courage, and an unconsider'd impatience of liberty, and no more; and that he labour'd in vain to accomplish that which they would effectually perform as soon as any ship arriv'd that would touch on his coast: So that if you will be pleased (continued he) to surrender yourself, all imaginable respect shall be paid you; and

yourself, your wife and child, if it be born here, shall depart free out of our land.---But Cæsar would hear of no composition, though Byam urged, if he pursued and went on in his design, he would inevitably perish, either by great snakes, wild beasts, or hunger; and he ought to have regard to his wife, whose condition required ease, and not the fatigues of tedious travel where she could not be secured from being devoured. But Cæsar told him, there was no faith in the white men, or the gods they adored, who instructed them in principles so false, that honest men could not live amongst them; though no people professed so much, none performed so little: that he knew what he had to do when he dealt with men of honour; but with them a man ought to be eternally on his guard, and never to eat and drink with christians without his weapon of defence in his hand; and, for his own security, never to credit one word they spoke. As for the rashness and inconsiderateness of his action, he would confess the governor is in the right; and that he was ashamed of what he had done, in endeavouring to make those free, who were by nature slaves, poor wretched rogues, fit to be used as christian tools; dogs, treacherous and cowardly, fit for such masters; and they wanted only to be whipped into the knowledge of the christian gods, to be the vilest of all creeping things; to learn to worship such deities as had not power to make them just, brave, or honest: in fine, after a thousand things of this nature, not fit here to be recited, he told Byam, he had rather die than live upon the same earth with such dogs. But Trefry and Byam pleaded and protested together so much, that Trefry believing the governor to mean what he said, and speaking very cordially himself, generously put himself into Cæsar's hands, and took him aside, and persuaded him, even with tears, to live, by surrendering himself, and to name his conditions. Cæsar was overcome by his wit and reasons, in consideration of Imoinda: and demanding what he desired, and  
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that it should be ratified by their hands in writing, because he had perceived that was the common way of contract between man and man amongst the Whites; all this was performed, and Tuscan's pardon was put in, and they surrendered to the governor, who walked peaceably down into the plantation with them, after giving order to bury their dead. Cæsar was very much fatigued with the bustle of the day, for he had fought like a fury; and what mischief was done he and Tuscan performed alone; and gave their enemies a fatal proof, that they durst do any thing, and feared no mortal force.

But they were no sooner arrived at the place where all the slaves receive their punishments of whipping, but they laid hands on Cæsar and Tuscan, faint with heat and toil; and surprising them, bound them to two several stakes, and whipped them in a most deplorable and inhuman manner, rending the very flesh from their bones, especially Cæsar, who was not perceived to make any moan, or to alter his face, only to roll his eyes on the faithless governor, and those he believed guilty, with fierceness and indignation; and to complete his rage, he saw every one of those slaves, who but a few days before adored him as something more than mortal, now had a whip to give him some lashes, while he strove not to break his fetters; though if he had, it were impossible; but he pronounced a woe and revenge from his eyes, that darted fire, which was at once both awful and terrible to behold.

When they thought they were sufficiently revenged on him, they untied him, almost fainting with loss of blood, from a thousand wounds all over his body; from which they had rent his clothes, and led him bleeding and naked as he was, and loaded him all over with irons; and then rubbed his wounds, to complete their cruelty, with Indian pepper, which had like to have made him raving mad; and, in this condition made him so fast to the ground, that he could not



fir, if his pains and wounds would have given him leave. They spared Imoinda, and did not let her see this barbarity committed towards her lord, but carried her down to Parham, and shut her up; which was not in kindness to her, but for fear she should die with the sight, or miscarry, and then they should lose a young slave, and perhaps the mother.

You must know, that when the news was brought on Monday morning, that Cæsar had betaken himself to the woods, and carried with him all the Negroes, we were possessed with extreme fear, which no persuasions could dissipate; that he would secure himself till night, and then would come down and cut all our throats. This apprehension made all the females of us fly down the river to be secured; and while we were away they acted this cruelty; for I suppose I had authority and interest enough there, had I suspected any such thing, to have prevented it: but we had not gone many leagues, but the news overtook us, that Cæsar was taken and whipped like a common slave. We met on the river with Colonel Martin, a man of great gallantry, wit, and goodness, and whom I have celebrated in a character of my new comedy, by his own name, in memory of so brave a man: he was wise and eloquent, and, from the fineness of his parts, bore a great sway over the hearts of all the colony: he was a friend to Cæsar, and repented this false dealing with him very much. We carried him back to Parham, thinking to have made an accommodation; when he came, the first news we heard was, that the governor was dead of a wound Imoinda had given him; but it was not so well. But it seems, he would have the pleasure of beholding the revenge he took on Cæsar; and before the cruel ceremony was finished, he dropt down; and then they perceived the wound he had on his shoulder was by a venomed arrow, which, as I said, his Indian mistress healed, by sucking the wound.

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We were no sooner arrived, but we went up to the plantation to see Caesar; whom we found in a very miserable condition; and I have a thousand times admired how he lived in such tormenting pain. We said all things to him, that trouble, pity, and good-nature could suggest, protesting our innoceny of the fact, and our abhorrence of such cruelties; making a thousand professions and services to him, and begging as many pardons for the offenders, till we said so much, that he believed we had no hand in his ill treatment; but told us, he could never pardon Byam; as for Trefry, he confessed he saw his grief and sorrow for his suffering, which he could not hinder, but was like to have been beaten down by the very slaves, for speaking in his defence: But for Byam, who was their leader, their head—and should, by his justice and honour, have been an example to them-----for him he wished to live to take a dire revenge of him; and said, it had been well for him, if he had sacrificed me, instead of giving me the contemptible whip. He refused to talk much; but begging us to give him our hands, he took them, and protested never to lift up his to do us any harm. He had a great respect for Colonel Martin, and always took his counsel like that of a parent; and assured him, he would obey him in any thing, but his revenge on Byam: Therefore (said he) for his own safety, let him speedily dispatch me; for if I could dispatch myself, I would not, till that justice were done to my injured person. No, I would not kill myself, even after a whipping; but will be content to live with that infamy, and be pointed at by every grinning-slave, till I have completed my revenge; and then you shall see that Oroonoko scorns to live with the indignity that was put on Caesar. All we could do, could get no more words from him; and we took care to have him put immediately into a healing bath, to rid him of his pepper, and ordered a chirurgeon to anoint him with healing balm, which he suffered; and in some

time he began to be able to walk and eat. We failed not to visit him every day, and to that end had him brought to an apartment at Parham.

The governor had no sooner recovered, and had heard of the menaces of Cæsar, but he called his council, who (not to disgrace them, or burlesque the government there) consisted of such notorious villains as Newgate never transported; and possibly, originally were such who understood neither the laws of God or man, and had no sort of principles to make them worthy the name of men; but at the very council-table would contradict and fight with one another, and swear so that 'twas terrible to hear and see them. (Some of them were afterwards hanged when the Dutch took possession of the place, others sent off in chains.) But calling these special rulers of the nation together, and requiring their counsel in this weighty affair, they all concluded, that (damn them) it might be their own cases; and that Cæsar ought to be made an example to all the Negroes, to fright them from daring to threaten their betters, their lords and masters; and at this rate no man was safe from his own slaves; and concluded, *nemine contradicente*, that Cæsar should be hanged.

Trefry then thought it time to use his authority, and told Byam, his command did not extend to his lord's plantation; and that Parham was as much exempt from the law as White-hall; and that they ought no more to touch the servants of the lord----- (who there represented the king's person) than they could those about the king himself; and that Parham was a sanctuary; and tho' his lord were absent in person, his power was still in being there, which he had entrusted with him, as far as the dominions of his particular plantations reached, and all that belonged to it; the rest of the country, as Byam was lieutenant to his lord, he might exercise his tyranny upon. Trefry had others as powerful or more, that interested themselves in Cæsar's life, and absolutely said, he should

should be defended. So turning the governor, and his wife council out of doors, (for they sat at Parham-house) we set a guard upon our lodging-place, and would admit none but those we called friends to us and Cæsar.

The governor having remained wounded at Parham, till his recovery was compleated, Cæsar did not know but he was still there; and indeed for the most part, his time was spent there: for he was one that lov'd to live at other people's expence, and if he were a day absent, he was ten present there; and used to play, and walk, and hunt, and fish with Cæsar: so that Cæsar did not at all doubt, if he once recovered strength, but he should find an opportunity of being revenged on him; though after such a revenge, he could not hope to live: for if he escaped the fury of the English mob, who perhaps would have been glad of the occasion to have killed him, he was resolved not to survive his whipping; yet he had some tender hours, a repenting softness, which he called his fits of cowardice, wherein he struggled with love for the victory of his heart, which took part with his charming Imoinda there; but for the most part, his time was past in melancholy thoughts, and black designs. He considered, if he should do this deed, and die either in the attempt, or after it, he left his lovely Imoinda a prey, or at best a slave to the enraged multitude; his great heart could not endure that thought: perhaps, said he, she may be first ravished by every brute, exposed first to their cruelty, and then a shameful death. No, he could not live a moment under that apprehension, too insupportable to be borne. These were his thoughts, and his silent arguments with his heart, as he told us afterwards: So that now resolving not only to kill Byam, but all those he thought had enraged him; pleasing his great heart with the fancied slaughter he should make over the whole face of the plantation, he resolved on a deed, (that however horrid it first appeared to us all) when we had heard his reasons, we thought it brave and just. Being able

to walk, and, as he believed, fit for the execution of his great design, he begged Trefry to trust him into the air, believing a walk would do him good; which was granted him; and taking Imoinda with him, as he used to do in his more happy and calmer days, he led her up into a wood, where (after with a thousand sighs, and long gazing silently on her face, while tears gushed, in spite of him, from his eyes) he told her his design, first of killing her, and then his enemies, and next himself, and the impossibility of escaping, and therefore he told her the necessity of dying. He found the heroic wife faster pleading for death than he was to propose it, when she found his fix'd resolution; and, on her knees, besought him not to leave her a prey to his enemies. He (grieved to death) yet pleased at her noble resolution, took her up, and embracing her with all the passion and languishment of a dying lover, drew his knife to kill this treasure of his soul, this pleasure of his eyes; while tears trickled down his cheeks, hers were smiling with joy she should die by so noble a hand, and be sent into her own country (for that's their notion of the next world) by him she so tenderly loved, and so truly adored in this: For wives have a respect for their husbands, equal to what any other people pay a deity; and when a man finds any occasion to quit his wife, if he loves her, she dies by his hand; if not, he sells her, or suffers some other to kill her. It being thus, you may believe the deed was soon resolved on; and 'tis not to be doubted but the parting, the eternal leave-taking of two such lovers, so greatly born, so sensible, so beautiful, so young, and so fond, must be very moving, as the relation of it was to me afterwards.

All that love could say in such cases being ended, and all the intermitting irresolutions being adjusted, the lovely, young and adored victim lays herself down before the sacrificer; while he, with a hand resolved, and a heart-breaking within, gave the fatal stroke, first cutting her throat, and then severing her yet smiling  
face



face from that delicate body, pregnant as it was with the fruits of tenderest love. As soon as he had done, he laid the body decently on leaves and flowers, of which he made a bed, and concealed it under the same cover-lid of nature ; only her face he left yet bare to look on : but when he found she was dead, and past all retrieve, never more to bless him with her eyes and soft language, his grief swelled up to rage ; he tore, he raved, he roared like some monster of the wood, calling on the loved name of Imoinda. A thousand times he turned the fatal knife that did the deed towards his own heart, with a resolution to go immediately after her ; but dire revenge, which was now a thousand times more fierce in his soul than before, prevented him ; and he would cry out, No ; since I have sacrificed Imoinda to my revenge, shall I lose that glory which I have purchased so dear, as at the price of the fairest, dearest, softest creature that ever nature made ? No, no!---Then at her name grief would get the ascendant of rage, and he would lie down by her side, and water her face with showers of tears, which never were wont to fall from those eyes ; and however bent he was on his intended slaughter, he had not power to stir from the sight of this dear object, now more beloved, and more adored than ever.

He remained in this deplorable condition for two days, and never rose from the ground where he had made her a sad sacrifice. At last, rousing from her side, and accusing himself with living too long, now Imoinda was dead, and that the deaths of those barbarous enemies were deferred too long, he resolved now to finish the great work : but offering to rise, he found his strength so decayed, that he reeled to and fro, like boughs assailed by contrary winds ; so that he was forced to lie down again, and try to summon all his courage to his aid. He found his brains turned round, and his eyes were dizzy, and objects appeared not the same to him they were wont to do ; his breath was short, and all his

his limbs surpris'd with a faintness he had never felt before. He had not eat in two days, which was one occasion of his feebleness, but excess of grief was the greatest; yet still he hoped he should recover vigour to act his design, and lay expecting it yet six days longer; still mourning over the dead idol of his heart, and striving every day to rise, but could not.

In all this time you may believe we were in no little affliction for Cæsar and his wife; some were of opinion he was escaped, never to return; others thought some accident had happened to him: but however, we failed not to send out a hundred people several ways to search for him. A party of about forty went that way he took, among whom was Tuscan, who was perfectly reconciled to Byam: they had not gone very far into the wood, but they smelt an unusual smell, as of a dead body; for stinks must be very noisome, that can be distinguished among such a quantity of natural sweets as every inch of that land produces: so that they concluded they should find him dead, or somebody that was so; they passed on towards it, as loathsome as it was, and made such rustling amongst the leaves that lie thick on the ground, by continual falling, that Cæsar heard him approach; and though he had, during the space of these eight days, endeavoured to rise, but found he wanted strength, yet looking up, and seeing his pursuers, he rose, and reel'd to a neighbouring tree, against which he fixed his back; and being within a dozen yards of those that advanced and saw him, he called out to them, and bid them approach no nearer, if they would be safe, So that they stood still, and hardly believing their eyes, that would persuade them that it was Cæsar that spoke to them, so much he was altered; they asked him, what he had done with his wife, for they smelt a stink that almost struck them dead? He pointing to the dead body, sighing, cried,---Behold her there.---They put off the flowers that covered her with their sticks, and found she was kill'd, and cry'd out

out, Oh, monster, that hast murdered thy wife! Then asking him, Why he did so cruel a deed?---He replied, He had no leisure to answer impertinent questions: You may go back (continued he) and tell the faithless governor, he may thank Fortune that I am breathing my last; and that my arm is too feeble to obey my heart, in what it had designed him: But his tongue faltering and trembling, he could scarce end what he was saying.---The English, taking advantage by his weakness, cry'd, Let us take him alive by all means.---He heard them; and as if he had revived from a fainting, or a dream, he cried out, No, gentlemen, you are deceived; you will find no more Cæsars to be whipt; no more find a faith in me; feeble as you think me, I have strength yet left to secure me from a second indignity.---They swore all anew; and he only shook his head, and beheld them with scorn.---They then cried out, Who will venture on this single man? Will nobody?---They stood all silent, while Cæsar replied, Fatal will be the attempt of the first adventurer, let him assure himself (and at that word held up his knife in a menacing posture): Look ye, ye faithless crew, said he, 'tis not life I seek, nor am I afraid of dying, (and at that word, cut a piece of his flesh from his own throat, and threw it at them) yet still I would live if I could, till I had perfected my revenge: But, oh! it cannot be; I feel life gliding from my eyes and heart; and if I make not haste, I shall fall a victim to the shameful whip. At that, he ripped up his own belly, and took his bowels and pulled them out, with what strength he could; while some, on their knees imploring, besought him to hold his hand. But when they saw him tottering, they cried out,---Will none venture on him? A bold Englishman cried,---Yes, if he were the devil, (taking courage when he saw him almost dead) and swearing a horrid oath for his farewell to the world, he rushed on him. Cæsar with his armed hand, met him so fairly, as struck him to the heart, and he fell dead  
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at his feet. Tuscan seeing that, cried out,---I love thee, O Cæsar! and therefore will not let thee die, if possible; and running to him, took him in his arms; but, at the same time, warding a blow that Cæsar made at his bosom, he received it quite through his arm; and Cæsar having not strength to pluck the knife forth, though he attempted it, Tuscan neither pulled it out himself, nor suffered it to be pulled out, but came down with it sticking in his arm; and the reason he gave for it was, because the air should not get into the wound. They put their hands a-cross, and carried Cæsar between six of them, fainting as he was, and they thought dead or just dying; and they brought him to Parham, and laid him on a couch, and had the chirurgeon immediately to him, who drest his wounds, and sowed up his belly, and used means to bring him to life, which they effected. We ran all to see him; and, if before we thought him so beautiful a sight, he was now so alter'd, that his face was like a death's-head blacked over, nothing but teeth and eye-holes: for some days we suffered nobody to speak to him, but caused cordials to be poured down his throat; which sustained his life, and in six or seven days he recovered his senses: for, you must know, that wounds are almost to a miracle cured in the Indies; unless wounds in the legs, which they rarely ever cure.

When he was well enough to speak, we talked to him, and asked him some questions about his wife, and the reasons why he killed her; and he then told us what I have related of that resolution, and of his parting; and he besought us we would let him die, and was extremely afflicted to think it was possible he might live: he assured us, if we did not dispatch him, he would prove very fatal to a great many. We said all we could to make him live, and gave him new assurances; but he begged we would not think so poorly of him, or of his love to Imoinda, to imagine we could flatter him to life again: but the chirurgeon assured him he could not live,

live, and therefore he need not fear. We were all (but Cæsar) afflicted at this news, and the sight was ghastly: his discourse was sad; and the earthy smell about him so strong, that I was persuaded to leave the place for some time, (being myself but sickly, and very apt to fall into fits of dangerous illness upon any extraordinary melancholy). The servants, and Trefry, and the chirurgeons, promised all to take what possible care they could of the life of Cæsar; and I, taking boat, went with other company to colonel Martin's, about three days journey down the river. But I was no sooner gone, than the governor taking Trefry, about some pretended earnest business, a day's journey up the river, having communicated his design to Banister, one of the council, a fellow of absolute barbarity, and fit to execute any villainy, but rich; he came up to Parham, and forcibly took Cæsar, and had him carried to the same post where he was whipped; and causing him to be tied to it, and a great fire made before him, he told him, he should die like a dog as he was. Cæsar replied, This was the first piece of bravery that ever Banister did, and he never spoke sense till he pronounced that word; and if he would keep it, he would declare, in the other world, that he was the only man, of all the Whites, that ever he heard speak truth. And turning to the men that bound him, he said, My friends, am I to die, or to be whipt?---And they cried, Whipt! No, you shall not escape so well.---And then he replied, smiling, A blessing on thee! and assured them they need not tie him, for he would stand fixed like a rock, and endure death so as should encourage them to die: But if you whip me, (said he) be sure you tie me fast.

He had learned to take tobacco; and when he was assured he should die, he desired they would give him a pipe in his mouth ready lighted: which they did: and the executioner came, and with an ill-favoured knife, cut off his ears and his nose, and burned them;



He still smoked on, as if nothing had touched him ; then they hacked off one of his arms, and still he bore up and held his pipe ; but at the cutting off the other arm, his head sunk, and his pipe dropt, and he gave up the ghost, without a groan, or a reproach. They cut Caesar into quarters, and sent them to several of the chief plantations : one quarter was sent to colonel Martin ; who refused it, and swore, he had rather see the quarters of Banister, and the governor himself, than those of Caesar, on his plantations ; and that he could govern his negroes, without terrifying and grieving them with frightful spectacles of a mangled king.

Thus died this great man, worthy of a better fate, and a more sublime wit than mine to write his praise : yet I hope, the reputation of my pen is considerable enough to make his glorious name survive to all ages, with that of the brave, the beautiful, and constant Imoinda.

END of the FIRST VOLUME.

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